

OUR COUNTRY'S LEADERS

AND WHAT THEY DID
FOR AMERICA



WALTER LEFFERTS



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READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Painted by Peter F. Rothermel.

OUR COUNTRY'S LEADERS

AND WHAT THEY DID FOR AMERICA

BY
WALTER LEFFERTS, PH.D.
AUTHOR OF "NOTED PENNSYLVANIANS"

ILLUSTRATED



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PREFACE

THIS story-history describes the lives of national leaders and covers the period from the beginnings of the Revolution to the present day. It is written in consonance with the recommendations of the Committee of Eight of the American Historical Association.

The children approximately of Grade Five are the readers who have been kept in mind; hence the treatment, the style, and the subject-matter are suited to arouse their interest in American history and to carry the desired ideas to them as clearly as possible. Biography especially appeals to the child at this stage of his development.

In telling these life-stories the style and vocabulary which a good teacher would feel justified in using with her class have been employed. Stilted English, correct though it may be, has been avoided. The author has sought for details which would interest children, but has omitted many which are of value only to adults. The use of quotation marks in a book of this kind to make more vivid the paraphrase of a character's thought probably needs no defense. At any rate, it has been consciously adopted.

No instruction is effective which fails to arouse a response from the pupil. The questions appended to each narrative are designed to cause the children to think, to express their thought, preferably orally, and to read extensively, from their own desire, of suitable historical material. Every good librarian will be glad to assist the teacher in maintaining in the schoolroom a number of timely volumes.

The writer has consulted the latest authorities and has spared no pains to make the narratives clear, accurate, and colorful. It is hoped that both children and parents will find the book valuable in this day of deepened Americanism.

PHILADELPHIA, October, 1923.

WALTER LEFFERTS.

CONTENTS

MEN WHO HELPED TO MAKE OUR COUNTRY INDEPENDENT

	PAGE
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, MANY MEN IN ONE	1
SAMUEL ADAMS, THE STURDY MASSACHUSETTS PATRIOT	20
PATRICK HENRY, LEADER OF VIRGINIA.....	32
GEORGE WASHINGTON, FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE.....	38
THOMAS JEFFERSON, A LOVER OF FREEDOM.....	59
JOHN PAUL JONES, THE SAILOR WHO TERRIFIED ENGLAND.....	74
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, A FRONTIER FIGHTER	81

MEN WHO HELPED TO MAKE OUR COUNTRY STRONG

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, SOLDIER AND FINANCIER	88
STEPHEN DECATUR, JR., A SALT-WATER HERO	100
OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE	108
ANDREW JACKSON, OUR FIRST WESTERN PRESIDENT.....	114

MEN WHO HELPED TO MAKE OUR COUNTRY LARGER

DANIEL BOONE, THE WOODSMAN OF THE WEST	129
MERIWETHER LEWIS AND WILLIAM CLARK, TRAIL-BLAZERS	141
JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT, THE SCIENTIFIC PATHFINDER	149

GREAT INVENTORS

ELI WHITNEY, THE MAN WHO MADE COTTON KING	160
ROBERT FULTON, THE SUCCESSFUL STEAMBOAT MAKER	169
THE MEN WHO MADE THE FIRST RAILROADS	186
CYRUS HALL McCORMICK, WHO MADE AMERICA THE WORLD'S GRANARY.....	192
SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE, SENDER OF WORDS BY WIRE	202
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, SENDER OF THE HUMAN VOICE BY WIRE	213
THOMAS ALVA EDISON, THE ELECTRICAL WIZARD.....	227

CONTENTS

HEROES OF THE CIVIL WAR

	PAGE
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESERVER OF THE NATION	246
ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT, CHIEF OF THE BLUE	278
ROBERT EDWARD LEE, CHIEF OF THE GRAY.....	300

LEADERS OF OUR NEW NATION

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, LEADER OF OUR WAR WITH SPAIN.....	313
CLARA BARTON, THE RED CROSS ANGEL OF MERCY	324
FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD, LEADER OF THE WHITE RIBBON ARMY	332
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE PRESIDENT OF ACTION.....	340

OUR COUNTRY'S LEADERS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

MANY MEN IN ONE

“Our cause is the cause of all mankind, and we are fighting for their liberty in defending our own.”—*Letter to a friend.*

I. FRANKLIN THE BUSINESS MAN

The Candle-Maker's Son.—More than two hundred years ago, Josiah Franklin, a candle-maker, was living in Boston. Mr. Franklin's wooden house was little, but his family was large. The youngest son, Benjamin, was the fifteenth child, and by the time he was ready to go to school his oldest brothers and sisters were grown-up people. As you may suppose, there was not much money to spare for Ben's education. He went to school for only two years. At the age of ten Benjamin left school to help his father in the shop.

There was much for him to do. He was a bright boy, active by nature, and his father kept him busy melting tallow, molding the candles, cutting and braiding the wicks for them, and running errands. But Ben, though busy enough, was far from happy. He did not like the business. At last his father made him an apprentice to his grown-up brother James, who had a printing shop, where he printed the *Boston Gazette*, the second newspaper established in America.

Ben found pleasure in the work of the printing office, for he loved anything that was connected with reading. There were no books for boys, and the books for older people we should consider very uninteresting. Benjamin, however, read all that he could find at home, then saved up his pennies and

bought one or two more at the book-shop. Books became a passion with him. He simply had to read. Ben made a bargain with his brother, by which he should board himself on half the money it had been costing. Then he crossed meat and fish out of his bill of fare, lived on a cheap vegetable diet, and thus managed to save a little money to buy more books.

Perhaps Benjamin grew so interested in his books that he forgot to do his best in the shop, perhaps James grew jealous that his younger brother was more clever than he; at any rate, they quarreled and parted.

Only two cities beside Boston were then large enough to have printers—New York and Philadelphia. As there was no work in Boston for him, Ben sold some of his books, added the money to the little he had saved, and took passage on a sailing vessel to New York. Finding no work there, off to Philadelphia he started. After going part way by boat, he walked across New Jersey to Burlington on the Delaware. The journey took two days, and for miles along the road he did not see a house. At Burlington he took another boat down the river, and on a Sunday morning in October, 1723, the tired traveler finally landed at Philadelphia.

First Experiences in the New City.—Ben Franklin walked up High Street, now called Market. He was a rather tall and muscular youth of seventeen, with plain features but a pleasant expression. His clothes had been wet by rain and stained with mud, and no one would have imagined that in twenty-five years he would be one of the richest men in Philadelphia.

Ben now felt so hungry after being all night in the boat on the river that he was delighted to find at least one bakery open. He bought three rolls, which were so large that they were like small loaves. As the pockets of his big coat were stuffed with shirts and stockings, he put a roll under each arm, and, eating the third one, strolled along, looking about

him with great curiosity at the unfamiliar faces, houses and tradesmen's signs.

A girl, standing on the doorstep of her home, thought Ben was a curiosity, too, and began to laugh with all her might. But Ben walked on and paid little attention to her, for he had enough else to think about in his new surroundings. He had gotten so much for his money that one of the rolls was all he could eat for his breakfast, and so he gave the others to a poor woman.

Setting Up Business.—The next day Franklin found work at his trade. Five years passed away, with both good and bad luck, but all the time he was getting skill and experience. Though he still had very little money, he had become a leader among his friends. At the end of this period his employer failed in business. Franklin thought of going back to Boston, but felt ashamed to return out of work.

Just at this time, however, industry and steady habits brought their reward. One of his friends, Hugh Meredith, an apprentice in the shop where Franklin had worked, was a rather idle fellow, with a taste for drink. Franklin, who had influence over him, persuaded him to keep sober and attend to his work. As Hugh's father had plenty of money and could



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AS HE ARRIVED IN PHILADELPHIA FROM BOSTON IN 1723

set the young men up in business, Hugh asked Franklin to go into partnership with him. Meredith and Franklin accordingly set up a printing shop "in High Street near the Market." In the end Franklin bought his partner's share of the busi-



FRANKLIN WHEELING HOME HIS PAPER

ness, married Deborah Read, the girl who had laughed at him, and set out in earnest to make his way in the world.

The small shop over which hung the sign "B. Franklin, Printer," was large enough at first for all the printing which Franklin could find to do. He advertised that in his shop he would sell not only imported books, paper, ink, and quill pens. but also soap, cheese, feathers, tea and coffee. It must have been a fine medley of articles. Here also stood Franklin's printing press. He made his own ink, cast some of his own type, and wheeled home on a barrow the paper for the

Pennsylvania Gazette, which he published weekly. No honest labor was beneath him.

The Famous Almanac. "Keep Thy Shop."—The most famous thing produced in that shop was an almanac. No family thought it could keep house without one of these paper-backed books. They gave the calendar with predictions of the weather for the whole year (you may judge how correct the predictions were), with jokes and proverbs scattered through the pages, and with blank pages on which notes could be made. The almanac always hung alongside the fireplace, where it could be easily consulted. Often it was the only book in the house, and served both as a diary and as an account-book.

Poor Richard, 1733.

A N

Almanack

For the Year of Christ

1 7 3 3,

Being the First after LEAP YEAR:

<i>And makes since the Creation</i>	Years
By the Account of the Eastern Greeks	1241
By the Latin Church, when $\odot$ ent. $\vee$	6932
By the Computation of <i>W.W.</i>	5742
By the <i>Roman</i> Chronology	5682
By the <i>Jewish</i> Rabbies	5494

Wherein is contained

The Lunations, Eclipses, Judgment of the Weather, Spring Tides, Planets Motions & mutual Aspects, Sun and Moon's Rising and Setting, Length of Days, Time of High Water, Fairs, Courts, and observable Days

Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of Five Hours West from *London*, but may without sensible Error, serve all the adjacent Places, even from *Newfoundland* to *South-Carolina*.

By *RICHARD SAUNDERS*, Philom.

PHILADELPHIA:

Printed and sold by *B. FRANKLIN*, at the New Printing Office near the Market.

The Third Impression.

TITLE-PAGE OF POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC
FOR 1733

Franklin saw that thousands of almanacs were sold each year, so he decided to try his hand at making up one, which he called *Poor Richard's Almanac*. He pretended that he was only the publisher, and that a man named Richard Saunders wrote it. Soon *Poor Richard's Almanac* drove almost all the other almanacs out of the market. The little humorous articles which Franklin put into it were really witty, and the proverbs he made up were so clever that they stuck in the memory when the sayings of other writers were forgotten. Many of Franklin's proverbs are still used every day. Here are some of them :

"A word to the wise is enough."

"Lost time is never found again."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Drive thy business; let not that drive thee."

"Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today."

"Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Franklin followed the advice given by his own proverbs. He had another proverb: "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee." He kept his shop so well that he began to grow rich. The *Pennsylvania Gazette* was a popular newspaper. Much of the printing of the city and the state was given to him. No longer did he have to sell all sorts of articles in order to make a living, but he could follow his special line.

When Franklin was forty-two, he sold his business for a sum payable in eighteen yearly installments, each equal to the salary which the Governor of Pennsylvania then received. As he had other money well invested in houses and land, Franklin now received a good income for the rest of his life. His financial success had not been due to luck, except the luck which goes with hard work and sensible investments.

II. FRANKLIN THE DISCOVERER AND INVENTOR

Electrical Experiments.—Franklin now retired from active business, and was fortunate to be able to do so while still in middle age, strong and healthy. “I will no longer be at every one’s call but my own,” he wrote in a letter. “I expect to have no other tasks than such as I shall give to myself, and I shall enjoy the great happiness of having leisure to read, study, make experiments, and converse with my friends.” This delightful program was almost too good to be true, and so Franklin found it. His city, colony, and country called upon him for so many services that he was busy on other people’s affairs most of the rest of his life. This life service has made the world recognize him as a great American.

The experiments of which Franklin spoke were mostly in electricity, whose power to do wonderful work was then almost unknown. Men had exploded powder and set materials on fire by its use, but that was the limit of its application. Many persons had noticed its curious effects, but this strong servant had not yet been made to do effective work for man. Franklin and some of his friends began to experiment according to regular plans and soon reported valuable discoveries.

For thousands of years persons had seen lightning flashing across the sky; but they had never thought that the stroke which melted iron or instantly killed man and beast could be the same kind of force as the spark coming from a glass tube rubbed with a silk handkerchief. Franklin’s many experiments led him to suspect that lightning was only a form of electricity, because the two forces acted in the same way. If electricity could be drawn from the clouds, his idea would be proved true.

The Lightning-Rod.—"A man in a high tower or a church-spire could probably draw down electricity with a pointed iron rod," thought Franklin. Although very high rods of this kind were put up in France and successfully conducted electricity to the earth, Franklin was not satisfied until he could see this for himself. There was no high tower or



FRANKLIN BRINGING THE LIGHTNING DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS

steeple in Philadelphia at that time (1752), but Franklin invented his own way of reaching high into the air.

One hot June afternoon Franklin saw a thunder-storm coming. He and his son William went out to a pasture-field. They carried a kite made with silk instead of paper. To the end of the kite-string was tied a brass key. They raised the kite, then took shelter at the door of a shed or stable. Franklin stood with the string in his hand, looking out at the

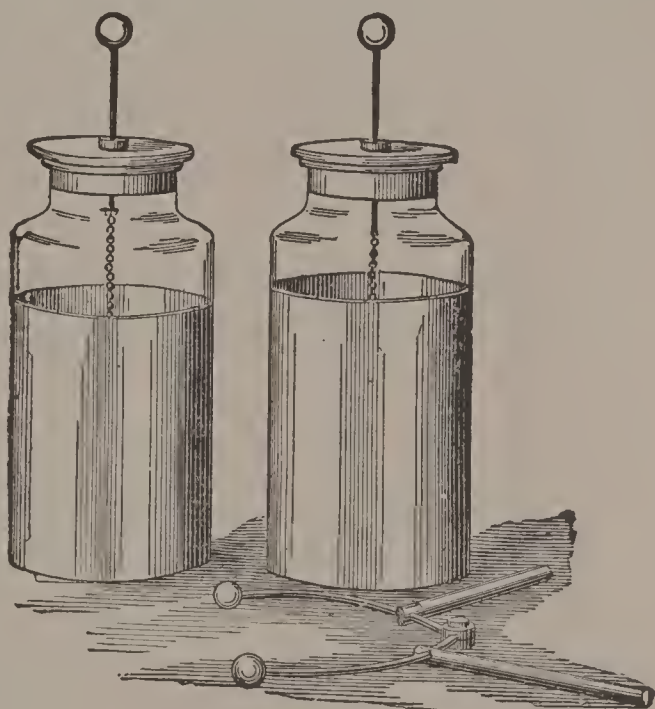
pouring rain and the flashing lightning. Soon he saw the little loose fibers of the string begin to stand up as a cat's fur sometimes does when there is electricity about. He touched his knuckle to the key and received a slight shock. "Lightning is electricity," he said. "The clouds are full of electric force. Electricity is everywhere." Franklin and his kite became famous.

Before this time, however, Franklin had noticed that electricity was attracted to points. Now he thought, "Why should not a pointed iron rod, projecting above a house, protect the house from a stroke of lightning?" He put such a rod on his own house, the first lightning-rod in the world, and

soon had the pleasure of finding that it actually did save his home from being set afire. Our houses, factories, churches and schools are now protected in this way.

Electricity Shocks a "Goose."—Although the lightning-rod was Franklin's only great electrical invention, he discovered many things about electricity and applied it in a number of interesting ways. His friends crowded to his house as if they were going to an entertainment, and he almost always had something new to show them.

One evening he was about to send a shock through a turkey to kill it. Two big "Leyden jars," which were something like our modern storage batteries, stood ready charged. Franklin's friends were so excited and so talkative that his attention wandered; he received the full shock, and fell in-



LEYDEN JARS

sensible. It was a narrow escape, but Franklin, who always had a joke ready, laughed about it. "I meant to kill a turkey," said he, "and I nearly killed a goose."

Franklin was no goose, however, for he always learned something from his experiences. On thinking the matter over seriously, he concluded: "I was almost killed, but it was done in an instant, and I felt no pain. We now execute criminals by hanging, which seems to me rather a cruel practice. Why could we not electrocute them?" Franklin's idea is now followed in many parts of our country, and criminals go to the electric chair instead of the gallows.

The Franklin Stove.—But electricity was not the only scientific matter which Franklin thought about. He was interested in everything useful, learned whatever he could from other persons, and then made improvements of his own. At that time most persons heated their rooms by the old-fashioned fireplaces, and this was a very clumsy and uncomfortable way. The sight of a roaring fire was very cheerful, but most chimneys did not carry off all the smoke, and, even if they did, the blazing fire burned the face while the back was cold. Most of the heat went up the chimney, and the waste of wood (coal was not then used in America) was great. Some of the Germans who had come over to Pennsylvania used stoves, but their stoves were big and heavy, and did not look so cheerful as an open fire.

Franklin put his wits to work and invented what he called "The Pennsylvania Fireplace," but which other persons called "The Franklin stove." It was of iron, stood on legs, and was open in front, so that the burning wood could be seen. This light fireplace or stove could stand well out in the room, with a pipe to the chimney, and it heated all the surrounding air. It saved a large part of the wood, was so light that it could easily be moved about, and looked cheery.

“The Franklin stove” became very popular, and stoves like it, burning coal instead of wood, are still used in many houses, although probably we should not find them in the city. This stove made the living-rooms much pleasanter for the family, who were more comfortable and did not need to crowd around the fireplace. Franklin could have made much money by having the stove patented and then making and selling it, but the only profit he ever received from it was the pleasure of seeing other persons made happier. “As we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others,” he said, “we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by an invention of ours.” This principle he carried out through his whole life.

III. FRANKLIN IN COLONIAL SERVICE

Franklin and the Mails. The Albany Convention.—In *Poor Richard's Almanac* Franklin wrote: “The first great mistake in public business is going into it.” If that is so, Franklin made a great mistake, for he was in it to a large extent. He could never have made his fortune if he had not been in the politics of his city and his colony and thereby received contracts to do the public printing.

His first important office was that of postmaster of Philadelphia. Few persons wrote letters in those days, so the mail was not heavy. Franklin was glad to have the office because the post-riders he employed could get news for him and could distribute his paper without extra cost. After he retired from business he still remained postmaster, and was made one of the two postmasters-general of all the colonies. He was a good officer and improved almost everything connected with the mails. Letters were actually sent from Philadelphia to New York twice a week, even in winter.

At this time the thirteen English colonies felt that their troubles with the Indians, and with the French who stirred

up the Indians, were growing worse. The year after Franklin became postmaster-general a convention of the colonies was held in Albany. This Convention was to make a general treaty with the Indians instead of having a different treaty made by each colony. Every one saw also that if the colonies could manage to act together they could better protect themselves against both French and Indians.

Franklin published in his *Gazette* the picture of a snake cut into pieces. These pieces were marked with the initials of the various parts of the country, as "V" for Virginia, and under the picture was the motto "Join or die." The delegates to the Albany Convention liked Franklin's plan of union best of any that was presented, and voted to adopt it. The people in the colonies, however, thought the plan gave the English Government too much power over them, and the English Government thought the plan left the colonies too free, so Franklin's scheme fell to the ground. It took the long Revolutionary War to settle the question.

Franklin as Commander. Agent to England.—A body of men, called the militia, had to be organized to resist the Indians. Franklin took a leading part, so he was made commander of a force of over five hundred men. He did not want the post, but the people had confidence in him. Doubtless he thought his appointment a good joke, for he never went out shooting for amusement and did not even keep a gun or pistol in his house; but the Indian outrages were no joke, so he took the position, marched his men to the Lehigh River, built forts, and protected the settlers.

This was no easy work for a man fifty years old, used to indoor life, who now had to sleep outdoors or on a cabin floor in the heart of winter. Franklin, however, was naturally strong and had kept himself in good trim by "air-baths" and swimming. He thrived on the outdoor life, and, after two months, when he returned home, he found that at first

he could not sleep comfortably in a regular bed. His men considered him a good commander; they paraded before his house and fired a farewell salute, which Franklin had reason to regret, for it broke some of the glass in his electrical apparatus.

A year later, the colony of Pennsylvania sent him as an agent to the English Government, to represent Pennsylvania in a dispute with the descendants of William Penn. These descendants were still proprietors of the colony, but they had not much interest in its affairs except in getting all the money possible from it. The dispute dragged on for five years, but Franklin was not overly anxious about that. The colony paid him a little for his services and he had a good income besides; he associated with the most intelligent persons in England and had plenty of time for experiments and reading as well as for going into society. At last, however, he succeeded in settling affairs to the advantage of Pennsylvania, and came home; but he was not allowed to stay there long.

The Pennsylvanians by this time were so disgusted with the proprietors that they wanted the king to take over the colony and send them a governor whom he should appoint. They asked Franklin to be their agent to get this done, so once more Franklin set sail for England. This time, though he did not dream of it, he was to stay ten years.

The Stamp Act. Franklin Comes Home.—As soon as Franklin arrived, he found that the English Government was about to make a Stamp Act. By this, England would tax the colonists without their consent, demanding that stamps be put on all papers used in law business, all newspapers and pamphlets, marriage certificates and so on. Our American, naturally, did what he could to oppose the Act, but it passed. “The tide was too strong,” said he. “We might as well have tried to hinder the sun’s setting.”

Now that the Stamp Act was in force, Franklin thought that the only thing to do was to obey it; but he did not understand how bitterly the colonists felt. He did not approve of the mobs who forced the tax-collectors to resign and burned the stamps. Some persons misunderstood his attitude and went so far as to say that Franklin had planned the Stamp Act. One day a mob came to his house and threatened to throw out the furniture. Mrs. Franklin, who

loved her home so much that she had refused to go abroad with her husband, was much alarmed, but she bravely stayed by the house until at last the crowd moved off.



A STAMP-ACT STAMP

When the slow merchant vessels at last brought news to Franklin that his countrymen were bent on resisting the Stamp Act, he realized that he must help them by every means in his power. Through his persuasion many men of influence were brought to sympathize with the colonies. The Stamp Act was repealed, and even his enemies at home acknowledged that Franklin's help had been very great.

Franklin at last got into such difficulties through his endeavors to help the colonies that in spite of his many English sympathizers the Government was much displeased, and he was in danger of arrest. As he could do no more good in England, he quietly left the country. During his six weeks' journey across the Atlantic, the Americans and the British had fought at Lexington and Concord. When he arrived at Philadelphia he heard from every side that there could be no peace until either England or her colonies should be beaten. Arguments had failed; Franklin stood ready to serve his people in war.

IV. FRANKLIN AND THE NATION

Franklin in Congress. Mission to Canada.—The day after Franklin reached home he was appointed a member of the Continental Congress, which was soon to meet in Philadelphia. During the next year and a half he was busy every waking hour, working and planning for the benefit of the colonies. As he had been postmaster-general for the British Government, he was given the same office for the colonies.

Washington's army was now keeping the British shut up in Boston, and Franklin, with two others, was sent to the General to arrange for military supplies and to make plans for carrying on the war. That winter General Montgomery and Benedict Arnold attacked the British in Canada. In the early spring Franklin was one of three commissioners who started for Canada to try to persuade the native Canadians, who were mostly French, to help the Americans.

It was a terrible March journey for an old man of seventy years. No railroads, no steamboats, snow on the ground and floating ice on the water! But up the Hudson, then along Lake George and Lake Champlain they went. Sometimes they slept outdoors in that bitter weather. Franklin fell sick and thought he would never see Philadelphia again, but he did not turn back. At last the commissioners reached Montreal, but found that the American army had been defeated, Montgomery was dead, Arnold was wounded, and the Canadians would give no help. The commissioners returned home disappointed.

Franklin Sent to France.—Franklin recovered his health, and in July had the pleasure of signing his name to the Declaration of Independence. In the fall he was again made one of three commissioners, this time on a very important mission to France. The French Government was

disposed to help the colonies, and no one was more fit to send over to France than the "philosopher," who was so well known there for his electrical discoveries and his interesting writings. Thomas Jefferson was to be one of Franklin's companions, but as Jefferson's wife became ill, he declined the honor.

The French people were wild with joy to see Franklin arrive. No other American could have pleased them so



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AT THE COURT OF FRANCE

much. His plain dress and his plain features made his witty conversation seem more surprising. An old man might be supposed to be slow in thought and in speech, but Franklin never hesitated for an answer. It became the fashion to admire Franklin and to have his picture on the mantelpiece of the home, in a man's watch-case, or on a lady's bracelet. One rich man gave him a beautiful house to live in as long as he should stay in France.

The Turning-Point of the War.—For a while all went well. Franklin and his fellow-commissioners sold the

British vessels which Paul Jones and other American captains brought in, and with the money bought guns, powder, and other supplies for the American army. After a time, however, the Americans were steadily beaten. The British fleets drove the American ships off the ocean, so no more British ships were captured and no more supplies could be sent to the Continental army. The French people began to doubt whether America would win.

Then one day, as Franklin and his fellow-workers sat in his home, a carriage drove up to the door. Out of the carriage jumped a young man, a messenger from America. Out of the house rushed all the Americans. "I hear that General Howe has taken Philadelphia. Is it true?" cried Franklin. "Yes, sir," said the young man. Franklin wrung his hands in sorrow and turned to enter the house. "What shall we do? The American cause is lost," he thought. "But," exclaimed the messenger, "I have far greater news than that. General Burgoyne and his whole army have surrendered at Saratoga." Franklin's grief turned to joy. How the Americans cheered!

Burgoyne's surrender was the turning-point of the war. France now stood ready to make a treaty with the United States to help with ships, men, and money. Without the aid of France, we could not have won the Revolutionary War. In our dealings with France, Franklin's assistance was beyond measure, and when at last the United States and France made peace with England, Franklin was one of the men who had the honor to draw up the treaty.

For a while after the war Franklin had to linger in France to settle up affairs, but at last after nine years' stay he was ready to go home. In spite of many vexations in business he had been very happy. He said, "The French have, in the greatest perfection, the art of making themselves beloved by strangers." King Louis gave Franklin his picture, set

with hundreds of diamonds. Franklin's journey to the port from which he was to leave France was made one great celebration by the French people.

Last Services and Honors.—Not long afterward, Franklin became a member of the convention which met at Philadelphia to make our Constitution, which is the general rule of our Government. He was then eighty-one years old and suffer-

ing so much from disease that he could not stand up for any length of time. He usually wrote out his long speeches, and a friend read them to the convention. In spite of his age and sickness, however, he was one of the most important members. There was much bitter discussion, but Franklin always tried to bring the speakers to some agreement.

Even when the Constitution was finished, some members said, "We will not sign it"; but Franklin came forward with a pleasant little



PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XVI. GIVEN BY
HIM TO FRANKLIN

speech, saying that the Constitution did not quite satisfy him, but that he thought it was the best that could be done. Even in regard to its faults he was willing to agree that he might be wrong, so he wanted to sign it. The obstinate members could not resist Franklin's sensible advice, and the name of every one present went down at the end of the Constitution.

While they were signing, Franklin looked at the chair of George Washington, president of the convention. On the back of the chair was painted a sun with rays streaming from it. "Well," said he, "I have often looked at that

during the debates over this new plan of government. I could not tell whether that sun was a rising or a setting sun; but now I know that it is rising." He was right. The adoption of the Constitution meant a new and increasing glory to this nation, and set an example to the rest of the world. If Franklin could have chosen what should be the finest act of his life, he could not have selected anything greater than this.

One more honor was to be Franklin's before he died. Three years afterward, when eighty-four years old, he signed a petition to Congress to do away with slavery in the United States. A little later, with his daughter and his beloved grandchildren standing at his bedside, this splendid American passed away. Twenty thousand people attended his funeral. Those who pass his grave in Christ Church graveyard, Philadelphia, may well consider the words of a famous Englishman: "Of all the celebrated persons whom in my life I have chanced to see, Dr. Franklin, both from his appearance and his conversation, seemed to me the most remarkable."

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. What is the difference between Franklin's way of printing and our way of printing a big newspaper?
2. Find out what Franklin thought about liquor-drinking and how as a young man he showed that he was right.
3. Look up some of the funny electrical experiments with which Franklin used to amuse his friends, such as the trick of the king's crown.
4. What buildings in your neighborhood have lightning-rods? Tell how you would put up a lightning-rod so that it would really be a protection to your house.
5. Find some additional "Poor Richard" proverbs.
6. Find some more of Franklin's many humorous sayings.
7. Franklin was often called "Doctor." Why?

NOTE.—These questions and topics are not adapted to formal review purposes, but indicate possible discussions and simple investigations which will deepen acquaintanceship with Franklin and his times, add to Franklin's reality in the reader's mind, and give power of acquiring information and expressing thought.

SAMUEL ADAMS

THE STURDY MASSACHUSETTS PATRIOT

"It would have been better for us to have lost the Revolutionary struggle than now to become a contemptible nation."—*Letter to a fellow-signer of the Declaration.*

I. ADAMS, THE BOSTON LEADER

Samuel Starts in Life.—While Benjamin Franklin was carrying on his printing business in Philadelphia, a young man, Samuel Adams, graduated from Harvard College just outside of Boston. Samuel's father, who was well off, had a great deal of influence in Boston, and liked to take part in the affairs of the town. He built a fine house overlooking Boston Harbor, and gave his son a good start in life.



SAMUEL ADAMS

Samuel was excellent in his studies, and could argue well; but after he graduated, it was a question what he should do. He disliked the idea of being a preacher; he cared nothing at all about law; he tried being a merchant, but that had no charm for him.

Meanwhile, his father had been so occupied with public affairs that he did not take care of his own business, and it seemed necessary that Sam should find some occupation to which he was suited. At last Mr. Adams built on his property a malt-house, where grain was prepared to brew ale and beer, and took Sam as a partner in the malt business.

After a few years Mr. Adams died. Sam and his family lived in the big house, and he continued to make malt. But he was a poor business man; he could not keep the customers he had, and did not exert himself to get more. The big house began to look shabby, and Samuel's children often needed clothes and shoes when there was no money to buy new ones. Fortunately Sam had many good friends, who always found chances for him to earn enough money at least to keep the family going. Mrs. Adams was one wife in a thousand, active and cheerful, who made a little money reach a long way.

Adams Finds His True Occupation.—As Adams grew into middle life, many persons began to say: "Sam Adams neglects his private business to meddle in public affairs." That was true. He had found something which he could do well, and that was to direct political matters. The governors who were sent over to Massachusetts from England were always getting into trouble with the people of the colony; and Samuel Adams was always ready with tongue or pen to take the part of the colonists. When any important political discussion came up, people thought that Adams ought to be one of the persons to look after it; and he was always ready to do so.

At the time of the Stamp Act Adams was forty-two and had lost a good income, while at that age in life Franklin had made a fortune; but the fact that Adams was poor did not prevent him from being highly respected by his neighbors. Adams seemed an old man for his years, and his hair was turning gray; but he was strong and healthy and he could look right to the heart of an argument.

Troubles with England.—When it became known that Franklin had failed to prevent the passage of the Stamp Act, Adams felt that great troubles between England and the colonists would be the result. He became more active than ever in stirring up the Massachusetts people to defend their

rights. Two great thoughts were in his mind. "The English Government," he said, "has no right to tax the colonists unless they consent to it. The colonies should unite in order to be able to make England listen to their complaints."

The English Government did not mean to be unjust, but King George and his supporters could not see that the colonists were used to taking care of themselves and intended to



ADAMS TALKING TO SHIP-YARD WORKERS

manage their business in their own way. The king was not used to thinking that the people under him had any rights or privileges except such as he chose to grant. He thought the colonists ought to be willing to let England govern them as she saw best, but the colonists thought: "We are far away from England, in a very different country, and we know better than England what we need to do and how we ought to spend our taxes. We are English, and we demand all the rights that are given to our people across the water."

Of all the thirteen colonies, Massachusetts objected most strongly to the way the colonies were treated by England,

and no other man in Massachusetts was so outspoken as Samuel Adams. Night after night he sat up writing articles about "No taxation without representation" and "Union of the colonies." People coming home late saw the light shining from his room-window, and said, "There's Sam Adams writing against the Tories."¹ Beside writing articles for the newspapers, Adams went about town, and talked to the workmen about the troubles with England. The workmen thought he was a fine man, for his clothes were never too good to be about the workshops, and he was never too proud to speak to any one. He would sit down on a block of wood, and talk about politics to any person who was interested in public affairs.

New English Taxes.—The Stamp Act was so unpopular that the English Government repealed it, but said: "We will tax the colonists in a different way." A tax, therefore, was put on some things such as glass, paper, and paint, which were not made well in America and, therefore, had to be brought over from England. Tea was also taxed. "They have no right to force such taxes upon us," said the Americans, "yet if we want to use these things we shall have to pay the tax on them."

The colonists finally decided not to buy any goods from England until the taxes were taken off. Instead of fine cloth from the English merchants, rich people wore rough homespun cloth which the women themselves wove. They stopped eating lamb or mutton, so that there would be more sheep to grow wool for the homespun suits. The English merchants soon felt so much the cutting off of their trade that they complained bitterly to their government, and all the taxes were taken away except the tax on tea. "We will keep that tax just to show that we have a right to tax the colonists," said King George of England.

¹ The Tories were the friends of the English Government.

Some people now thought that the troubles between England and the Americans were over. But Adams was not deceived. He saw that the colonists must watch even more closely than before, and he arranged for each Massachusetts township ² to have a "Committee of Correspondence." When important political news was sent out from Boston, it went first to the township committee, and the committee took care that every patriot in the township should get it. This arrangement was a fairly good substitute for the telegraph and telephone of today. It united the Massachusetts people better than ever. The various colonies soon formed committees to correspond with each other and unite the whole nation. Samuel Adams was growing very dangerous to England.

II. OPEN RESISTANCE. THE TEA PARTIES

The Tea Tax. Philadelphia Resists.—In order to overcome the opposition fostered by Samuel Adams and his friends, the English Government tried a new trick. King George and his advisers, to induce the Americans to pay a tax on tea, sent over to all the large cities of America shiploads of tea at a very low price. The king thought that the Americans could not resist such a bargain-sale, and would pay the tax for the sake of getting cheap tea. He was wrong in his idea, for the Americans saw through his fine plan and declared that they did not wish to save money in that way.

The king appointed several merchants in each port to receive and sell the cheap tea. Philadelphia was the first city to take action. When the news that a tea-ship was about to sail from London came to the city, the patriots gathered, one October day of 1773, in the State House Square. The *Polly* with her tea had sailed for Philadelphia about a month before. In another month the slow vessel was expected to arrive. What should the citizens do?

² The various settlements in a colony formed townships.

“ This tea shall not be landed,” resolved the great meeting. A committee went to the merchants who had been appointed by the King and asked them to promise not to sell the tea. When the merchants heard some persons threaten to burn the places where the tea would be stored, they decided to give the promise.

At last the *Polly* came up Delaware Bay. As she entered it, one of the pilots who was watching for the ship gave Captain Ayres a printed handbill or poster, which said: “ Your cargo will bring you into hot water. Your ship may be burned. What think you, Captain, of a halter around your neck, ten gallons of liquid tar poured on your pate, with the feathers of a dozen geese to improve your appearance! Fly to the place from which you came, and let us advise you to fly without the goose feathers.”

However, the captain sailed up the Delaware as far as Gloucester, New Jersey. There a boat hailed him and asked him to come ashore to meet the Tea Committee. The citizens of the committee carefully explained what difficulty and danger the captain would meet if he tried to discharge his cargo at Philadelphia. “ Come up to the city with us, Captain,” said they, “ and find out for yourself how the people feel.”

When Captain Ayres reached the city the rougher part of the citizens wanted to give him the tar and feathers which had been threatened, and the committee had great trouble in protecting him. Then he was taken to a meeting in the State House. Such a crowd attended that room for a tenth of them could not be found. Although it was Christmas time, the meeting-place was changed to the square where the citizens had met before. Eight thousand people stood around. They were quiet and orderly, but Captain Ayres had seen enough of the spirit of Philadelphia. He hastened to promise that he would land no tea.

The Boston Tea-Party.—Before the *Polly* was turned away from Philadelphia, however, three tea-ships arrived at Boston. The Tory governor would not let them sail away again until the tea should be landed. The Boston citizens had been encouraged by hearing of the spirit of Philadelphia, and they too were determined to prevent the landing.

In the Old South Church the Boston men held a meeting, of which Samuel Adams was the leader. They listened to



THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

one speech after another until the short December day turned to darkness. "What can be done?" thought the patriots. They did not know that a surprise was coming; but perhaps Samuel Adams was in the secret.

At last Adams stood up. "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country," he announced. As if this were a signal, an Indian war whoop sounded and looking out of the windows, the people in the church saw coming up the street a band of fifty Indians. Under the war paint and feathers, however, were good white faces. To the wharf

rushed the Indians, while thousands of the Boston people followed. Straight on board of the tea-ships they went, and in the moonlight hauled out the chests by hundreds, chopped them open with hatchets, and emptied the tea into the salt water. The governor had saved neither tax nor tea for King George.

The Tea in Other Cities.—At Charleston a cargo of tea was landed, but as no one would buy or sell it, it was stored away in damp cellars. There it soon spoiled; so the tea was disposed of just as well as if it had been thrown overboard.

At New York two tea-ships entered the harbor. One had only a few chests on board, and the captain denied that he carried any. When the people found that he had deceived them, they emptied the chests into the water. The other vessel was not permitted to come to the dock, but its captain landed. Then the people formed a big parade. "Come, Captain," they said, "let us escort you back to the wharf." The bells of the churches rang; flags fluttered from the liberty-poles, and a band of musicians played, as the English captain was politely led to his rowboat. Off he went to his vessel, and off went the vessel across the sea.

A fine ship, the *Peggy Stewart*, came to Annapolis, then the capital of Maryland, with a little tea among the rest of the cargo. The ship's owner, Anthony Stewart, lived in Annapolis. Like the other merchants of the town, he had signed an agreement to import no tea; but as there was only a little, and he wanted to unload the rest of the ship's goods, he said: "Oh, a little won't hurt," and paid the tax on the tea. The people were furious. A mob collected and was about to burn the *Peggy*. Anthony Stewart suddenly saw a chance to prove he was not a real traitor to the American cause. "I will burn her myself," said he. She was so good a ship that Stewart had named her after his wife; but with a sad heart he rowed out and threw a blazing torch into her cabin.

The *Peggy* burned to the water's edge ; and that bonfire should have showed King George the determination of the Americans to resist unjust taxation.

III. WAR AND INDEPENDENCE

Lexington and Concord.—Samuel Adams and his Committee of Correspondence sent messengers in all directions to spread the news of the Tea-Party, as they called it. Paul Revere, “a man of sense, spirit, and high public character,” rode with the good tidings all the way to Philadelphia. The English Government of course was angry. General Gage, who commanded the British troops in Boston, was instructed to arrest Samuel Adams as the leader of the patriots, but he did not dare to do this. Had Adams been arrested and sent to England, the English Government would have made short work of such a “traitor.”

General Gage, however, tried another way to silence Adams. He sent a secret messenger to promise that if Adams would cease to oppose the measures of the English Government, the King would give him money and a high position. Adams replied, “You cannot induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country.” Here was an American patriot and leader who suffered from poverty nearly all his life, yet scorned to put his own profit above that of his native land.

General Gage received extra troops, and he grew bolder. One April evening in 1775, soldiers began to pass down to the Boston wharves. They were going to row over to the other side of the harbor, and march through the country to seize guns and ammunition which the patriots had stored at Concord. Paul Revere started off to warn the people along the road, and especially Samuel Adams and John Hancock, who were staying at Lexington, on the way the British would pass.

At midnight Paul Revere reached the little village of Lexington. He galloped up to the minister's house, where militia were guarding the sleeping Adams and Hancock. "Don't make a noise," exclaimed the sergeant in charge of the guard. "Noise!" replied Revere. "You'll have noise enough before long. The regulars are coming." Fifty of the militia turned out of their beds and formed a line on Lexington Green to meet the thousand British regulars. Adams and Hancock came over from the minister's house and anxiously watched them.

In the early morning the British arrived. "Disperse, ye rebels, disperse!" cried the English commander. The militia stood fast; the British fired, and a score of the Americans



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

fell dead and wounded. Adams and Hancock saw that resistance then was useless, and hurried across the fields to a place of safety. Before noon that day, however, it was the British who needed a place of safety. They reached Concord, but the Americans swarmed around them like stinging wasps, firing from behind trees and stone walls. Three hundred of the British fell, and the rest, "with their tongues hanging out like dogs" from heat and toil, were glad to get back to Boston. War had begun. "What a glorious day!" cried Adams, as he and Hancock prepared to go to Philadelphia to attend the Second Continental Congress.

In Congress. The Declaration of Independence.—This Congress found a long task before it. It directed the country in the war, yet most of the members said, “We are resisting unjust acts of the British Government, but we are not trying to be independent of England.” They thought that Adams was entirely too anxious for the independence of America. Finally people began to see that freedom must come and



BRITISH RETREAT FROM CONCORD

Congress appointed a committee to draw up a declaration of independence. Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin were the two most noted members of the committee, and Jefferson really wrote almost all of the paper.

On the fourth of July, 1776, the great Declaration was agreed upon by Congress, but it was not signed by all until a month later. John Hancock, as president of Congress, signed his name in a large and bold hand. “Now,” he said, “George the Third can read that without his spectacles.” Benjamin Franklin could not resist making his little joke,

“ We must all hang together, or we shall all hang separately.”
“ Another glorious day,” thought Samuel Adams.

During all the rest of the war Adams remained in Congress, helping to make good the Declaration. One after another his friends who had signed that paper with him were called to other service, and other men took their places; but until the real fighting of the war ended, Adams was found doing his best to direct the affairs of the nation. After seven years of work in Congress, this steadfast patriot returned to spend the rest of his life in his native city of Boston. Americans will always remember that Samuel Adams was the first to say in public, “ America must be an independent nation.”

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

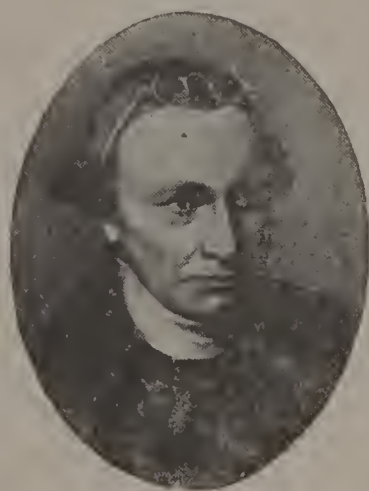
1. Which had the better start in life, Franklin or Adams? Why?
2. Tell of the many ways in which your Government raises taxes today.
3. Find particulars about King George the Third's disposition and his peculiar ideas.
4. Through what cities would a letter from the Massachusetts Committee of Correspondence pass to reach the Georgia Committee?
Can you find out how long it would take on its journey?
5. Read the story of General Gage and the boys of Boston.
6. Read the full story of what happened on April 19, 1775, at Lexington and Concord.

PATRICK HENRY

LEADER OF VIRGINIA

"The first thing I have at heart is American liberty; the second thing is American union."—*Speech in Richmond when Virginia adopted the United States Constitution.*

Patrick in the Woods.—At the time Franklin retired from business in Philadelphia, a boy named Patrick Henry was rambling about the woods in Virginia. No Indian liked better to be out of doors. He listened to the birds and tried to learn what their songs and cries meant; he went swimming and fishing in the South Anna River; he took his flint-lock gun and hunted for game in the forest. Some people thought Patrick spent too much time in this way, and, indeed, he had little regular schooling; nevertheless, as he was a bright boy, he managed to pick up a fair education.



PATRICK HENRY

Farm and Business.—At fifteen, Patrick's free days on his father's plantation ended, and he began to work in a country store. The next year Mr. Henry bought a stock of goods for Patrick and his older brother, and started the two boys in store-keeping on their own account. What could be expected from such young merchants? The store lasted just one year; then, as the customers were better at running up bills than paying them, the firm of Henry and Henry went out of business.

Being out of regular work did not prevent Patrick from falling in love and getting married at the age of eighteen. His wife's father gave the young people half a dozen slaves,

some of them too young to work, and a tract of poor land. Now Patrick turned farmer. He toiled with his slaves in planting the corn and hoeing the tobacco. It was hard for him; expenses grew larger as children came, and his father and father-in-law had to help him with gifts of money and food.

One day the farmhouse took fire. It was burned to the ground, and most of the furniture with it. It was a heavy blow to the young man, but he sold some of the negroes and with the money opened another country store. This second trial had no better success than the first, and after three years he gave it up forever. He was twenty-four years old, with wife and children to support, in debt, and with three failures against him. It seemed as though Patrick Henry would not make much of a success in life.

The Young Lawyer.—Patrick doubtless thought very hard about what he might now do for a living. Finally he decided to study law. In those days, lawyers in the colonies did not need to go through a regular school, but could study at home for examination. Patrick was a good thinker and had read a great deal of history; these were good foundations for his purpose. He applied himself night and day to his books, and in a short time thought he was ready. To take the examination he was obliged to travel to Williamsburg, which then was the capital of Virginia. He was too sure of himself, and nearly made another failure. The examiners said, "You have not prepared yourself well enough." Patrick, however, seemed so intelligent about what he did know, and begged so hard for a license, that the examiners at last decided to let him pass. It was a happy young man who rode home that day.

Patrick Becomes Famous.—By the time England had driven the French out of America (1763) Patrick Henry had been a lawyer for three years. There came up a dispute

which concerned a Virginia law about payment of the ministers' salaries in tobacco. Henry was engaged by the side which wanted to change the law. It was the most important case which had ever come to him. When he stood up he hesitated at first. Most of the people present had known him



PATRICK HENRY ADDRESSING THE VIRGINIA ASSEMBLY

since childhood ; now they thought, " Patrick Henry is making another failure."

But Patrick began to speak with force and power. He stood up tall and straight ; his dark eyes flashed ; his fine voice filled every corner of the court room. The people listened with pleasure. Soon the boldness of his words attracted their attention. The opposing lawyer had said, " This is the law ; the people of Virginia cannot change it without the consent of England." But Patrick declared : " Virginia ought to make her own laws without interference from England. We know what laws we need better than does the King."

What daring words these were from a young man ! " Treason, treason !" cried the lawyer on the opposite side.

But the people approved and the jury too. The bold speaker said only what many in Virginia were already thinking, but had not dared to say. After the speech the people gathered around Patrick, lifted him on their shoulders and carried him outside, where they praised him to the skies.

Patrick no longer was unknown to fame. After this when the people of this part of Virginia wished to measure a lawyer, they often said, "As good a speaker as Patrick Henry." Soon Patrick was elected to represent the people in the Virginia legislature at Williamsburg. The news of the Stamp Act had just reached America. Patrick was a new member, but he took the lead against the Stamp Act. Again people cried "Treason!" at his words, but he succeeded in waking up the Virginians and making them resist paying the taxes which England wished to collect.

Patrick Henry in the Continental Congress.—Ten years of work for himself and for the American cause passed away; then Patrick Henry was called to be a member of the First Continental Congress. The struggle between the Americans and the English Government was coming to its height. Guns would soon take the place of speeches. George Washington had also been elected to Congress from Virginia. One day toward the end of August, Patrick Henry, on his way to Philadelphia, visited Washington at Mount Vernon and spent the night. Next day the two men set out on horseback for their journey to the Quaker City. They crossed the Potomac on a ferry-boat, rode to Annapolis, sailed across the broad Chesapeake Bay, and after four days' travel came to Philadelphia.

The next morning the Continental Congress met at Carpenters' Hall, which still stands. All of the fifty members of Congress were patriots, but very few of them had ever met before. Patrick Henry made the first speech. He was

dressed so plainly and seemed so hesitating that at first no one thought much of him. As he warmed to his work, however, the members soon whispered in admiration, "Who is it? Who is it?"

They listened to his words with still more respect the next day, when Congress got into a wrangle, because the colonies were jealous of each other. Then Henry rose and said: "We must not think of people as Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders. I am not a Virginian, but an American." It was a fine spirit to show at a time when most persons thought more of their own particular parts of the country than of the country in general. In that spirit America was born.

At last the work of the First Continental Congress was over. The members had done all they could both to get their American rights and to avoid war. But Henry knew in his heart that war could not be prevented. England and the colonists could not agree, and who could decide the question between them? He went back to Virginia and began to gather the men together for drill, preparing for war.

"**Liberty or Death.**"—The next spring (1775) there was a convention in St. John's Church in Richmond. The old church still stands on a hill not far from the James River. Patrick Henry went there to represent his part of Virginia. The day was mild, and people crowded the open doors of the church and clung to the window ledges to hear him. This time there was no hesitation in beginning. It was his most wonderful speech.

"There is no longer any room for hope," he declared. "We have done everything that could be done in peace. If we wish to have our rights we must fight. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Why stand we idle here? Is life so

dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Henry was right. The next news from the North brought word of the fights at Lexington and at Concord, of the retreat of the British to Boston and of the gathering of the Massachusetts men to surround the city and pen the British there. War had begun. In the war, as we know, Virginia played a great part, and it was largely Henry's influence that aroused her to do it. Though Patrick Henry lived to be an old man, and was three times governor of Virginia, his greatest day was the day of "Liberty or Death" in St. John's Church.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. How was life on a Virginia farm in Patrick Henry's time different from the farm life we know?
2. Tell what "jury" and "treason" mean. Do we use these words now?
3. Find out all you can about the use of tobacco as money in Virginia and Maryland. Why was it used?
4. What did Patrick Henry mean when he said, "I am not a Virginian, but an American"? Show how that spirit is a good one to have at present.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE

"As the sword was the last resort for the preservation of our liberties, so it ought to be the first thing laid aside when those liberties are firmly established."—*Letter to a friend.*

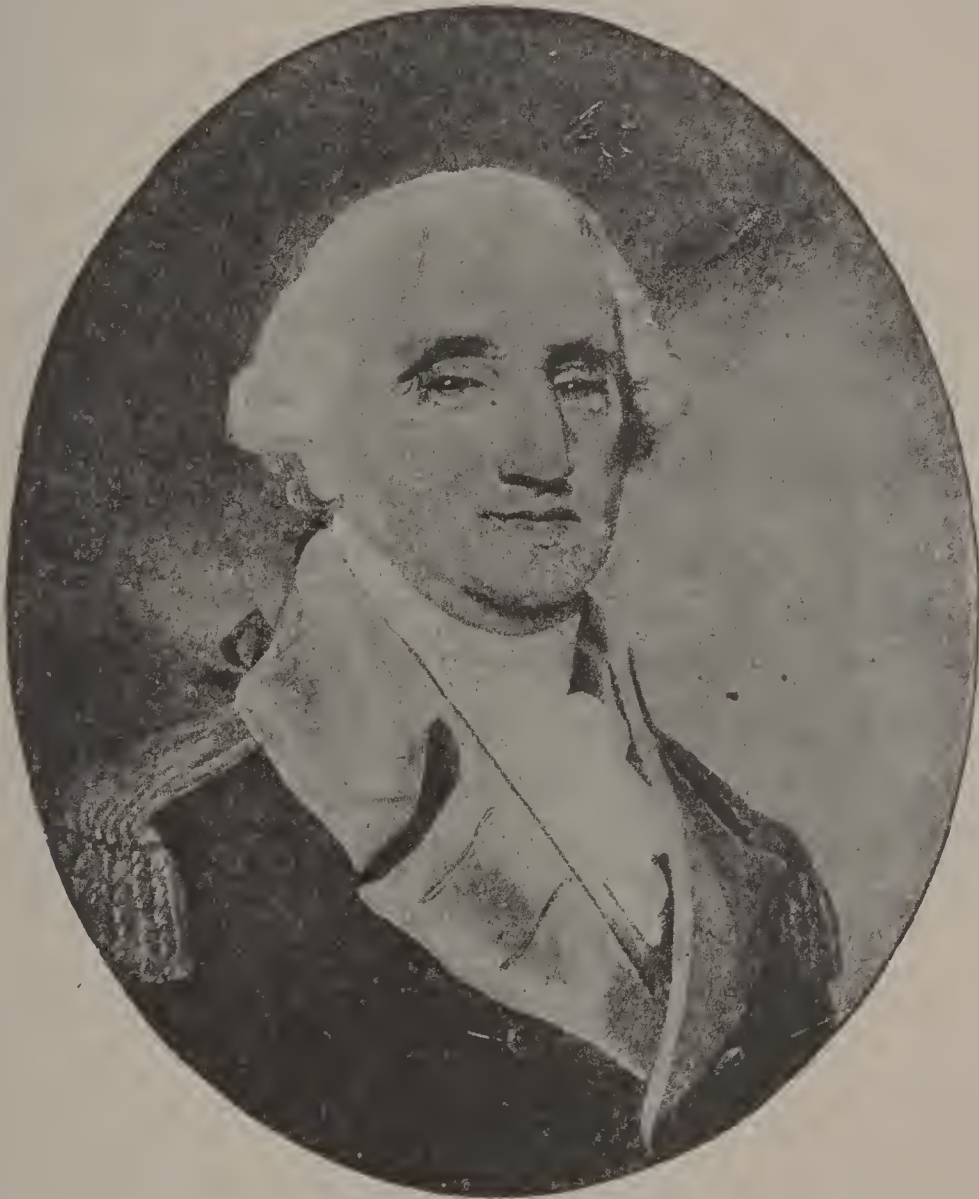
I. THE VIRGINIA PLANTER

Washington's Marriage.—One morning in May, not long before the French were driven out of North America by the English, a young officer, Colonel George Washington, was riding through Virginia on an important errand. As he passed the house of one of his friends, he was invited to stay for a day or two. "No," said Washington, "my errand is too important." "Well, then, stay to dinner," said his friend. Washington agreed, but told his servant to have the horses ready to leave as soon as dinner was over.

At dinner Washington met another visitor, a beautiful young widow, Mrs. Martha Custis. The two found each other very agreeable. Washington had gained great fame by leading the troops when General Braddock was defeated and killed by the French and Indians. No doubt Mrs. Custis admired him, and he on his part seemed to forget his important errand. The servant brought the horses to the porch at the time set, but Colonel Washington was not ready to leave. All the afternoon, and until sunset, the faithful servant stood at his post. At last Washington decided to stay over night, and it was late the next morning when he tore himself away.

The next January, as soon as the war had ended, there was a wedding at which Mrs. Custis became Martha Washington. George Washington left the army, and the

happy pair went to live on his plantation of Mount Vernon. It was on the Virginia side of the Potomac River, a few miles below the spot where the city of Washington now stands. Now Washington began to be a farmer in earnest. He had



SHARPLESS MINIATURE OF WASHINGTON, 1795

not only his own land to look after, but also the various properties which his wife owned. People usually think of him as a soldier, but he loved peaceful farming much better than fighting.

Washington's Appearance and Character.—Washington was only twenty-seven when he brought home his bride.

Fortune had been good to him. He had a charming wife, and owned much property. Youth, health and strength were his. Men liked, respected and admired him for his own sake, not because of his riches.

Though he could scarcely be called handsome, he was a fine-looking man, over six feet tall, and straight as an arrow,

with fair complexion and blue eyes. Broad shoulders, long arms and big hands showed his great strength. No one in Virginia could beat him at riding a spirited horse. He could fling an iron bar farther than could any of the other men in his neighborhood.

Washington's character was as fine as his appearance. Every one knows the stories that show his truthfulness. There was exactness about everything he did. Al-



MARTHA WASHINGTON

ready he had proved by his adventures in the wilderness that he was brave and determined. Though somewhat inclined to be grave and serious, he also liked a joke and a good time. All in all, men considered him worthy to be a leader.

Work and Pleasure.—Many Virginia planters left the care of their lands and their negroes to overseers, while they spent their time in fox-hunting, paying visits, or entertaining friends. But Washington thought no man was too good to manage his own business. Before sunrise, both in summer and in winter, he was up and about. The many slaves at

Mount Vernon found him a strict master, but a kind one. Tobacco was his great crop, and tobacco needed much labor to raise it. If the tobacco was to be plentiful and good, the slaves must work hard. Their master set them a fine example.

Yet there was plenty of fun and enjoyment in Washington's life. He loved horses and dogs, and nothing pleased him better than to ride out fox-hunting with a good pack of hounds. Whenever there was a horse-race, Washington



MOUNT VERNON

liked to see it. Mrs. Washington and he gave many good dinners to their friends and were invited out in return. There were dancing and card-playing to pass the time, and when the Washingtons traveled to Annapolis or Philadelphia, they always went to the theatre.

Washington, however, did not neglect his religious duties. Each Sunday found the Mount Vernon coach bearing Martha Washington to church, with George on his fine horse trotting alongside. Religion was no mere form to Washington; it was the rule and guide of his great manly life.

Washington in the Continental Congress.—Washington took time from his business and his pleasure to keep an eye

on public affairs. Samuel Adams had let his business suffer while he was watching political matters, but Washington was able to keep in mind both his own affairs and those of the country. As the dispute between America and England grew hotter, Washington took part in the meetings and discussions that were held. The news came that the English Government, in revenge for the Boston Tea-party, had ordered that no ships should enter or leave Boston, and that this put most of the people out of work. Washington rose in one of the meetings and said: "I am ready to raise a thousand men, fit them out at my own expense, and march to Boston to help drive out the English troops." His hearers knew that this was no idle boast, and that many wealthy young planters who were Washington's friends would stand by him and do the same thing. Washington was exceedingly quiet, but when he said anything, it was worth while hearing.

"This is the man we want," said the Virginians, and they chose him to be one of those who represented Virginia in the first Continental Congress. We know of his journey with Patrick Henry to Philadelphia to attend the meeting of Congress. Washington was no talker. He listened carefully to the speeches in the Congress, and returned with his mind made up to see the matter through to the end. The next year a second Continental Congress was held in Philadelphia, and again Washington was chosen to represent the people of Virginia.

He was ready to go. "It is my full intention," he said, "to devote my life and fortune to the cause we are engaged in." In the meetings of the Congress Washington now wore his blue and buff uniform as a Virginia colonel. That was his quiet way of showing that he would be ready for fighting if he were needed. The great question just then was what to do with the army which was keeping General Gage shut up in Boston. Fifteen thousand men were there, getting along

as best they could, but they had no one general to command them. It was really a collection of men, ready to fight, but not a good army.

Washington Made Commander-in-Chief of the Army.—Samuel Adams had a cousin, John Adams, who was also a member of the Congress. John Adams was a fine speaker and had great influence over the other members. He saw that something must be done about the troops; so he proposed that Congress should take the men in front of Boston and make of them a Continental¹ army. This was done. Now the army needed a leader. Every one was anxious to hear the name of the man who would be nominated by John Adams.

Near John Adams sat Washington in his uniform, leaning forward with great interest to hear whether it would be any of his friends. Adams took a great deal of time to tell what kind of man was needed. Then he closed his long speech with the words: "These requirements are high, but they are found in one of our members, and he is the man whom I now nominate—George Washington of Virginia!"

The last thing that Washington expected was to hear his own name. So surprised was he that he sprang to his feet and rushed into the next room, away from Congress. He was elected without a vote against him. There were many other good soldiers in America, but Congress knew the high character of Washington, and trusted the army to his care.

Washington did not think so highly of himself as Congress did. Modestly he wrote to his wife, Martha: "It is a trust too great for my capacity. I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I could abroad though my stay were to be seven times seven years."

¹ The army was called Continental because it was under the direction of Congress, which represented most of the English people on the continent of North America.

Washington soon set off for Boston to take command of the new Continental army. The planter had turned to be a soldier again.

II. THE FIRST YEARS OF THE WAR

Washington and Howe.—It was the third day of July when General Washington took command of his army. His men were brave, but, oh, how little like soldiers they looked! They had no uniforms, they carried all kinds of guns, and they had not much idea how to drill nor how to obey. When they wanted to go home, they went, and came back when they felt like it. There was almost no powder in the camp and there were very few cannon.

Fortunately for the new general with his new army, the British had had such a bitter lesson in trying to capture Bunker Hill that they respected the fighting ability of the Americans. General Howe had become the English commander in place of General Gage, and Howe was satisfied to let his men stay quietly in Boston looking at the Continental troops. So through the winter nothing great was done, and Washington had time to put his army into better shape.

In the village of Cambridge, Washington made his headquarters. The house where he stayed still stands, and the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow lived and died in it. One midwinter day a coach drawn by four horses, and with negro servants in livery of scarlet and white,² rolled up to the door. Martha Washington stepped out. She had come all the way from Virginia to be with her husband. No doubt during the evenings he often talked to her of his plans for the spring.

Spring came, and one morning General Howe woke up to find American cannon planted on a hill that looked right into Boston. Washington had had heavy guns dragged on

² It has been thought that the red and white stripes of our flag were suggested by the Washington colors.

sleds over the snow all the way from New York state. The shot from these guns could strike into the middle of the city or could damage the British ships in the harbor. Why General Howe had not put his own guns on that hill, nobody knew. Since Washington had gotten ahead of him, however, there was nothing to do but to take his army and sail away. It was a good beginning for the new general.

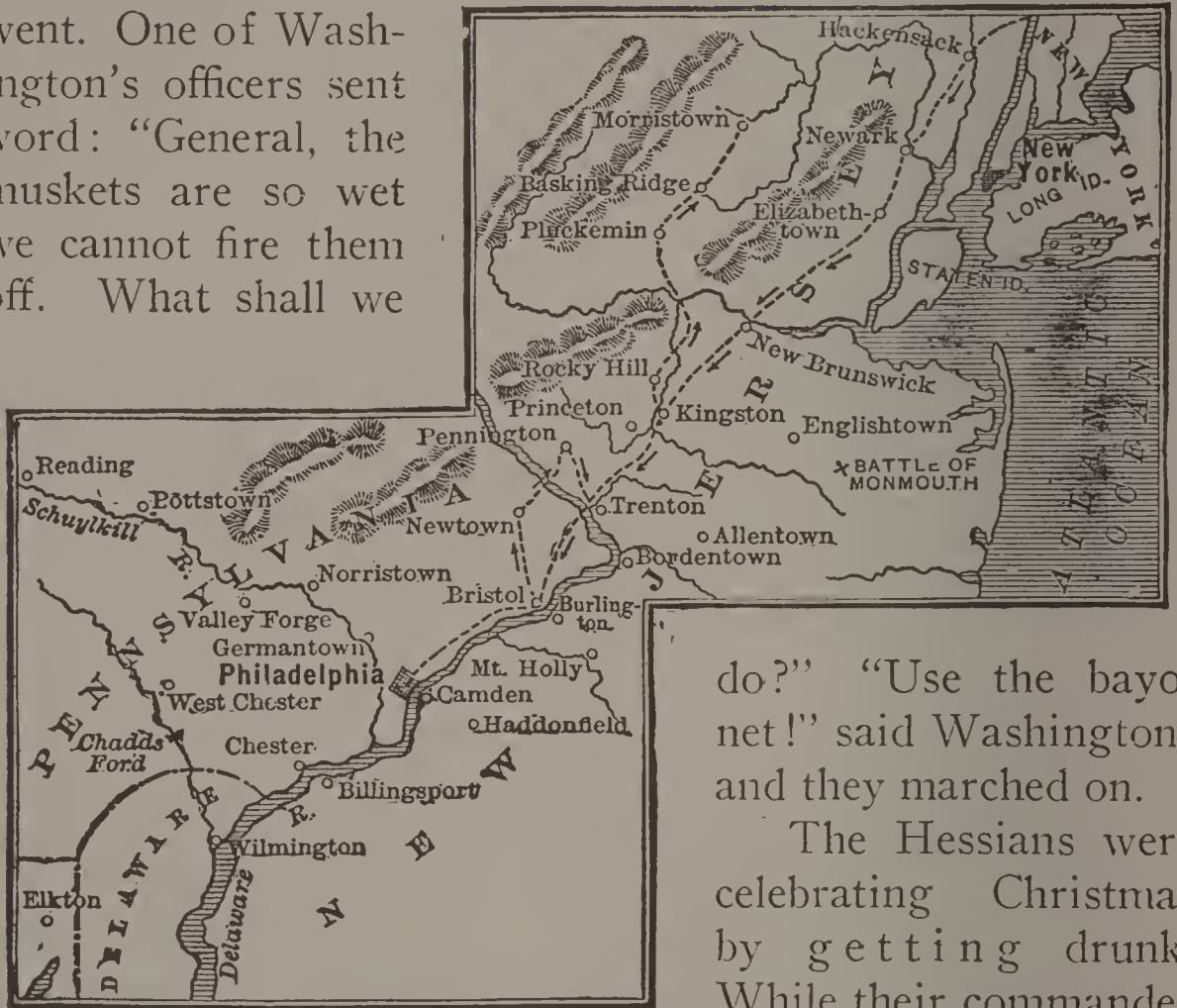
Crossing the Delaware. Victory at Trenton.—But the British soon returned to another city. This time it was New York. General Washington fought hard to keep them from taking the city, but could not prevent them. He had to retreat across New Jersey toward Philadelphia. Many of his men deserted. The time of enlistment of many more ran out and they went home. When Washington reached the Delaware River, only a small part of his army was left. “Now I have him,” thought General Howe; but Washington crossed into Pennsylvania and destroyed every boat along the river so that Howe could not follow him. When Howe reached the Delaware, all he could do was to place his troops along the New Jersey side, and wait for the river to freeze over so that his men could cross on the ice.

It seemed as though the British had a great advantage; but they forgot that they were dealing with a man whose motto was, “Never say die.” On Christmas afternoon Washington divided his little army into three parts. Each part was to cross the Delaware at a different place and attack the enemy. As it turned out, only Washington’s own part of the army crossed over. He particularly wanted to bag the Hessians³ at Trenton.

The river was full of floating ice; the wind blew fiercely; a storm of snow and sleet began; but all night long Washington’s boats went back and forth across the river,

³ The Hessians were German soldiers who had been hired to fight in the English army.

carrying over the Americans. The men who rowed did so wonderfully well that not even a musket fell overboard. At last all the troops stood on the Jersey side. Then there was a march of nine miles through the bitter cold and storm to Trenton. Two men fell down tired out, and froze to death, but on the others went. One of Washington's officers sent word: "General, the muskets are so wet we cannot fire them off. What shall we



THE NEW JERSEY CAMPAIGN

do?" "Use the bayonet!" said Washington; and they marched on.

The Hessians were celebrating Christmas by getting drunk. While their commander was playing cards, his servant brought in a

note which the man who sent it said was very important. That note was from a Tory who had seen the Americans marching toward Trenton. The Hessian commander thought the card-game was more important than the note. He thrust the note into his pocket and went on playing. Perhaps he, too, was somewhat drunk. He never read the note, for in a short time he was dead.

The Americans rushed into Trenton, taking the Hessians by surprise. They used their bayonets, and the Germans ran, but found the Continental soldiers coming also from the other side and blocking their retreat. The American cannon now began to fire along the streets, the German commander fell mortally wounded, and the Hessians threw down their guns and surrendered. Washington captured nearly a thousand men, and lost few of his own. It was a greater success than had seemed possible, and it put new courage into the hearts of all loyal Americans.

Battle of Brandywine. Howe Captures Philadelphia.—General Howe now thought that as he had possession of New York it would be a good stroke to capture Philadelphia. It was the largest city of the United States, and was called the capital because Congress met there. Howe tried to march his army across New Jersey, but Washington, whose army was now growing larger, prevented that move. Then Howe used his ships again. He put the troops on board and tried to sail up Delaware Bay, but the Tories warned him: "The rebels have blocked up the river; your ships can never get to Philadelphia."

Howe turned about, and sailed up Chesapeake Bay. He landed his men at the head of the bay, and started off toward the "rebel capital." Washington had fewer men than Howe, but he met the British at Brandywine Creek. While the main body of the British kept Washington busy, some of their troops made a wide circuit and came around in the rear of the Americans. Washington had to retreat, and General Howe joyfully marched his army into Philadelphia.

Battle of Germantown.—There had been great alarm in Philadelphia when it was known that Washington was beaten. Congress moved to Lancaster. The Liberty Bell, which had been rung when the Declaration of Independence was read to the people, was carted off and stowed away under the floor of

a church. The people hid their property, and many left the city.

General Howe took up his quarters in the city itself, but he kept a strong force at Germantown to watch Washington's army. He remembered the trick that Washington had played him at Boston, but the troops did not think there was much danger. Early one foggy October morning, however, a week after the British had marched into Philadelphia, the Americans came down into Germantown without any warn-



THE CHEW HOUSE

ing. General Wayne led one body of the Continentals and General Greene the other.

The British were completely surprised. Wayne's men were driving all before them with the bayonet, when some of the English took shelter in the house of

Benjamin Chew, which still stands. It was so strongly built of stone that it was a regular fort. The Americans stopped to break into the house, but found it a hard nut to crack. Even cannon balls did little hurt to the solid building, while the patriots fell thickly around it.

General Greene's division of the army came up, but in the fog and thick smoke Greene's men thought Wayne's troops were the British. They fired on their brother-soldiers, who were so surprised they began to retreat. Just then more British troops came from Philadelphia and every one saw that the time to win the battle had passed. Washington was bitterly disappointed, as he led his troops away, but he had shown the British that they were never safe even when they had defeated him. In a short time he took his army to Valley Forge on the Schuylkill, to spend the winter.

III. VALLEY FORGE TO YORKTOWN

Misery at Valley Forge.—It was the middle of December when the Continental army, about eleven thousand strong, marched toward Valley Forge. The weather was bitterly cold, and some of the men had no shoes. Their road could be traced by the bloodstains from their feet, cut by the frozen ground. The whole army looked forlorn. The clothes of the men were ragged, all their guns were rusty, and few of them had bayonets; the soldiers' faces had a pale and hungry appearance.

At Valley Forge, Valley Creek flows between two steep hills. It pours its water into the Schuylkill, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. This was a good place from

which to watch General Howe, but it was not at all a comfortable spot in which to spend the winter.

Washington took up his quarters in a little stone house which still stands near the river, but not until his men had built their own shelters. The General had at once set them to work putting up log cabins. These huts were not bigger than ordinary bedrooms, yet twelve men lived in each, so there was a good deal of crowding. The soldiers plastered the walls with clay to keep out the wind, and there was a fireplace in each hut, but the cabins were poor places after all. Still the soldiers thought it far better to have such houses than to sit up all night outdoors by a fire, as many had to do before the cabins were finished.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT
VALLEY FORGE

It was a cruel winter. The soldiers almost starved, and many did freeze. Food and clothes were not very scarce in the country, but Congress failed to see that the army was properly supplied. The officers whose business it was to furnish the supplies were not even punished for their neglect. In the little huts, nearly buried by snow, thousands of the men lay sick. What else could be expected? Sometimes there were hardly enough troops fit for duty to guard the trenches. When a soldier took his turn as sentry, his comrades in the hut lent him some of their clothing to keep him warm; yet many a sentry froze at his post.

"Each day is a living death," said the men, yet they endured their hardships with wonderful patience. The secret of their endurance was that their leader set them such a fine example. It was not Washington's fault, they knew, that they were suffering. Whatever he could do for them was done, and he pitied the miseries which he could not prevent. The men dearly loved the General, and he admired and praised the way they bore their trials. Martha Washington, who had come to be with her husband, as she was at Cambridge, spent her time knitting stockings and scarfs for the soldiers. The women of those days followed her lead.

The English in Philadelphia.—What was General Howe doing through the winter? He and his men were safely housed in comfortable Philadelphia. They were not at all anxious to leave their warm fires and march out into the frozen country. Besides, the battle of Germantown had given the British a wholesome fear of Washington's fighting power. If Howe had known how weak and miserable were the men at Valley Forge, he easily could have stormed their trenches and wiped out the army. But luckily he did not take trouble enough to find out. When someone said to Benjamin Franklin, over in France, "Howe has taken Philadelphia," Franklin laughed and answered, "No, it is Philadelphia that

has taken Howe." It was so; for Howe, while loitering in the city, threw away a golden opportunity to crush the patriot army.

Joy came to Valley Forge in May. Franklin's influence with the French Government, added to the news that the English general Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, made France decide to join the United States in the war. When the news arrived that France was our ally, Washington drew up his men in parade; they fired salutes with cannon, then with muskets, and they cheered for France and America. It was the dawn of a brighter day for the patriots. We have not forgotten France's help.

The British general now received orders from England that he was to leave Philadelphia and take his troops back to New York. An English army of twenty thousand men had been cooped up in the Quaker City all winter and spring by a much weaker American force, and nothing good for the English had come from simply holding Philadelphia. In June the British soldiers began to cross the Delaware. Before the last of the English had passed out of the city the American troopers rode in. Washington chased the British across New Jersey, and they never got hold of Philadelphia again.

The War in the South. Yorktown.—The war now passed mostly to the Southern states, where General Greene bravely fought the enemy. For four years, first the English and then the Americans seemed winning. At last Lord Cornwallis, the British general, was shut up at Yorktown, in Virginia, just as Howe had been in Boston. This time it was the French whose ships were in the harbor, so there was no getting away for Cornwallis. The young French nobleman, Lafayette, commanded the American and French troops that penned the English in on the land side. Washington quickly marched an army from New York to help.

As Washington's troops passed through Philadelphia

there was an outburst of joy from the people. The women stood at the windows and threw down flowers upon the dusty soldiers. "Long live Washington!" shouted the men. "He is going to catch Cornwallis in his mousetrap!" As soon as he arrived, the combined French and American troops fiercely attacked Yorktown.

In a week Cornwallis had to surrender. As his soldiers marched out to lay down their guns, someone put it into the heads of the British band to play a tune called "The World Turned Upside Down." America was turned upside down, for the English were shaken out of it from Maine to Georgia. What a proud day for the great leader, Washington! Did he think then that the miseries of Valley Forge had been paid for by this Yorktown victory?

Yorktown was the last great fight of the war, but peace between England and America was not made for two years more. Finally, in 1783, the last British soldier left the United States, and in New York Washington stood among his highest officers to bid them farewell. As he thought of the many trials and battles in which he and they had been comrades, his feelings almost overcame him. All he could say to them was, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you. I wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." As the officers shook his hand, most of them shed tears because they could no longer serve under their dear commander.

To Congress, at Annapolis, Washington said, "I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with hesitation." Now he was plain Mr. Washington again, and glad to be so. Though only fifty years old, eight years of toil and care in the war had made him seem older. Eight years of his life he had given to his country without a cent of pay except his bare expenses, and he had spent much of his own money beside.

But he had made our America a free country. Christmas Day of 1783 found him home again for the holiday dinner with his wife and family at Mount Vernon, where he hoped to stay for the rest of his life. He had had enough of war.

IV. OUR FIRST PRESIDENT

At Home Again.—Washington felt that he had earned a rest. It was pleasant to be back home on the Potomac. At first it seemed strange to Washington to wake in the morning and be free from directing an army, but it was a happy feeling.

To be first in war did not make Washington proud, but he did want in some way to be first in peace. His ambition was to be the best farmer in America, and he worked hard to deserve that name. Rain or shine he rode over his plantations every day, a trip of nearly fifteen miles. On these trips he never failed, during the pleasant season of the year, to visit a certain field where an old sorrel horse was grazing. "Come, Nelson," Washington would say, and the old fellow would prick up his ears and run to his master. It was the war-horse that had carried Washington at Yorktown. Now Nelson was enjoying a never-ending holiday.

A New Government for America.—But while Washington enjoyed this holiday on his farm, the business of the country was poorly done. The various states were jealous of each other, and there was no good central government to keep them friendly. There was no President, only a Congress, to direct the country, yet Congress had no power to make the states do as they were directed. Because the states were not united in feeling, the United States was not a nation, only a name. Consequently the country was weak and all the nations in Europe despised it. "Thirteen states pulling against each other," said Washington, "are sure to bring ruin on themselves."

At last a convention met in Philadelphia to make a

better government. Virginia honored herself by sending Washington to represent her. When he came to the convention the other members made him their presiding officer. Wherever he went, he could not escape being put in the chief place, for he was thought to be the greatest man in the



GEORGE WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE AT INAUGURATION AS THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1789

nation. For four months the convention worked, and at last framed a Constitution or set of rules for a new government.

By this Constitution, which we yet have and which we call the foundation of our country, there was to be a President. He was to see that the laws made by Congress were carried out. Who should be President? There was but one man who was wanted by the people. Can you guess his name? On the last day of April, 1789, Washington stood on the balcony of Federal Hall in New York,⁴ and swore to defend

⁴ Washington's statue now stands at the spot in Wall Street where he took the oath of office.

the new Constitution. He was now President Washington, the leader of a new America.

The office of President was not an easy one to hold. Many things had to be settled. The country was poor, yet debts must be paid and taxes must be raised. "Shall the new Federal⁵ Government be strong enough to make a strong nation?" was the question. In spite of the terrible experiences which the nation had had with a weak government, many people still thought it was dangerous for the government to be strong. Washington, with John Adams and Alexander Hamilton at his back, stood firmly for a strong national government, and his words had much power.

The Two Capitals.—Congress found it hard to decide where the capital of the United States should be. Should it be in the North or in the South? Should a city already built have the honor, or should it be in a new city? Wisely Congress said: "Let us put it between the North and the South. Let us lay out a new city on the Potomac, not far from Mount Vernon, and let us call the city by the name of our great President. We will not let the City of Washington belong to any state, but we will put it in a little district of its own, the District of Columbia."⁶

While the new capital was being laid out in the woods, Congress selected Philadelphia to be the capital for ten years. When the British spent their lazy winter in Philadelphia, General Howe lived in the house that the President now occupied. The tables were turned, and Washington could lay

⁵ Federal means Union. The soldiers of the North in the Civil War were often called Federals because they were fighting to preserve the Union.

⁶ Columbia is only another name for America. The word America comes from the name of Amerigo Vespucci or Americus Vesputius. Columbia comes from the name of Columbus.

his head in comfort under the roof which had sheltered his enemy during the Valley Forge days.

There was a large front room on the first floor of the President's mansion, and in it Washington had a habit of walking up and down after supper while he thought over the affairs of the day. One night a little boy who had never seen Washington climbed up to get a peep at him through the window of this room, but fell and hurt himself. Washington heard the youngster crying and sent a servant out to find what was the matter. The man came back and told what the boy wanted. "Bring him in," said Washington. When the little fellow came, the General patted him on the head. "Did you want to see General Washington?" he asked. "Well, here I am."

"No," replied the boy, shaking his head. "You are just a man. I want to see the President."

Washington laughed heartily. He explained to his visitor that he was really President and man both. Then he gave the boy some nuts and cakes and sent him away happy and satisfied.

Washington's Second Term.—It needed a real man to be President, and Washington was that man. Although he did not want the office again he was elected for a second term of four years, without a vote against him. The news was published only a week before his birthday, so the people of Philadelphia celebrated both the election and the birthday at the same time. They rang the old Liberty Bell and the bells of Christ Church. Cannon were fired fifteen times, one for each state of the Union, for now Vermont and Kentucky had been added to the Old Thirteen. It was a joyful day.

But Washington's second term was not a happy one. There was trouble with the British, with the French, and with the Indians, and whatever Washington did, some people were sure to be displeased. Such bitter things were said about him

that he vowed he would rather be in his grave than be President. But after all, these were only passing storms. As the nation grew stronger each year under his direction, people who had criticised and complained felt ashamed of themselves.

When the second term ended, the people wanted to elect Washington for the third time, but he refused. Some jealous persons had already said that he wished to be king. It was a wicked lie, but Washington did not intend that any one should think he wanted to be President for life. Since Washington refused to take a third term, the people of the United States have always respected that idea, and no one else has been allowed to be President three times.

Washington, with a heart full of love for the people of this country, wrote for them a Farewell Address which is one of the famous papers in our history. Union was his main thought. "Let your union and brotherly affection be perpetual. You should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your happiness," he wrote. This was the greatest advice he could give.

Mount Vernon Again.—Once more Washington and his wife returned to his dear Mount Vernon and took up a quiet country life. He was sixty-five, and began to consider himself an old man, though he was as active as ever, and rode his horse just as well. Before he had enjoyed three years of the life he loved, there came the end.

On a stormy December day Washington rode about as usual to oversee his farms, and was out in the bad weather for five hours. He took cold, and in the early morning, two days later, he began to feel alarmingly ill. Yet he would not allow Mrs. Washington to get up and call a servant, for fear that she might catch cold. When the doctor came at last, no cure was possible. That night Washington died, and his body was buried in the family tomb on the slope of the

Mount Vernon hill, fronting the river. Thousands upon thousands of visitors each year pay their respects at the tomb of the wonderful leader who "in trial never faltered and in success never claimed a reward." ⁷

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Find out all you can about Mount Vernon.
2. How were the muskets and cannon of Washington's day different from ours in their loading and firing?
3. Read the story of Bunker Hill.
4. Do you think Howe was a good general? Give your reasons.
5. What makes a city the capital of a country or a state? Is the capital always the largest city?
6. What points in Washington's character are made plain by the battles he fought?
7. Find some pictures and descriptions of the Hessian troops.
8. Read the story of Burgoyne and Saratoga.
9. Was it Lafayette's or Washington's mousetrap that caught Cornwallis at Yorktown?
10. Find out what was the trouble with England during Washington's term of office.
11. Do you think that our Presidents should be allowed to have more than two terms? Give reasons for your answer.
12. Find out all you can about the children in Washington's family.

⁷ On Independence Day, 1918, in the second year of American participation in the World War, President Wilson stood upon the gentle slopes of Mount Vernon to speak concerning the deep meaning of our struggle with Prussianism. "There must now be settled once for all," said he, "what was settled for America in the great age upon whose inspiration we draw today. This is surely a fitting place from which calmly to look upon our task, that we may fortify our spirits for its accomplishment. From this green hillside we ought to be able to conceive anew the purpose that must set men free."

THOMAS JEFFERSON

A LOVER OF FREEDOM

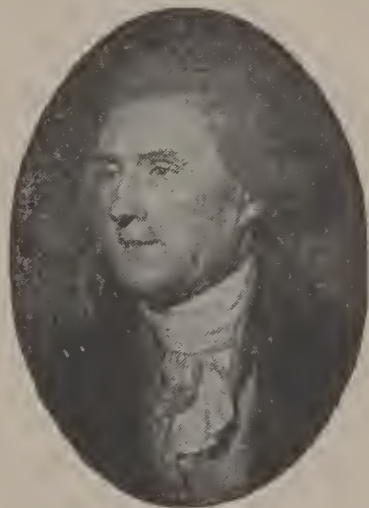
“Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people (the negroes) are to be free.”—*Jefferson's Autobiography*.

I. THE MONTICELLO PLANTER

Jefferson's Boyhood.—At the time when Washington married Mrs. Custis, a boy of fifteen, named Thomas Jefferson, was living on a plantation in the western part of Virginia. Thomas's father had died the year before, and Thomas missed him greatly. After her husband's death Mrs. Jefferson allowed Thomas to be pretty much his own master. Some boys would have been ruined with such freedom. Thomas, however, was a sensible fellow.

Mr. Jefferson had been a wonderfully strong man. He used to say that a person who had a weak body was likely to have a poor mind. One of his last pieces of advice to Thomas was, “Keep up outdoor exercise, and develop your body in every way.” Thomas became a great leader, but he was wise enough to avoid letting books interfere with exercise. He roamed the woods as did Patrick Henry; he paddled a canoe; he hunted foxes with a good horse and a pack of hounds; and he was very fond of dancing.

As his father had left him plenty of money, Thomas could afford to do what he liked; but his money did not spoil him. He grew up to be a tall, healthy young man, and almost every one liked him; when he was not reading, he was



THOMAS JEFFERSON

always on the move. People said, "We never heard anybody ask so many questions as that young Thomas Jefferson does"; but that is the way to find out things that are worth knowing.

Thomas also loved to play the violin. Some persons said he did not play it very well, but he got a great deal of enjoyment out of his fiddle. The story is told that while he was away from home the house where he was born was burned. When he returned, an old negro servant came to meet him with the bad news. "Were my books taken care of?" asked Thomas. "Oh, no, sah," said the negro. "De books were all burned, but anyhow we saved de fiddle."

Jefferson Goes to College and Studies Law.—Thomas was anxious to get a good education. He owned much land and many slaves, so there was no trouble about paying for his studies. When he was seventeen he rode off to attend William and Mary College at Williamsburg. This college was named after a king and queen of England, and is the second oldest college in the United States. It is interesting to know that boys today go to the same college that Jefferson attended.

On his way to college Jefferson stopped to pay a visit to a friend. At this friend's home he met Patrick Henry, who had passed his law examination only a short time before. Patrick was twenty-five years old and Thomas was only eighteen. Patrick was poor, while Thomas was rich and had many rich friends. In spite of the difference in age and in the amount of money each had to spend, the two young men who later helped to make our country great became warm friends. Patrick's flute and Jefferson's violin often made music together. Thomas admired Patrick's wit and his power to make good speeches, but he thought Patrick ought to be more careful and industrious. When Patrick came to Williamsburg later, on account of law business, he

often shared Jefferson's bed because he was too poor to stop at the inn.

When Jefferson graduated from college he too began to study law. He "read law" in the office of a friend, because there were at that time no law schools in America. In three years he finished his studies. Although his voice was weak, so that he could not imitate Patrick Henry's ringing



THOMAS JEFFERSON AND PATRICK HENRY PLAYING THE VIOLIN AND FLUTE

speeches, Jefferson was so careful and knew the law so well that he soon built up a good practice.

Jefferson now began to build on his plantation a beautiful home for the beautiful girl whom he was about to marry. He picked out a high hill near the spot where he was born and had the top of the hill leveled off. From this high place there was a wonderful view. He could see the Blue Ridge, and nearer still the houses of two of his friends, James Madison and James Monroe, both of whom afterward became Presidents of the United States.

The name of the house was Monticello, which in Italian means "Little Mountain." It was the finest house in that part of Virginia, and it is standing today. The bricks for its foundation were made on the plantation; most of the timber of the house came from Jefferson's woods; and every nail was hammered out by Jefferson's slaves. This shows how great plantations usually attended to most of their own needs.

Thomas and Martha Jefferson spent ten years of great happiness together at Monticello. Jefferson loved to listen to his wife's melodious singing as she accompanied herself on the harpsichord, the old-fashioned kind of piano which the people then used. When Congress sent Franklin to France, Jefferson was asked to go also. But his wife was ill, and he would not travel across the ocean without her. He kept the messenger from Congress waiting for several days, but Mrs. Jefferson's health did not improve, so Jefferson refused the honor. On her deathbed he promised her that he would never marry again; and he kept his word.

Jefferson and His Slaves.—On the Monticello plantation lived many slaves. Jefferson had always been used to seeing them about him and having them as servants, but he never grew used to the idea that slavery was right. "No man," said Jefferson, "ought to make a slave of another man." Most of the Southern people thought that negroes were only property, like cattle and horses, and had no rights of their own. Jefferson knew that negroes were human beings and should be treated accordingly.

Thinking as he did, Jefferson could not fail to treat his slaves kindly. He taught them trades so that they might support themselves if they ever were set free. At Monticello there were half a dozen little shops where the negroes carried on carpenter work and blacksmithing, wove cloth, and made

clothing and furniture. Some of Jefferson's slaves were counted the best workmen in Virginia.

Although Monticello had plenty of work for the slaves, they were never overworked. Most planters whipped their negroes whenever anything went wrong, but Jefferson seldom let his overseer lay his lash on a slave's back. "If a negro will not work unless he is whipped," said Jefferson, "he has no business on this plantation. Sell him."

Indeed, Jefferson would have been glad to set all his negroes free if he could have done it without causing trouble to his neighbors who believed in slavery. Sooner or later, he thought, the Southern states would regret that they were slave states. The Civil War proved that he was right.

II. THE GREAT POLITICAL WRITER

Jefferson the Patriot.—When Patrick Henry made the speech in Williamsburg which aroused the Virginians against the Stamp Act, Jefferson stood in the door of the hall listening. He, with Patrick Henry and George Washington, did everything possible to get the colonists to resist England. With three or four of their friends they met every evening in the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg and made their plans.

Soon Jefferson's name was placed on England's list of traitors along with that of Samuel Adams. England would have been glad to hang the two men beside each other, and to make Patrick Henry a third in the company. Jefferson sat in old St. John's Church in Richmond when his friend Patrick made his "Liberty or Death" speech, and clapped his hands in wild applause.

The Declaration of Independence.—Virginia now chose Jefferson to represent her in the Continental Congress. He was thirty-two years old, and there were only two men younger than he in Congress; but he had a great deal of influence with the other members. Jefferson never became

a good speaker. Whenever he tried to raise his voice to a loud tone it became hoarse and disagreeable. He was awkward when he tried to express himself with his tongue, but with a pen in his hand Jefferson felt perfectly at home. Whatever Jefferson wrote was well expressed.

The next year, when Congress decided to put before the Americans a declaration of independence, Jefferson naturally



THE COMMITTEE ON THE DECLARATION

was chosen as head of the committee to write it. Benjamin Franklin and John Adams were also on the committee, but they left the task to Jefferson, who worked at the great Declaration for more than two weeks. He needed to be careful, for this paper was to be the American excuse for separating from England, and it would be read in every country of Europe.

When Franklin and Adams read what Jefferson had written, it pleased them so well that they made only a few changes. But Congress debated over the paper for many days, while Jefferson fidgeted about in his chair and Franklin told him stories to make him feel better.

When it came time to vote, some of the members still were doubtful. Cæsar Rodney of Delaware, however, rode hard all night from the town of Dover, in order to be sure to cast his vote in favor of the Declaration. He had the pleasure of seeing the Declaration adopted in triumph.

Jefferson was glad the debate was ended, even though Congress had cut out some things which he had written in

the Declaration against slavery. He had also set down the words, "All men are created equal." Congress liked that saying and let it remain. To Jefferson that sentence meant just what it said. But Congress decided that white men might be created equal to each other, but negroes were not equal



THE OLD STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA

to the whites in any way. It would have saved much trouble later if Congress had heeded Jefferson's thought that slavery was wrong.

The Declaration was adopted on Thursday, July 4, 1776. The next Monday, a man with a strong voice climbed up at noon on a platform in the State House Square and read it to the people. Ever since then the people of Philadelphia have called the State House Independence Hall, and have called the square south of it Independence Square.

When the Declaration was read to the people in New York City, it excited them so that they rushed to a big lead statue of George the Third and pulled the statue down. Then they melted it into bullets to fire at the king's soldiers. The people of Rhode Island read the Declaration, and then passed a law that any one who prayed in a church for King George should pay a fine of a thousand pounds.

Jefferson the Governor.—The people of Virginia again elected Jefferson to Congress when his term was up, but he



MONTICELLO

would not stay in Congress any longer. He felt that he was needed in his own state. At this time his friend Patrick Henry was governor of Virginia. After Henry had been governor for three years and could not take the position again, the people elected Jefferson. It was a difficult post to hold, for the British were pressing the Americans hard. He sent men and supplies to General Greene, who was fighting the British in the Southern states, and this left Virginia without many soldiers.

After a while General Cornwallis got away from Greene and marched into Virginia. Before the sun rose one June morning a rider came to Monticello, where Jefferson was staying, to say that the British were on their way. Jefferson

¹ A pound in English money is about five dollars in our money.

did not worry much about that, but ate his breakfast quietly, then sent his family to some neighbors and told his servants to hide the silver dishes, forks and spoons. He had his horse saddled, took his field-glasses, and rode to the top of the highest hill in that part of the country, to watch for the British.

Nearly all day Jefferson stayed on the hill, but saw nothing to alarm him. In the late afternoon he started for home. Soon he found he had dropped something and went back to the hill for it. One look from the hill showed him the redcoat soldiers around Monticello as thick as bees. It was lucky that he did not return. Now he knew his danger. He went down the other side of the hill and the British never saw him.

One of the negro servants, however, was not so lucky. Cæsar and Martin were busy hiding silver when the British rode up. Cæsar had taken up some boards in the dining-room and was putting the silver under the floor. There was no time to escape. Down dropped Cæsar alongside the silver, and Martin put the boards back into place. The British suspected nothing, but faithful Cæsar had to stay in his dark hiding-place for a day and a half until the soldiers went away. It was not pleasant, but Cæsar would have been ashamed to come out too soon and have his kind master lose his silver.

Jefferson Against Hamilton. The Two Political Parties. —When Washington became President, he asked Jefferson to be his Secretary of State. Jefferson's chief duty in this position was to carry on business with foreign countries. Washington had four men, Jefferson being one of them, that he called his cabinet. They were to help in carrying on the Government and were to talk over all the national affairs with the President. Alexander Hamilton was another one of the cabinet, and held the position of Secretary of the Treasury.

Between Hamilton and Jefferson a bitter quarrel sprang up. Hamilton, who had been an army officer in the Revolution, believed in a strong government for the nation, one that had power to do many things. Jefferson, who had never fought, believed that each state should have almost full power over its own affairs and that the central government should have few things to do. He wanted each state to decide for itself what it ought to do.

Hamilton, if he were living to-day, would probably say that Uncle Sam should direct the railroads of this country to do certain things. Jefferson would probably say that each state ought to have power over the railroads inside that state. Thus a railroad which ran through four states might have four different sets of laws to respect, each set of laws governing a certain part of the railroad.

We now sympathize with Hamilton's idea of a strong nation rather than with Jefferson's idea of "state rights"; but a great body of the Americans of that day sided with Jefferson. Two political parties began to grow up. One was the Hamilton party, whose men were called the Federalists, because they believed in a strong "federal" or "union" nation. The other party, that of Jefferson, bore at first the name of the Republican party. Its men were very much interested in the doings of the French, who had cut off the head of their king and set up a republic over which no king should reign. Later on the Jefferson men chose to call themselves Democrats, because they thought they were the party of the "plain people."

For twelve years the struggle went on between the Federalists and the Democrat-Republicans. John Adams, our second President, was a Federalist. But in 1801 the Democrats made their leader, Jefferson, President of the United States.

III. THE FIRST DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT

A Plain President.—Less than a year before Jefferson took the office of President, the capital of the United States was moved from Philadelphia to Washington. The change was great. The new capital could not be called, even a large village, for only a few hundred people lived there. Its streets looked like muddy country roads. The new Capitol building, where Congress met, was called “a palace in the



WASHINGTON IN 1800

woods,” but the palace was not yet finished. Most of the members of Congress and other important people had to live in Georgetown, several miles away, and travel by coach or on horseback over the bad roads to Washington village every day.

Jefferson made it very clear that, though he was leader of the nation, he intended to act like one of the “plain people.” When Washington and John Adams took the office of President, they went to the ceremony in their coaches, drawn by six horses, and were followed by many other persons in coaches. Jefferson walked from his boarding-house to the Capitol building, to take the oath as President. A few friends walked with him, and they were escorted by a company of

soldiers. It was a simple procession compared with that of the President who had gone before him.

The other Presidents had held receptions on certain days. These receptions were only for the society people, and they were rather stiff affairs. The "plain people," if they had ever attended, would have felt out of place. Now Jefferson set the doors of the White House wide open, saying that he would be pleased to see any one at any time, but would have no grand receptions. His wife had died long before, and his daughter had to be the Lady of the White House.

The new President was so anxious to make himself seem plain that he even dressed in shabby clothes. He often wore long pantaloons instead of neat knee-breeches. He did not powder his hair, as Washington and Adams did. Although he was as tall as Washington had been he did not hold himself so well. Many men did not admire the round-shouldered, sandy-haired man with the shabby clothes, but they did admit that he exercised a wonderful influence over the "plain people."

Purchase of Louisiana.—This plain President, however, proved to be the man who took the greatest step in making America a vast country. When the French were driven out of North America in 1763, at the end of the French and Indian War, France gave to Spain all the land which England did not seize. This immense piece of land stretched from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains. The French had called it Louisiana after their King Louis, and the Spaniards kept the French name. New Orleans, near the mouth of the Mississippi, was the chief settlement in Louisiana.

The Americans west of the Appalachian Mountains needed the Mississippi as a road down which they could float their grain, their whiskey and their furs to New Orleans. Their ships could take these things across the ocean. The Westerners feared, however, that the Spaniards would for-

bid them to navigate their flatboats down to New Orleans any longer. They threatened to take their rifles and capture the city.

Jefferson did not like war. He thought it would be easier and better to buy New Orleans and some of the land around it. Finding that Spain had given the Louisiana territory back to France, Jefferson sent Robert Livingston and James Monroe off to Paris to make the bargain. Napoleon, who was then governing France, expected to begin war with England. He needed money for his army and navy, and he was sure that the English battleships would seize New Orleans as soon as war broke out. "Why not sell Louisiana? I will lose it anyhow," thought he.

Livingston and Monroe felt greatly surprised when Napoleon offered them more than they had expected to buy. The whole of Louisiana could now belong to the United States. Jefferson had not told them just what to do, and they had to depend on their own judgment. They were wise men, and they bought the territory for fifteen million dollars. This was a large sum of money for those days, yet Livingston and Monroe had made a wonderfully cheap purchase. At one stroke it doubled the size of the United States.

Trouble with Foreign Nations. The Embargo.—"If nations were sensible, there would be no war," said Jefferson. Military glory did not seem to him the highest glory. He knew that the United States was very weak compared to some of the European nations, and that we had little money to spare for Government expenses. Therefore, Jefferson's two great ideas as President were to keep down the expense of national affairs and to keep out of war. He tried to get along with a tiny navy and army; but while this cut down expenses, it also emboldened other nations to interfere with our rights.

Much of America's wealth at this time came from commerce. Our fast ships sailed all over the world and made large profits for their owners. France and England were at war, so each needed great amounts of supplies, which the Americans were glad to furnish; but soon both nations began to interfere with our ships and our sailors. "Aha!" said Jefferson. "I will make you sorry without fighting you."

The President now ordered every ship to stay at home, to go on no more voyages to Europe. He thought that France and England would miss the American cargoes so much that they would apologize to the United States and interfere no more with our commerce. But though the "embargo," as the stoppage of trade with Europe was called, hurt France and England, it hurt the United States more. The sailors, the merchants, the shipyard workers, the sailmakers, the rope-makers, all suffered, and many others suffered with them. We had "cut off our noses to spite our faces." Jefferson's peaceful plan had failed to make us respected and had angered a large part of the people.

Last Years at Monticello.—Jefferson had now spent two terms, or eight years, as President. Perhaps he might have had a third term, but he would not try for it, for that was against his principles. He came back to Monticello with joy, for he loved farming as much as did Washington. But he found himself poor. His expenses while he had been serving the nation had exceeded his salary. Now crowds of people visited the famous ex-President at his home and expected to be entertained free. Often fifty beds were spread at night in Monticello. Jefferson's visitors actually ate up the little money he had left, yet he tried to be generous and pleasant to the troublesome swarm.

At last the old man could do no more. He gave his plantations over to the management of his nephew, and to pay off his debts he decided to sell the fine library he had been

collecting for fifty years. This grieved him very much, for next to his children he loved his books. Friends in other states contributed money to help him, but even this aid did not bring enough to make him even with the world. It was time for him to leave this life. He was now eighty-three, and it seemed very sad that such a famous man should be bowed down with debt in his last years.

Curiously enough, it was on the fourth of July, when we celebrate our Declaration of Independence, that he died. After his death the furnishings of Monticello were sold at auction and his daughter had to part with the house. Fortunately, those who own it now take a pride in preserving it as a memorial of one of our most famous Presidents.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Give as many names as possible of colleges or universities which great men or women have attended.
2. Find out some more facts about the fine house and plantation at Monticello.
3. Do you think Jefferson should have set his slaves free? Give your reasons.
4. Find out about the wife of another President who had to leave her home to escape the British soldiers.
5. We call the Fourth of July Independence Day. Is there any other date that would be as proper?
6. Does our Government now act according to Hamilton's ideas or according to Jefferson's?
7. Find a map of the Louisiana Purchase. What states are now contained in that tract of land?

JOHN PAUL JONES

THE SAILOR WHO TERRIFIED ENGLAND

“It is my pride and glory that I was one of the first who endeavored to defend on the sea America’s just rights.”—*Letter to Congress.*

The Scotch Sailor Boy.—At the time when Thomas Jefferson was a boy in Virginia, another little boy, named John Paul, was living near the shores of a large bay in Scotland. From his home John Paul could look out over the

blue water dotted with the sails of ships and fishing-boats. In his heart grew up a great love for a sailor’s life. At every chance he stole away from home to a nearby town and listened to the stories which the old salts told. Many of these tales were about America, and John Paul thought he would like to visit that wonderful country across the ocean.



JOHN PAUL JONES

At the age of twelve John got his chance to visit America as a cabin-boy on one of the vessels from his home town.

For the next fourteen years John Paul spent almost his whole time on the ocean. He grew up to be a fine-looking fellow of medium height but great strength. He would do and dare anything for a good cause. Few men cared to face him when his anger was roused. The slacker and the coward had a hard time with John Paul. John spent his spare time in studying, for he knew that in order to make a success he must keep on with his education. He learned everything that he could possibly learn about ships. Not many young men were such good sailors as was John Paul.

The Young Captain's Misfortune.—At last John Paul managed to borrow from Scotch merchants money enough to buy a vessel and some goods with which to trade with the West Indies. How proud he was to be called captain! He expected to make fine profits, but he was bitterly disappointed. On his very first trip for himself some of his sailors refused to obey orders. In the struggle which followed John Paul by accident killed the ringleader. In order to avoid trouble with the sailor's friends, John Paul was advised to go to America and wait until the storm blew over.

He made his way to North Carolina, where for many months he hid himself away in a little town. He had not much money, he found nothing to do, and did not even dare to tell his true name for fear of being arrested. This was just before the Revolution, when Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, Washington and Jefferson were meeting in Congress. Probably John Paul felt too miserable to trouble himself much about political matters. He had lost his ship and his business, and the future seemed very dark.

John Paul Becomes John Paul Jones.—One day Mr. Jones, a rich man who lived in the neighborhood, happened to see John Paul as he sat mournfully on a bench at the inn door. "What is your name?" he asked. "I have none," was the answer. "Where is your home?" he asked again. "I have no home," sadly replied the young man. John Paul's gentlemanly look and manner struck the fancy of Mr. Jones. "Come home with me," said he.

For several months the young captain lived in Mr. Jones's house. Mr. Jones was a leading patriot, and John Paul began to take a deep interest in the success of the Americans. Mr. Jones introduced him to one of the members of Congress, who also became a warm friend. When Congress, after the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, decided to have a Continental navy as well as a Continental

army, John Paul's friend in Congress got him an appointment as lieutenant.

John now said good-bye to Mr. Jones, who had been so kind and generous. "I want to give you some money for your expenses," said Mr. Jones. "No," answered John Paul, "I cannot take it. But if you will let me use your name, I will promise to make you proud you have done so." From that day he signed himself J. P. Jones or John P. Jones, and, later on, Paul Jones.

The Continental Sea-Captain.—Soon Jones proved himself so active and daring that he was made captain of a war vessel. Robert Morris, who was looking after the naval affairs at that time, wished to give him command of the whole navy, but the jealousy of other people prevented that. At last, in the *Ranger*, Captain Jones was sent to France to carry out the plans of Benjamin Franklin, who was there in charge of American business.

Franklin sent the captain to attack the shores of England, for now that country was to get a dose of her own medicine. Paul Jones sailed from place to place as though he owned the ocean. He captured vessels and sent them to France, kept their crews prisoners, attacked forts, and scared the people nearly to death. Though he was a regular Continental officer, the English now called Paul Jones a pirate. Foolish English mothers told their troublesome children, "If you are bad, Paul Jones will get you."

France now promised to help the United States in the war, and Paul Jones was told that he would be given command of one of the finest French warships. He let the *Ranger* sail back to America without him. But he waited long for the promised French ship. He wrote many letters to the officers of the French Government, but that did no good.

One day Jones picked up Franklin's proverbs of Poor Richard, and read, "If you wish your business done go your-

self; if not send some one else." "That's true," cried Jones. He went to Paris, saw the French officers, and was given a ship. In thanks for Franklin's good advice, he changed the ship's name to the *Bonhomme Richard*, which is the French way of saying "Poor Richard."

The Fight with the Serapis.—The *Bonhomme Richard* was a poor ship after all. She sailed slowly; her timbers were rotten with age; her guns were so old that it was unsafe to fire them. The crew was as strange a collection as ever a warship held. There were French and English and Portuguese, fair-haired Swedes and brown-skinned Malays, and only a few Americans to back up Paul Jones. But Captain Jones took along a few other ships to help him and made a straight line for the coast of England.

Again he threw England into excitement and fear. The English called out their troops, repaired their forts, sent more war vessels to sea, all on account of the "pirate," Paul Jones. At last one evening the *Bonhomme Richard*, with two other ships, met two British war vessels. The larger of the English ships was called the *Serapis*. The *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* attacked each other, while one of Paul Jones's smaller ships fought the other English vessel. The third ship of Paul Jones's fleet was commanded by a crazy French captain, and stood off from the fight.

The *Serapis* was a fine ship, with many cannon and a picked crew. She had the advantage over her American foe in every point except one—Paul Jones was not her commander. The two vessels were so near the English coast that thousands of the people crowded down to the shore in the long September twilight to watch the battle.

At the first broadside some of the old American cannon blew up and killed nearly all the men who were working them. Many captains would have given up then, but not so with Paul Jones. After an hour of furious cannonading the *Bonhomme*

Richard was in a terrible condition. She was knocked to pieces by the heavy guns of the *Serapis*. Many of her men lay dead and wounded on her deck, and only a few of her guns could be used. But the American spirit of Paul Jones refused to be discouraged.

The ships now crashed together and Paul Jones with his own hands lashed them fast. He helped his men drag cannon



AN OLD-TIME SEA FIGHT

across the deck; he cheered on the trembling French marines and put his brave spirit into them; he seemed in several places at once. Some of his officers cried "Quarter," meaning surrender. "Have you surrendered?" shouted the English captain. Back roared the great voice of Paul Jones, "I have not yet begun to fight."

It was a strange battle. The cannon of the *Serapis* drove the American crew up on deck, and the muskets and hand-grenades of the Americans drove the British down below. Captain Pearson of the *Serapis* stood almost alone upon his

deck. Both ships took fire in a dozen places—timbers, masts, sails and rigging—and the fighting stopped a while as the sailors tried to put out the blaze.

The battle began again. Now appeared the ship of the French captain who had kept away. In the moonlight he sailed around the burning ships that were locked together, but fired full into the ship of Paul Jones. He wanted the *Bonhomme Richard* to sink so that he could capture the disabled *Serapis* and get the credit. Again he circled the ships and fired into his own friends, then sailed away and gave no help.

Water poured into the *Bonhomme Richard* and two hundred English prisoners, released from their imprisonment in the hold, rushed up from below. "The ship sinks!" they cried. If they had thought of it, they could have captured the American ship in a moment. Jones gave them no time to think. "Go pump!" he ordered. "It is the *Serapis* that is sinking." They obeyed, and so against their intention helped the Americans. "Captain, strike your flag," one of the officers begged of Paul Jones. "No, I will sink first," was the answer.

A great explosion on the *Serapis* settled the matter. Captain Pearson, alone on his deck, pulled down the British flag with his own hand. It had been as desperate a fight as the ocean ever saw. Jones's men went aboard the *Serapis*, and the shattered *Bonhomme Richard* sank soon after, the Stars and Stripes still flying above her. Perhaps it is the only case in which a vessel that sank captured the ship that sank her. When Paul Jones returned to France, King Louis gave him a magnificent gold-handled sword. Washington later wrote to him, "You have attracted the admiration of all the world."

Last Years of Paul Jones.—Although Paul Jones returned to America after a time, one unfortunate circumstance after

another prevented him from having further chance to show his ability. At the close of the war he was invited to Russia, there was made admiral, and fought with credit against the Turks. The cold of Russia affected his lungs, and he never recovered from the trouble. He died in Paris, and was buried in a humble grave, whose location was soon forgotten. More than a hundred years later a search was made, and the body was discovered. With proper honor it was sent to America, escorted by a fleet of our war vessels. It rests in the chapel of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The young men who study there to become officers of our battleships constantly see this tomb and are led to take example from a man whose bravery could not be surpassed.¹

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. What were the first deeds of our American Navy?
2. The full story of the fight of the *Bonhomme Richard* is long but thrilling. Read it.
3. Make acquaintance with Paul Jones and Long Tom Coffin in Cooper's novel, *The Pilot*.
4. What can you find out about our Naval Academy at Annapolis?

"The town must be taken at all events."—*Speech to his men at* because he was the first to recommend that Congress should establish such a school.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

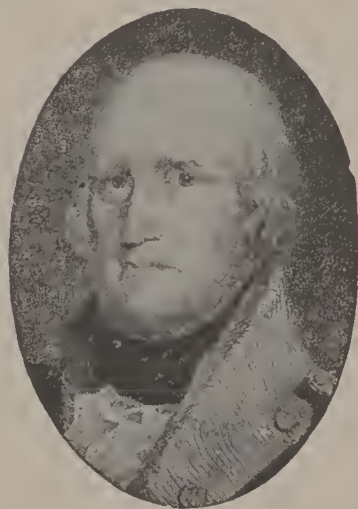
A FRONTIER FIGHTER

"The town must be taken at all events."—*Speech to his men at Kaskaskia.*

Indian Danger from the "Northwest Country."—While the first battles of the Revolution were being fought, Daniel Boone and his comrades were taking possession of the beautiful but wild Kentucky country. Bold as they were, however, they found it hard to defend themselves against the raids of the fierce savages from north of the Ohio River. It seemed at times as though every Kentucky settlement would be wiped out.

The Indians were encouraged to attack the settlers by Colonel Hamilton, the British officer who had charge of all the "Northwest Country." This tract of land lay between the Appalachians, the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Great Lakes. Although England had owned it ever since the close of the French and Indian War, its white settlers were almost all French. Each of the few French villages had its English fort to protect it, but the war had called away most of the British soldiers to fight nearer the Atlantic.

Among the settlers of Kentucky there was one man who saw that to kill a poisonous plant a person should strike at its root. He knew that the root of the Indian trouble lay in the "Northwest Country." If that region could be conquered by the Americans, the British would no longer stir up the fierce Indians, Kentucky would be safe, and the United States



GEORGE ROGERS
CLARK

would gain a great deal of valuable land. The man who decided to strike at that root of trouble was George Rogers Clark.

Clark and His Plan.—We always think of Kentucky as a state, but at that time it was only a county of the great state of Virginia. Clark was a Virginian. Though only twenty-five years old when he thought of his plan, he had made a name for himself. From childhood he had been a rover in the woods. While still a boy he had fought against the Indians, and later on he had battled often with the Indians in Kentucky. Clark was a true backwoodsman, and could hold his own anywhere. He was six feet tall, and strong in proportion. His red hair and snapping black eyes marked him as a person of quick temper but great energy.

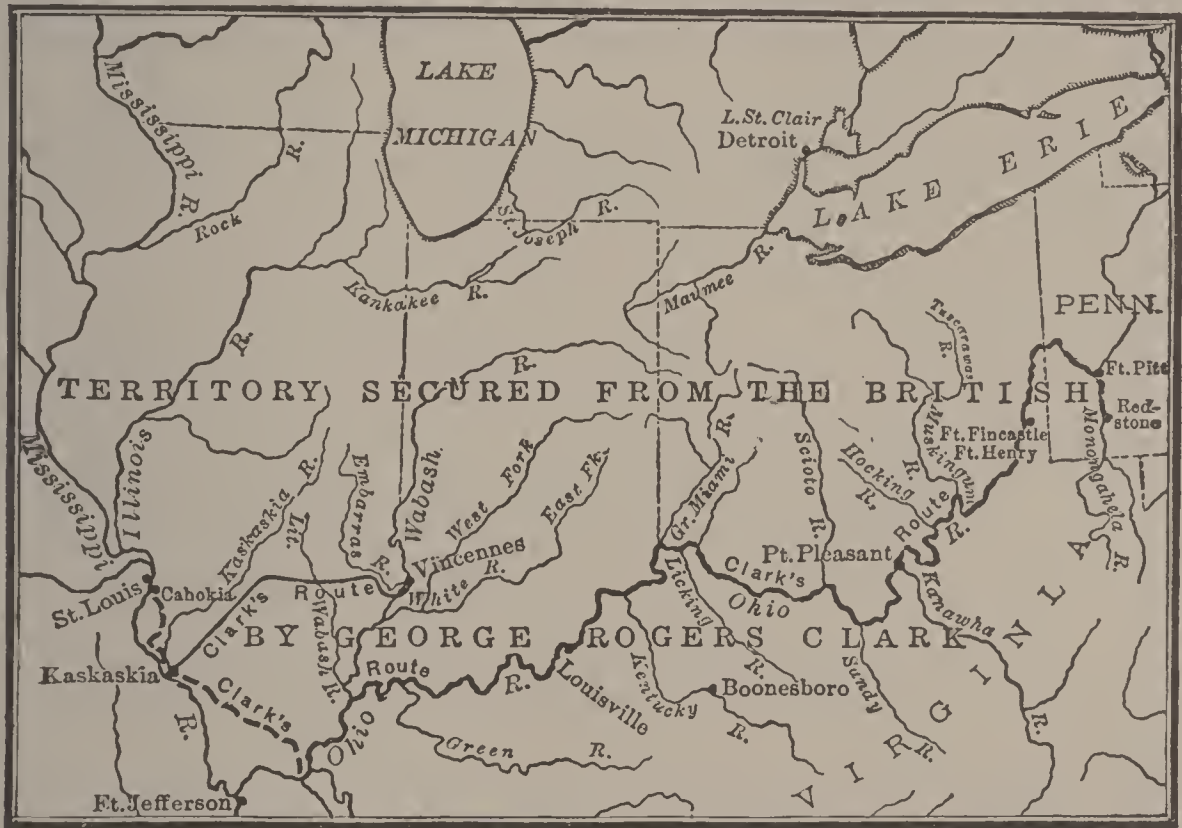
Clark said not a word to any one about his fine plan. If the British heard anything about it they would send so many troops to hold the forts that driving them out would be impossible. Clark sent two young hunters up into what is now the state of Illinois, to see what they could see. They brought back word that the French of that part of the country did not care much whether the British or Americans won, but that the French had heard such tales about the American hunters that they feared the backwoodsmen.

Few men could be spared from Kentucky to go on such an adventure as Clark had planned. Clark, therefore, started out on horseback from Kentucky to Williamsburg, to get help from Patrick Henry, who was then governor of Virginia. Passing by Monticello, he arrived safely at his father's house. There he heard of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, and it gave him fresh courage to carry out his idea.

Patrick Henry thought Clark's idea excellent, and so did Thomas Jefferson. Clark was made a colonel. Virginia could not do much to help him, for the people had already

given freely to the war; but he was permitted to raise men. The burden of the whole affair rested on his shoulders.

Capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes.—At last with one hundred and fifty men, volunteer backwoodsmen, and some pioneer families, Clark's flatboats drifted slowly down the Ohio. Between Indiana and Kentucky, where the river



ROUTE TAKEN BY GEORGE ROGERS CLARK IN THE CAMPAIGN BY WHICH HE SECURED THE NORTHWEST FROM THE BRITISH

breaks into rapids, Clark put up a fort, and left there the settlers and their families, with a few men to guard them. While building this fort he heard the news that King Louis of France had decided to help the Americans. Soon the settlement at the Falls of the Ohio came to be called Louisville. Today it is the largest city of Kentucky.

From Louisville, Clark crossed the river, and landed on Illinois soil. The southern part of Illinois has the Wabash River on the east, the Ohio on the south, and the Mississippi on the west. The two most important British forts were

at Kaskaskia on the Mississippi and Vincennes on the Wabash. Clark directed his march first toward Kaskaskia.

On July 4, 1778, the Americans reached the town. They hid in the woods until night, then crept up to the fort. Not a single soldier was there. At Clark's signal they yelled like mad and rushed into the fort, then through the streets of Kaskaskia. The town was captured without the firing of a gun. The terrified French inhabitants wondered what the American "Long Knives" would do, but Clark treated them so well that they all took an oath to be good American citizens.

The French priest of Kaskaskia saw how fairly Clark behaved toward his people. He volunteered to go to Vincennes where only a few British soldiers kept guard. Off the priest started. He gathered the French together in the Vincennes church and told them that it was right for them to be American citizens rather than to obey the British. When he had finished, the people hoisted the American flag, and the little band of English soldiers wisely marched out of the town. It was an easy victory.

Clark's Wonderful March.—The American Colonel Clark so far had had matters all his own way; but the English Colonel Hamilton of Detroit intended to have a word to say about that. He gathered together a strong force of soldiers and Indians and marched to Vincennes. As Clark had not been able to put a strong garrison there, Hamilton captured it without difficulty. If Hamilton had now pushed on he could have made prisoners of Clark and his men, and that would have put an end to the American idea of holding the country. Winter had come, however, and Hamilton decided to wait until spring.

Hamilton did not know what a man he had to deal with. Clark found out that most of the soldiers and Indians had been sent back to Detroit. "Now is my time," thought he. With one hundred and seventy-five men, French and Ameri-

cans, he marched off one February day to call on Colonel Hamilton. Fortunately for Clark, his men did not know beforehand what a terrible march it would prove to be.

The distance was about two hundred and fifty miles. The ice was melting and the flat Illinois prairies were flooded with chilly water. Clark's men had no tents and in that wild country no houses for shelter could be found. For a week they trudged along in mud and water, but at night they built great camp-fires and ate the meat of deer and bear, elk and buffalo, which their hunters had killed.

Now came the trial. They arrived near Vincennes, but found the "drowned lands" of the Wabash before them. Five miles of running ice-water, not less than three feet deep, must be crossed. It took them three days to build a boat and cross the torrent. Still the country on the other side was not much better. For several days, in the pouring rain, they waded breast-high through the flood. At night they found some hillock barely above the water and in cold and misery passed the hours of darkness.

Capture of Vincennes.—For eight days these men of iron plowed on. At last there was no food, yet still they advanced. The last night of their march they found themselves within six miles of Vincennes. It was bitter cold. When morning came, half an inch of ice surrounded the island on which they had slept, and their clothes were frozen stiff. But the sun shone, and gave them new courage. "Tonight we shall be within touch of the enemy," said the lion-hearted commander. "Forward!"

There was a sheet of water four miles wide to cross. Clark and his tallest, strongest men led the way. Soon the weaker men, half-starved and half-frozen, began to fall down in the flood. They clung to their more powerful comrades and all at last reached the shore. Many fell flat and powerless at the water's edge and had to be run up and down

between two strong riflemen before their blood could be made to flow freely again. The party made fires, and secured some food from Indians who passed in a canoe. They dried off in the sun and by the fire. The food put new life into their veins. Now they were ready to attack Hamilton.

After sundown Clark and his men entered the town. These ragged and starved backwoodsmen, with no cannon,



CLARK'S MARCH

no bayonets, almost no powder, were going to attack a strong fort that had artillery and plenty of other arms. As the Americans marched in, Hamilton's Indians all ran out. They had no desire to stay near men who could apparently walk under the water or on it. Many of the French inhabitants, however, were glad to see the riflemen, and handed out to them fresh ammunition.

In the moonlight Clark's party began to fire at the fort. The cannon of the fort roared in answer, but the bordermen hid themselves so well that they suffered no harm. In return the American rifles shot so truly at the portholes out of which

looked the cannon, that soon Hamilton's men would not work the guns any longer. At last the English commander saw that further resistance was useless. Vincennes was ours. As the American flag went up over the fort, Clark renamed it—Fort Patrick Henry.

The Northwest Territory.—This was the end of British power near the Ohio. Clark wished to march and drive the English out of their stronghold, Detroit, but that was never done. Virginia, however, laid claim to all the "northwest country" and called it the county of Illinois of the state of Virginia. Many of Clark's men settled on the land in this region. At the end of the Revolutionary War England gave up all claims, and this fertile country was open for our use. Virginia generously handed it over to the National Government, and it was called the Northwest Territory. Now it contains five of our most prosperous states. Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, and many another fine city stand today as monuments to the memory of the desperate march and wonderful bravery of George Rogers Clark.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Describe the dress and equipment of the Virginia and Kentucky backwoodsmen in the time of Colonel Clark.
2. A fall or rapid in a stream is a natural place for a settlement to grow up. Why? Name several cities that have grown up on this account.
3. Do you think regular Continental troops could have made the march that Clark's men performed? Give the reasons for your answer.
4. Which do you choose as your hero, George Rogers Clark or Paul Jones? Why?
5. Draw the map of the states that were made out of the Northwest Territory. Show by a dotted line the march on which Clark's men suffered so much.

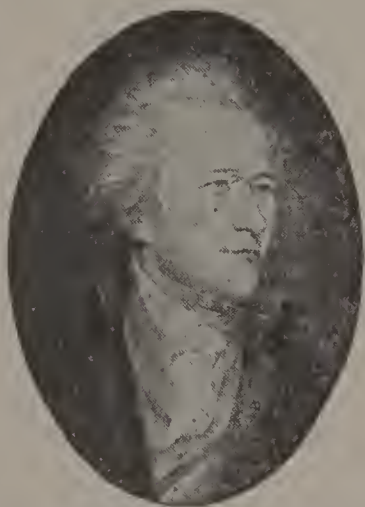
ALEXANDER HAMILTON

SOLDIER AND FINANCIER

"It is not in my temper to repine at evils that are past, but to endeavor to draw good out of them."—*Letter to Elizabeth Schuyler.*

I. THE STUDENT TURNS SOLDIER

The West India Boy.—In the beautiful tropical English island of Nevis, where the air is soft and warm, and where palms and sugar-cane grow, lived a poor boy—Alexander Hamilton. There is an idea that the bodies and minds of white men become very lazy in tropical lands, but such was not the case with Hamilton. It would have been hard to find any one of the same age in the whole West Indies who was Alexander's equal in cleverness or in power to stick to a thing until it was done well.



When Alexander was about twelve years old his mother died and he was sent to relatives in a nearby island. That island was Santa Cruz, one of the Virgin Islands which we bought from Denmark (1917). At the end of a year he was put into the "countinghouse" or office of a merchant. In a year more his employer was able to go away for weeks at a time and leave the whole care of the business in Alexander's hands. That was a remarkable trust to put into the direction of a fourteen-year-old boy.

Imagine this lad being allowed to receive valuable imported goods, to sell them at the best price he could get, and

to see that the vessel which brought them was loaded with a return cargo! Many men could not have done so well as this little fellow. Yet Alexander did not like the life of a merchant. It was not active and stirring enough for him. "I have a great ambition," he said.

The Story of the Hurricane.—One day a furious hurricane swept over the island. Nothing like its force had been known for many years. It killed persons and animals, wrecked houses and destroyed crops. A few days later, as the governor of Santa Cruz unfolded his newspaper, he saw an account of the fearful storm. As he read it, he thought, "That is so well expressed, I wonder who wrote it!" Upon inquiring at the newspaper office, he found that the author was young Alexander Hamilton.

The governor sent for Alexander. He saw a slender boy of middle height, with handsome features, rosy cheeks and bright, sparkling blue eyes. Alexander's way of behaving was as attractive as his looks. "What would you most like to do?" asked the governor. "To go to college," replied Alexander, "I want a good education." "You shall have it," the governor replied. He raised money among his friends and sent Alexander off to the American colonies to get the education so desired.

Student and Patriot.—For a year Alexander worked hard to prepare to enter college. When Alexander was ready for college, he entered King's College in New York City. It is now called Columbia University and is a wonderfully attractive place for students. A bright fellow like Hamilton was warmly welcomed at King's College. He was allowed to go ahead just as fast as he liked, and he often passed the examination on the year's work of a class before the other students in the class had half finished. Yet he found time to attend a debating club, where he was one of the best speakers.

Those were stirring times. The hurricane of the Revolution had been threatening for nearly ten years, and now it was coming fast. It was just about the time of the Philadelphia and Boston tea-parties that Hamilton entered college, and many of the other students thought more about politics than about their lessons. Not so with Alexander. He was almost a foreigner to the colonies, and for a while he took little interest in their affairs.

In the spring after the Tea-Party, however, Hamilton made a visit to Boston. He could not help hearing a great deal about the troubles with England and the rights of the Americans. Now he began to study these matters, and he did it thoroughly, because that was his habit. As he debated the questions with himself and talked to his friends, he grew sure that the Americans had the best arguments on their side.

When the colonies were asked to send representatives to a Congress, there was a great public meeting in New York City. Several noted speakers addressed the immense crowd. Hamilton stood in the crowd and listened. But the speakers did not mention a number of things that Alexander thought should be said. At last he could hold back no longer. He pushed his way to the platform and began to speak. "What little fellow is this?" laughed the people as they looked at the slender seventeen-year-old Alexander. They paid attention to him just the same, for they could not help it, and when he finished, there was a shout of applause.

Captain Hamilton.—After this Hamilton became very active in the patriotic cause. He wrote political articles for the newspapers. "These are finely expressed," said some of the Tory party, and they offered Alexander good pay if he would write in favor of King George's ideas. As he was now American through and through, their offers were refused with scorn.

Then Hamilton joined a volunteer company of young men, who called themselves "Hearts of Oak." They wore green uniforms and had upon their leather caps the motto, "Freedom or Death." But Hamilton was not satisfied with drilling. He found an old soldier who knew a great deal about artillery, and learned all that the soldier could teach him. Then he bought books on the subject and studied



HAMILTON AND HIS ARTILLERY COMPANY

them. Presently he became captain of an artillery company raised in the city, and that was the end of his college studies.

Drill, drill, drill, was Hamilton's idea. "Do it better yet," was his watchword. His company constantly improved. One day while the company was drilling with its guns in the fields, General Greene rode by. "What fine work!" he thought, and he made himself known to Hamilton. Like most others, Greene took a fancy to the boyish captain. He spoke of Hamilton to General Washington, who invited Hamilton to join the army.

II. THE SOLDIER TURNS STATESMAN

An Aide to Washington.—Hamilton and his cannon served the country well. In the retreat from Long Island he was one of the last to leave the shore. At Trenton it was Hamilton's guns that fired along the main street and showed the Hessians they must surrender. When the Continental army went into camp for the winter at Morristown, New Jersey, Hamilton was there.

As Washington was riding around the Morristown camp inspecting, he noticed some earthworks that were made with special skill. "Who built these?" he asked. "Captain Hamilton," was the answer. Washington remembered Greene's praise of Hamilton. He requested the captain to become a member of his own staff. Hamilton came to live at Washington's headquarters. He wrote letters for the General, carried messages, took part in councils of war, and went on important errands of peace and war.

This young officer, only twenty, soon took a high place in Washington's heart. Washington was inclined to be grave and serious. Hamilton's French blood made him naturally cheerful. His bright nature many a time drove away the clouds of care that gathered over the mind of the commander-in-chief. Hamilton's mind, moreover, was so keen that he was consulted about many important affairs.

For four years Hamilton accompanied Washington wherever headquarters might be. Then he grew tired of being away from the regular service with the troops in the field, resigned his position, and went back to the army. At Yorktown he led the troops which attacked one side of the entrenchments of Cornwallis. Dashing forward at the head of his men, he sprang into the ditch and clambered up the wall. His soldiers followed closely with bayonets fixed. In

ten minutes from the time the Americans reached the entrenchment it was theirs, and the bayonet had done it all.

Hamilton's Marriage.—In thus leading the charge on the British camp, Hamilton was fighting for his own home and family as well as for his country. About four years before, Washington had sent Hamilton on an important errand to General Gates, who was commanding troops at Albany. While in the camp of Gates, Hamilton met General Schuyler, who had commanded the army before Gates arrived. General Schuyler's home was in Albany, and he was a man of wealth.

At the Schuyler mansion Hamilton became acquainted with one of the daughters of the house, Elizabeth, a charming girl of quiet disposition and good temper; and two years later they were married. Mrs. Hamilton would have been alarmed had she known her husband was exposing himself to be killed at Yorktown; but after Yorktown there was little for the American army to do. Hamilton had a wife and child to support. He felt that he was no longer needed in the army, and his pay was very small, so he resigned in order to study law.

Lawyer Hamilton in Congress.—General Schuyler offered Hamilton as much money as he wanted, but Hamilton would not accept it. "I intend to stand on my own feet," said he. In four months after he began his law studies he was admitted to practice as a lawyer. His time of preparation was not nearly so short as Patrick Henry's. He had scarcely begun his work as a lawyer, however, when the people of New York sent him to Philadelphia to represent them in Congress.

In Congress the eternal question was money. The treasury vaults held no cash; the soldiers got no pay; the farmer or merchant who sold goods to the nation might whistle for the price. Why did this condition exist? Because Congress had no power to make the people pay money to the

Government or do anything else that they did not want to do. Congress was supposed to get things done by asking the states to look after matters. If any state did not wish to do what Congress asked, Congress was helpless.

Under such conditions Congress became a joke. Few men of brains wished to throw their time away by being members of Congress. Often there were several of the



INTERIOR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL

thirteen states that had no one at all to represent them in Congress. Many of the members that did come to Congress took their own time about arriving. While the army had been fighting, the great danger of being defeated made the states pay attention to the messages from Congress. Now that the fighting had stopped (though peace was not yet declared), each state did what it thought best. After one winter's experience in Congress, Hamilton gladly went back to his practice of law.

Making Our Constitution.—At last, partly through Hamilton's influence, a convention was held in Independence

Hall, Philadelphia, to make a new plan of government in place of the old miserable scheme which had brought such poor results. New York state sent Hamilton as one of the three men who were her representatives. Deep in Hamilton's mind was the remembrance of the weak and ridiculous Congress in which he had sat a few years before. "Let us have a strong United States government!" was his cry. "Give the Government power!"

The enemies of Hamilton said: "You are trying to do away with the separate states. In a little while there will be no Pennsylvania, no Virginia, no Massachusetts left. There will be only a nation." They did not see that if the United States was to be strong and prosperous the nation must be first and the state second. On our coins today we put the national motto in Latin, "E Pluribus Unum," meaning that out of many states we have made one great nation, of which we are proud. We fought the bitter Civil War before all our people believed that the nation came before the state, but we believe it now with all our hearts. That was Hamilton's belief in 1787.

Our Constitution was at last made. It did give Congress power to do many things without having to wait on the slow motions of the states. But the Constitution now had to be accepted by the various states. New York was one of the most important states in the Union, and it did not look as though New York would accept the new plan of government. Would New York stay outside the Union? "Not if I can help it," said Hamilton.

Hamilton led the party which wanted the Constitution. He argued, he coaxed, he wrote newspaper articles, he sent letters to his friends. At last he was successful. New York went into the new and stronger Union. Then New York City held a great parade. In it the pictures of Washington and Hamilton appeared side by side. There was a banner

showing Hamilton holding the Constitution, as a scroll of paper, in his hand, while Fame crowned him with a laurel wreath. There was a Ship of State, representing the Union, and the name on her side was "Hamilton."

III. HAMILTON AND THE NEW GOVERNMENT

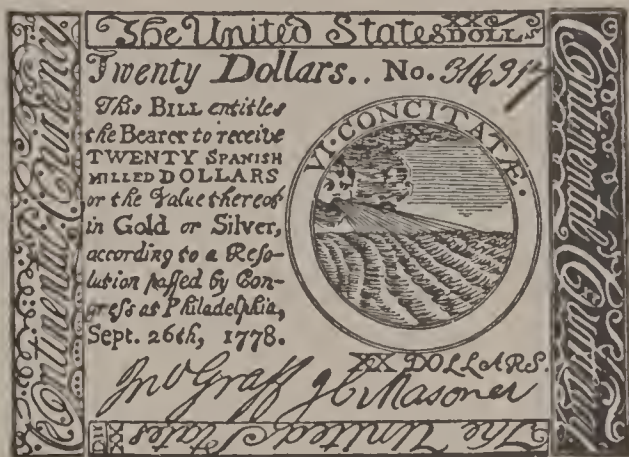
Hamilton's Financial Plan.—Washington became our first President under the new and stronger Government. He selected Alexander Hamilton for his Secretary of the Treasury. Hamilton himself was honest; he wanted the Government to be honest also. The nation had gotten the name of being unwilling to pay its debts; Hamilton saw that in order to get along it must gain the name of settling its accounts. How could this be done?

"There is only one way to settle a debt," said Hamilton; "that is to pay it." Instead of promising and not paying, or of wiping off the account because it was old, he showed how the national debts could be paid a little at a time in a regular way. "Next," Hamilton declared, "we must see that the state debts are paid." The separate states as well as Congress had borrowed money, and some states declared they could not and would not pay their debts. "The nation will pay them," replied Hamilton. There was a loud outcry from some men of influence, but Hamilton saw that this would make the people in the states think more of the new National Government than ever before.

The third part of Hamilton's plan was a great Bank of the United States. Robert Morris's Bank of North America, begun ten years before, had been of much help to the Government, but it was rather a small bank and it was owned by private people. Hamilton's Bank of the United States was to be large. It would have a great many stockholders among the people, but the Government after all would have a large share in owning it and would put all its money into

the bank's keeping. We need no bank exactly like the Bank of the United States today, but we have banks (Federal Reserve Banks) which the Government established during President Wilson's time to make business more safe and more sure.

Our New Money.—With all this talk of money, it was time to decide on a true United States kind of money. Up to the time of the Revolution, all of our American calculations had been made in the English pounds, shillings and pence. The Continental Congress at the close of the Revolutionary War decided that the Spanish dollar was to make the foundation of our money, and Thomas Jefferson laid down an easy and simple plan by which the dollar was divided into ten dimes and the dime into ten cents. That was all very good, but no one so far had



CONTINENTAL PAPER MONEY

ever seen a gold or silver American dollar. The word "dollar" stood on our poor paper money, and people usually counted prices in dollars, but there were no hard cash dollars to be found. A mint was needed.

Robert Morris had tried to set up a mint to make gold and silver coins, but the plan had fallen through. Now David Rittenhouse of Philadelphia was made Director of the Mint, and a brick building for the mint was erected. From that building in 1792 came our first silver pieces. They were half-dimes. Copper half-cents were made later on, but today the United States makes no half-dimes nor half cents.

Hamilton's plans were carried out by Congress, and soon the good effects of them were seen. The Treasury now

contained money; the debts of the nation began to be paid off; there was good hard cash circulating among the people instead of worthless paper money. People now had confidence in the Government instead of despising it, and the Government became stronger every year.

The Whiskey Rebellion.—Of course it could not be expected that every one would agree with Hamilton's ideas. Some said it was a terrible thing for the nation to pay the debts of the states. Some thought it was unjust to tax carriages used only for pleasure. But the strongest objections were made to the tax on whiskey.

The people of the "backwoods" raised corn as their principal crop. The chief way in which they could sell their corn to advantage was by turning it into whiskey. The whiskey made from a bushel of corn would sell at a higher price than the corn, could be carried more easily, and if kept would not spoil as the corn was likely to do. Whiskey was often as good as money in western Pennsylvania. The people west of the Alleghanies refused to pay the tax.

Washington and Hamilton determined that the whiskey rioters must obey the Government. They heard that seven thousand backwoodsmen had assembled at Braddock's Field, the old battleground, to show how strong they were; so Washington and Hamilton raised twice as many soldiers and started them on the march to Pittsburgh. Half-way, Washington left Hamilton in charge and went back to his duties in Philadelphia. When the army reached the place it sought, where were the brave rioters? They had all disappeared. Not even seven, much less seven thousand, could be found. They had no wish to fight the United States troops. The United States Government had shown its strength.

Today, although our Government is not perfect, we are a strong nation. Under one government we are united, prosperous and happy. To bring about this fortunate state

of affairs was the dream of Alexander Hamilton—and his dream came true.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Find ways in which the West India Islands are connected with our American history.
2. Read about the troubles which came when President Jackson, long after this time, closed the Bank of the United States.
3. What is the table of English money? Is the table of United States money better in any respect? Explain your answer.
4. Look closely at all the kinds of United States coins that you can find. What is stamped on them? What do the various emblems mean?
5. Find all the reasons you can why the payment of state debts by the Federal Government was such a good scheme.
6. Find in the telephone directory or elsewhere the names of a number of banks. Which of these names have most meaning to you in relation to the business of the bank?
7. What were Hamilton's great services to our country?

STEPHEN DECATUR

A SALT-WATER HERO

"You are accustomed to victory, and you will not tarnish the glory you have already won."—*Address to the sailors of the "United States."*

Stephen the Captain's Son.—When Howe's army defeated Washington at the Brandywine and it was certain that the British would capture Philadelphia, a patriotic sea-



COMMODORE DECATUR

captain, named Decatur, took his wife away from the city. Mr. and Mrs. Decatur traveled southward in their carriage until they reached Maryland. In a little log cabin, within sound of the ocean waves, they stayed for more than a year. When they came back to Philadelphia there were three in the Decatur family, for they had a baby, Stephen.

Mr. Decatur was a fine sailor, and also made his voyages pay him well. When Stephen was but eight years old, his father took him along on his ship across the ocean to Europe. Some children would have been afraid, but Stephen delighted in life on the sea. Indeed, he felt perfectly at home as his father's vessel sailed out of Delaware Bay upon the ocean. His grandfather had been a sea-captain, his father was a sea-captain, and Stephen longed for the time to come when he, too, might command a vessel. The round-trip over six thousand miles of salt water was a wonderful experience.

Stephen grew up to be a fine lad, of good height, graceful and strong, with curling dark chestnut hair and flashing dark

eyes. In all the sports and games of the boys, Stephen was among the first. He always played fair, but if any one took advantage, that person found Stephen Decatur would stand up for his own rights.

Mrs. Decatur did not want her fine boy to be a sailor. She thought it was very dangerous. To please her, Stephen went into an office, but his heart could not be kept indoors and longed for the open sea. He studied everything which he needed to know in order to enter the navy, and hoped for the time when he would follow in his father's footsteps.

War broke out between the United States and France. Then Stephen grew impatient to join a warship. Out of respect to his mother's feelings he made no attempt to join the navy, but oh, how he wished to do so! Commodore Barry commanded some of the vessels. He was a friend of the Decatur family, and knew the turmoil in Stephen's heart. One day a letter came to Stephen, and in it was a commission as midshipman¹ on Barry's frigate. The kind Commodore had set Stephen free. He became a lieutenant in less than a year.

Lieutenant Decatur and the Barbary Pirates.—Four years later, Lieutenant Decatur was sent to the Mediterranean Sea to help in our war against the pirates of the Barbary States. These Arab or Moorish countries on the northern coast of Africa were in the habit of sending out vessels to capture the Christian ships that passed their shores. The sailors thus captured became slaves.

Apparently the nations of Europe, strong as they were, feared the Moors, for they often paid them large sums of money each year in return for safety of their ships. America

¹ The midshipmen were boys, usually of good education, who were being trained as officers. They were often so young that in joke they were called "midshipmites."

did not pay so much as did the European nations and she had a weaker navy. The Moors, therefore, made fun of our country as a nation to which they need pay no respect. Some of our American sailors were captured and wore out their lives in hard labor for cruel masters. At last the turbaned



A MEDITERRANEAN CORSAIR VESSEL

ruler of Tripoli, one of the Barbary States, actually declared war upon us. We had to make him feel our teeth.

When Decatur reached the American fleet in the Mediterranean he found Commodore Preble in trouble. His fleet had only two large vessels. One of them, the *Philadelphia*, had run aground and had been captured. Over three hundred Americans had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and the Tripolitans were repairing the *Philadelphia* so as to use her against our ships.

"There lies the *Philadelphia* in Tripoli harbor," said the Commodore. "She must be destroyed." Decatur at once volunteered to do the work. Every man on the little ship he

commanded wished to go with him, but the number was limited to eighty-five. With this small force Decatur embarked on a recently captured Tripolitan vessel which the Americans had renamed the *Intrepid*.²

Destruction of the "Philadelphia."—It was a quiet evening when the *Intrepid* sailed into the harbor of Tripoli. Forts defended the entrance of the harbor, batteries of guns frowned down from the heights, and twenty-five Tripolitan war vessels of various sizes lay at anchor ready to fire on any foe. If the Tripolitans had known that the little craft sailing boldly in was an American, they could have blown her out of water in a short time; but they thought she was one of the European trading-boats.

As the *Intrepid* approached the *Philadelphia*, the moon shone out brightly. Except a few sailors in Italian costume, all the men crouched behind the bulwarks. If the crew of the *Philadelphia* suspected too soon who they were, the frigate's big guns would sink them. Decatur, as calm as a statue, stood by the helm. Before the Tripolitan commander realized what was happening, the *Intrepid* lay alongside of the *Philadelphia* and Decatur's men sprang to their feet.

"Americanos! Americanos!" cried the dark-skinned Tripolitans in amazement. The Americans swarmed aboard the frigate, their big cutlasses in hand. The men of Tripoli had gained fame as fierce fighters, but they could not stand against Decatur's men. In ten minutes a score lay dead. Most of the remainder leaped overboard, but a number rushed below and hid themselves, only to meet a terrible fate. Not one American had even been wounded!

Now the Americans set the frigate on fire in a dozen places and sailed away. The burning *Philadelphia* made the

² "Intrepid" means fearless. It would have been a good name to apply to the commander of the vessel.

harbor as light as day, and the enemy's guns poured shot at the slow-moving *Intrepid*. Not a ball touched her. Soon a stunning explosion tore the air, the *Philadelphia* had blown up. Darkness came, for the moon had set; Decatur sailed safely out of the harbor. The Tripolitans had gained a new idea of the bravery and power of the Americans. As a reward for his exploit Decatur was made captain.

The "United States" and the "Macedonian."—Seven years after Decatur had returned home, our war of 1812 with England broke out. Decatur, who was then thirty-three, sailed off toward the British Isles in the frigate *United States*, a fine-looking vessel. The *United States* rose as high above the water as a two-story house, and carried a vast spread of canvas on her three tall masts. Fifty-four cannon looked out from her wooden sides, and nearly five hundred men worked the muzzle-loading guns and handled the ropes and sails.

Far out on the Atlantic Decatur met an English vessel, the *Macedonian*, one of the newest and best of Britain's navy. Before the war broke out this English ship had been at Norfolk, and there Decatur had met her captain. While they were praising their own ships, the Englishman said, "Well, Decatur, your American ships may be good enough, but what practice have you had in war?" Now he was about to give Decatur a little practice.

As the two big ships sailed toward each other, a boy named John Creamer, only ten years old, asked to speak to the captain. He had been allowed to come on the cruise with his sailor father, but his father had died. Now John was a pet among the crew. "I'd like my name put down on the ship's roll, captain," he said, saluting. "Why?" asked Decatur. "Well, I want my share of the prize money when we capture that ship," answered John. Decatur laughed. "It

would be a pity to disappoint you," said he. "Your name shall go down on the list."

The brave British captain brought his ship on a parallel course to that of the *United States*, and the ships ran along firing at each other. He did not know at first that Decatur had especially trained his men in gunnery, but he soon found



CAPTURE OF THE BRITISH FRIGATE "MACEDONIAN"

From an Old Print.

out. "Look at the American ship!" said the British seamen. "She is on fire." But it was only the sheets of flame from her guns that the sailors saw.

The guns of the *United States* poured in two shots to the British one. They came not only fast but true. There was slaughter on the *Macedonian*. Her masts were cut off piece by piece and her sails torn to ribbons. At last she lay a helpless log upon the sea.

The *Macedonian* could fight no more, and her captain hauled down his flag. John Creamer's faith in his captain

and his ship was justified.³ The battle had taken only two hours. The American ship stayed by her prize until the *Macedonian* was put into shape to sail to America. Two weeks of the hardest kind of work was necessary in order to partly repair what Decatur's guns had done in those two hours.

The Fatal Duel.—Decatur won yet more fame during the remainder of the War of 1812. Later he fought the Barbary pirates again. The name of Decatur was respected by the English navy and feared by the fierce Moors. When Decatur was thirty-seven he was made a navy commissioner. He, with two others, were given charge of the American fleets. Naturally his post of duty was in Washington, and there for four years he lived a busy and useful life. But, as it did to the busy and useful Hamilton, the evil custom of the duel brought misfortune.

Commodore Barron, under whom Decatur had served several times, thought he had not received fair treatment from Decatur as a navy commissioner. He challenged Decatur to fight a duel with him. There was no feeling of hatred toward Barron in Decatur's mind, but he, like Hamilton, did not wish to seem cowardly. The two men met outside of Washington. Decatur decided that he would merely wound his opponent. He struck his man just where he intended, but Barron aimed to kill and inflicted a fatal wound.

As Decatur lay on the ground, he said: "I think I am mortally wounded. I wish I had fallen in defense of my country." Before another day had come, the gallant captain was dead. All the officers of the Government in Washington attended the funeral to honor this daring commander, ever loyal to his country and brave in her defense.

³ John received about two hundred dollars of prize-money.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Read about the life of the galley-slaves under the Moors or the Turks.
2. Read the description of the fierce fight with the Tripolitans in which Decatur's only brother was killed.
3. In what ways are the men on our American warships better off now than in the time of Decatur?
4. Put down the names of as many fights as you can find between single warships during the War of 1812. In how many cases did the Americans win? The British?
5. What is prize money? How was it usually divided?

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY

THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE

"Give me men, and I will acquire honor and glory on this lake or perish in the attempt."—*Letter to his commander, Commodore Chauncey.*

Perry in the Navy.—In the year when Washington died Oliver Perry of Rhode Island became a midshipman on board



OLIVER H. PERRY

the *General Greene*, which his father commanded. Oliver proved to be a ready learner, and Captain Perry had no reason to be ashamed of his son.

When Jefferson became President and the war with the Barbary pirates broke out, Midshipman Perry was sent to the Mediterranean. Though he happened to be absent when Decatur so bravely destroyed the *Philadelphia*, he was present at

the close of the war, and returned to the United States, like Decatur, a lieutenant at the age of twenty.

For seven years more Lieutenant Perry did his duty in the navy. In fair weather or in foul, in cruise or in shipwreck, he proved his ability to render successful service. Then our War of 1812 with Great Britain began. The work assigned to Perry was to command a fleet of little gunboats. Decatur, Hull and Bainbridge were sailing the seas and getting glory, and Perry fretted at being compelled to stay

at home. He bombarded the Government officers at Washington with requests to go to the Great Lakes and take part in the struggle there. Finally came an order: "Take all the best men of your gunboats and go to the Lakes. You will see to the building of a fleet on Lake Erie and will then be its commander."

Perry and the War on the Lakes.—February snow lay on the ground when the order arrived. Before night fifty of Perry's men were off on their sleds for the Lakes. Others followed, and not a week had passed when Perry, taking along his thirteen-year-old brother, of the same stamp as himself, drove away in his sleigh. After ten days of travel over rough roads he reached his journey's end, reported to his superior officer, and then began to look after the building of the Lake Erie fleet.

Haste in building the ships was necessary. The land forces of the Americans had met with defeat. Now General William Henry Harrison, who afterward became President, had succeeded in winning some success over the British in Ohio and Indiana. Look at the map and you will see that, if the Americans could control Lake Erie, the British in the country south of the lake would be caught between two forces and would be compelled to move out of the region.

Perry pushed on the shipbuilding as fast as possible. There were workmen enough at Erie and plenty of timber. But the timber did not lie seasoning in a lumber-yard, all ready cut and well dried; it bore green leaves and stood in the shady forest around the little village on the lake. Many a time a fine oak tree stood proudly among its mates at dawn; at evening it formed the ribs of a vessel. No carpenter wants to build with green timber; but green timber is better than none, and ships had to be built.

The New Ships Afloat.—The ships were launched, but another trouble arose. Of what use were ships without

men? The British had a fleet of about equal size on the lake, but Perry could muster only sailors enough to man his biggest vessel. Now the British appeared outside the harbor of Erie. They dared not sail in, for there was a sandbar across the entrance; but they had great fun cruising back and forth in an insulting way. Perry's blood boiled. He was only twenty-seven, and his stock of patience was small. "For God's sake, send me men and officers, and I will have them all in a day or two," he wrote to his superior officer.

At last, by hook and by crook, the men were secured. They were a motley lot. Some were sailors, some were soldiers and some were farmers; but Perry took any one who could fight. Then he was ready to bring his vessels out. The largest of his craft drew twice as much water as there was over the bar at the harbor's mouth, but Perry invented a clever way to lift the ship over little by little. It was a tedious task, and if the British should come while the vessels were hanging on the bar, defeat would be certain; but Perry took a chance.

Captain Barclay, who commanded the English fleet was a brave fighter, but not a careful observer. He took his chance that the Americans could not get across the bar, and while Perry's men were straining their muscles to float their ships, Captain Barclay was enjoying a banquet over in a Canadian town. He sailed leisurely back to Erie after the banquet and arrived just in time to see the Americans finishing their four days' work. Back toward Canada he sailed again.

The Battle on the Lake.—Perry followed the British to the western end of the lake, where he met General Harrison and made plans for future operations. Captain Barclay, however, did not choose to be penned up in one end of Lake Erie, so when he had finished building another fine big

vessel to add to his fleet, he came out and headed straight for Perry's ships.

The two little fleets were fairly evenly matched, though what advantage there was lay with the British. Perry sailed to meet the English. He had but two good-sized vessels, the *Lawrence* and the *Niagara*, and he selected the *Lawrence* as his flagship. The ship had been so named after a gallant American captain who had been killed in a naval battle. Perry hoisted a blue flag bearing in white letters Lawrence's last words, "Don't give up the ship." His men cheered as they saw it.

In the *Lawrence* Perry bore down upon his enemy. The September day was fair and the breeze was faint, so the vessels of the American fleet could not come up together. On Perry's flagship the British poured almost all of their shot. Could they dispose of him and his vessel they could surely conquer the rest of the enemy. For two hours they raked the *Lawrence* from every side. The men dropped fast. By Perry's side stood his little brother, as brave as he. Two musket shots passed through the lad's hat and a flying splinter ripped his clothes. Then he was knocked across the deck, and Perry thought his brother was dead, but it was only a folded hammock, driven by a cannon ball, that had struck him.

At last there were not enough men in Perry's end of the ship to work a gun. The captain called the surgeon's men below to come up. One by one they came and one by one they fell till not one was left. Perry called again and three wounded men crawled up to the deck on hands and knees to pull the gun-ropes. Perry himself aimed and fired the cannon. Another broadside from the British, and the gun was disabled. The *Lawrence* could fight no more.

Perry looked over his ship. Out of more than a hundred men only fourteen remained uninjured. Twenty-two had

been killed outright. The wounded lay everywhere. Perry's eye spied the *Niagara*, his other large vessel, which had not yet come to close quarters, but now was sailing toward the British. "Don't give up the battle," was Perry's thought. He ordered four of the unwounded men to jump into a boat and row him to the *Niagara*.

Victory Won.—As Perry with his little brother stepped into the boat a sailor hauled down the blue and white flag to save it from the British and gave it to him. Throwing it around his shoulders he stood up straight in the stern, while the shots of the enemy dashed up the water around. His men in the other vessels should see what their leader was about to do. Finally the sailors said: "We will stop rowing unless you sit down." Perry yielded to their wish. A cannon ball knocked a hole in the boat, but Perry pulled off his uniform coat, with its gold epaulets, and plugged up the leak.

The *Niagara* was reached. Up went the "Don't give up the ship" flag. The other American crews cheered and renewed the fight. The *Niagara* spread her sails on a heavy breeze and Perry put her right through the British line with his other boats closely following.

Now the English were attacked on all sides by fresh guns. They had gotten nearly enough of the fight before this, and could not stand the extra pounding. Captain Barclay, who had already lost one arm in fighting against Napoleon's fleet, sacrificed his remaining arm in the heat of this battle. In eight minutes after the *Niagara* had broken up the British fleet, the white flag of surrender was hoisted.

Perry returned to his noble flagship, the *Lawrence*, which he wished to honor by standing on her deck to receive the British officers in their surrender. After the officers had presented their swords, which Perry generously declined to receive, he took an old letter from his pocket, and using his

cap for a table he wrote in pencil to General Harrison a simple but stirring message :

“ We have met the enemy and they are ours ; two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop.

“ Yours, with great respect and esteem,

“ O. H. PERRY.”

It was the first time an entire British fleet, even though small, had been lined up against an American fleet. It was the first time that an entire British fleet, though only of six vessels, had been captured. No wonder that America thought it a wonderful victory. Harrison and Perry were called the deliverers of the Western settlers. They had in truth saved many a home from being burned and many a life from being taken by the tomahawk. Perry received promotion to the rank of captain, but he was often called Commodore because he had commanded the Lake Erie fleet.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. How was America forced into the War of 1812?
2. Was this war worth while?
3. Read about the deeds of gallant Isaac Hull and William Bainbridge.
4. Find out what was the clever device by which Perry lifted his bigger ships across the bar.
5. We have had no forts or war vessels along the Great Lakes for a long time. Why not?
6. General Harrison was often called “ Old Tippecanoe ” or “ The Hero of Tippecanoe.” Find out why.

ANDREW JACKSON

OUR FIRST WESTERN PRESIDENT

"The old patriots are gone or are going, but new ones enough are taking their places."—*Words of Jackson just before his death.*

I. GROWING UP WITH THE COUNTRY

A Coward's Blow.—The Revolutionary War was sweeping over the South. Up and down the Carolinas went the red-coat cavalry, and their infantry followed. The hard-pressed American forces had to retreat into the thick pine woods and the deep swamps; but when chance favored, out they came again to strike telling blows. Well-drilled and well-armed were the British; the Americans scarcely knew the name of drill, captured from the red-coats the very powder which they used, and made swords from saws—yet the contest was not so unequal as it seemed. Little Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox," and big Thomas Sumter, the "South Carolina Gamecock," were patriot leaders who never despaired. At the darkest times they kept up bands of good woodsmen and sturdy fighters.



ANDREW JACKSON

Strongly did the Scotch-Irish people of the Waxhaw settlement ¹ uphold the Continental cause, and much fighting took place in that neighborhood. When General Sumter attacked the British nearby, two of the Waxhaw boys followed the American soldiers "to see the fun." The battle gave them a taste for war, and from that time they were

¹ This settlement lay on the border line between North and South Carolina.

regarded as young men who could be useful in a pinch. Robert Jackson had reached the age of only fourteen, and his brother Andrew was thirteen, but in those trying years boys grew up fast.

Next year the British sent a troop to surprise the Waxhaw patriots. Hearing that the British were on the way, forty Americans assembled, and you may be sure that the Jackson boys were there as big as life. After all, however, the English did surprise the gathering. Robert and Andrew escaped to the house of a cousin, but the troopers surrounded the place and made the boys prisoners.

Not satisfied with this success, the brutal soldiers broke to pieces the dishes and furniture and even tore up the bedding of the hated Whig family. In the midst of this destruction the British captain ordered Andrew to clean his muddy boots, but Andrew replied hotly, "Sir, I'm a prisoner of war, and not your servant." The furious captain aimed a blow of his sword at Andrew's head. Although the boy threw up his hand and saved himself, he carried to the day of his death the scars of that sword-cut. Never could he forget the cruelty of that officer.

Making His Way.—After they had been held prisoners for some time, Mrs. Jackson was able to bring her boys out of their jail; but they had both taken the terrible smallpox. Robert died as soon as he reached home, but Andrew's life was spared. Before he had quite recovered, his noble mother caught a fever while trying to help other prisoners, and Andrew, not yet fifteen, was left an orphan. Never did he forget his mother, and ever respected all women for her sake. Many a time in after years, when he upheld some golden rule of action, Andrew Jackson would say, "That I learned from my good mother."

For a while Andrew lived with some of his many relatives in the Waxhaw settlement, but his disposition and theirs did

not agree. He was a restless, rollicking scapegrace, and they were quiet people; so when he was nearly eighteen Andrew mounted his horse and rode away to find a North Carolina lawyer with whom he could study. Two years later he was licensed to practice law. The people of Salisbury, where he had "studied," said he was the most roaring, horse-racing, mischievous fellow that ever the town had seen, but probably Jackson knew more law than they supposed.

At any rate, Andrew Jackson was now a young man that people could not help noticing. Tall and very slender, active and daring, with a ready eye and a ready hand, he was to make his way in the world. No one ever called Jackson an educated man, but no one ever said that he was slow or stupid. Some persons are natural-born leaders, and Jackson was one of these.

Go West, Young Man!—In that part of North Carolina there was not much business for a brand-new lawyer, so when a young man who had been Jackson's companion as a student asked him to come on a trip westward to Nashville, Jackson gladly consented. That frontier settlement on the Cumberland had been founded only nine years, and the Indians still haunted the nearby forest. Even the government road which had just been cut through the woods to Nashville, was patrolled by a guard to make it safe.

Jackson found plenty of business in the new settlement, so he decided to stay and "grow up with the country." He liked the "log-cabin people" and the people liked him. Fighting, drinking, gambling, swearing, all were part of the daily life in those rough days, and were thought rather manly. Jackson, therefore, was perfectly at home. In that country a man must "hold up his end" to be respected, and Jackson could do it very well indeed.

Land was cheap at Nashville, and land was the true wealth of that region. Jackson bought as much land as possible.

Three years after the young lawyer arrived, he had grown to be one of the leading citizens, and a charming wife was mistress of his fine plantation, "Hunter's Hill." How far barefooted Andy of the Waxhaw settlement had climbed!

In Congress.—The "counties west of the mountains" were then part of North Carolina, but so many settlers poured in that the counties beyond the Great Smoky range became the state of Tennessee. This new state had as yet so few people that it was entitled to but one Representative. That one elected was sociable, stirring Jackson.

Only twenty-nine years old was the new Representative when he left "Hunter's Hill" to ride the eight hundred miles to Philadelphia; but though young, he knew his own mind. When Jackson went to Nashville, Washington had not yet become our head; now Jackson took his seat in Congress in time to hear the good President's last speech to the members. Though many Congressmen thought Jackson a real backwoodsman, and laughed at his cue done up in an eelskin, his badly-fitting clothes, and his passionate, choking way of speech, Jackson did well for his new state.

Judge Jackson.—Days in a stuffy city room, listening to long speeches, did not suit Andrew Jackson. He was glad when his friends made him a state judge and he could resign from Congress. The post of judge was considered good, as Jackson's salary came to four-fifths that of the governor of Tennessee. How much do you think Jackson did receive? Six hundred dollars a year! We see that dollars counted for more in those days.

Judge Jackson liked the riding about that was necessary; he liked the sight of new faces. Sometimes the faces looked unpleasant but that did not affect the judge's decisions. One day Jackson and his two companion judges ordered the sheriff to arrest a desperate character named Bean. The fellow

laughed in the sheriff's face. Even when the sheriff called a party of men to assist him, Bean defied them all.

When the sheriff reported these things to the judges, Jackson sternly asked, "How will you account to your country, Mr. Sheriff, for this failure?" Stung by the words, the sheriff called on the judges themselves to act. Two of them replied, "It is not our business," but Jackson came forward. With pistol in hand he walked straight up to Bean, "Surrender, or I'll shoot you down!" he cried. Bean saw death in Jackson's eye and prudently surrendered. "Justice at any cost," was Jackson's motto.

II. JACKSON THE SOLDIER

Old Hickory.—While he was yet a judge, Jackson was elected general of the militia in western Tennessee. The officers who voted him into office declared he would make a good soldier; and they were right. Years passed; Jackson resigned as judge, changed his home from "Hunter's Hill" to a better plantation, the "Hermitage," and busied himself directing the farm work, but still he kept his military post. In his bones Jackson felt that trouble would come and his services would be needed.

Trouble came. The United States went into a second war with England. Jackson was ordered to raise troops, then to march them south to capture Florida, where the Spaniards were helping the English. Eagerly Jackson and his men started off, but after a while came a fresh order, "Turn around and march home again." Sadly the Tennesseans tramped back, but they had learned to admire their plucky general. Because he was so tough in enduring hardships they called him "Old Hickory"—and that was his nickname ever after.

War With the Red Sticks.—Soon after Perry's victory on Lake Erie a horrible event occurred in Alabama. The

Creek Indians, stirred up by the British, fell upon a fort of the settlers and killed most of its surprised garrison. No white person in Alabama felt safe. The Tennesseans rose to aid their neighbors across the border.

General Jackson lay in bed, suffering from the wounds of two bullets received in a quarrel. Though one arm was useless and he was nearly dead from loss of blood, Jackson decided to head the needed troops. "Can the General travel?" the doctor was asked. "No other man could, but I don't know what Jackson will do," came the answer.

Although his arm was in a sling, and he could not mount his horse without help, Jackson rode ahead of his men. As fast as possible he marched into the heart of the Creek country. In several battles the "Red Sticks," as the Americans called the Creek warriors, were beaten, but they were not broken.

Supplies failed to come, and the hungry soldiers started back toward home. Old Hickory's rage grew terrible. Should all the labor of the army be thrown away? Down from his horse leaped Jackson. With his one good hand he grasped a musket and leveled it across the neck of his steed. "I'll kill the first man who stirs a foot forward," he shouted. For a moment the sick leader alone held back the whole body of mutineers; then some loyal officers and men arrived to line up behind Jackson. The rebellion had failed for that time.

Even Jackson's determined stand, however, could not keep the tired militia when their time of enlistment ended. In spite of his appeals they went off by droves, and at last the General was left in the Indian country with one hundred men. "Fall back? Never!" spoke iron-willed Jackson.

Creek Power Ended.—Fortunately, before long, a strong force of Americans appeared, and Jackson set forth against the main stronghold of the Creeks. At Tohopeka or Horse-shoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa River, the Indians had built a

zigzag wall of logs. Behind the wall lay a mass of fallen trees, giving shelter to their sharpshooters. In the "horse-shoe" between the wall and the river lived nearly a thousand fierce warriors with many women and children. If "Captain Jackson" attacked, they would give him a hot welcome, and if he proved too strong, they would cross the river in their canoes and vanish with mocking shouts into the forest.

Jackson was wiser than the Indians. He sent part of his men to hold the opposite river-bank and prevent the Creeks from escaping. Some friendly Indians swam across, seized the Creek canoes and set fire to their huts. At this signal the whites charged over the wall and fell upon the braves. Only a handful escaped.

The power of the Creeks was broken. A thousand of their warriors fled to Florida, where they found safety, under the Spanish flag, for a few years. More than half of the land of the Creeks became Spanish property, and before many years all of the Indian tribes in the South were removed west of the Mississippi, for the Southwest had to grow. General Jackson of the militia was rewarded for his success by being made General Jackson of the regular army.

Protecting New Orleans.—All this time the war with England continued. While the Creeks were giving up their land by treaty, the British captured Washington and burned the Capitol. Now they determined to seize New Orleans and thus stop the American trade down the Mississippi. Their plan became known, and Jackson, who had rushed from the Creek country to defend Mobile, now rushed from Mobile to defend New Orleans.

The people of that city expected to see the famous general glittering in gold-lace and waving a plumed hat; when they viewed his keen eye looking from beneath an old leather cap, and noted his shabby blue cloak and high muddy boots, they felt as disappointed as many persons during the Civil War

were with the appearance of General Grant. As soon as Jackson began to give directions, it was another story, for here was a man who knew his own mind.

Because the Mississippi current ran so swiftly, the British did not try to come up against it, but approached New Orleans by a lake-passage on the east. Unknown to Jackson, the red-coats landed, and just before Christmas, 1814, camped by the river-side, only eight or nine miles from the city. The British had twelve thousand veterans—Jackson had then only fifteen hundred raw troops; but from all sides he called reinforcements, the “hunting-shirt boys” from Tennessee and Kentucky. When he heard that the admiral of the fleet of thirty-six fine British ships had said, “I expect to eat my Christmas dinner in New Orleans,” Jackson remarked, “Perhaps so; but I shall be at the head of the table.”

“This will be an easy job,” thought the English. “These Americans cannot fight like the tried troops of Napoleon which we have already conquered.” Soon they found that before them they had indeed an American fighter. “I will give the British a Christmas fandango,”² said Jackson, and in the night he attacked their amazed camp. It was the first time during the war that the Americans dared to attack the red-coat regulars, and that little brush made the British pause so long that Jackson gained time to build strong earthworks across their path.

The Battle on the Plain.—At last the British advanced upon the American lines, but such a vigorous cannonade met them that they stopped for three days more. Then their own batteries began, but the American gunners did better than before and the British stopped again. At dawn of a January morning, however, the British army advanced to finish the business. “That low breastwork, manned by a backwoods rabble, will not detain us long,” laughed they.

² Fandango, a Spanish dance.

Steadily, quickly, came the British through the morning fog. Behind the mud embankment the American cannon roared and the American rifles flashed. Jackson walked along behind his lines crying, "Give it to them, boys; let's finish the business today!" Sir Edward Pakenham, the British general, rode to the head of his wavering troops. A



THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

bullet shattered his right arm, but, waving his hat in the other hand, he advanced, shouting, "Hurrah, brave Highlanders!" The backwoods rifles marked him down, and with two fatal wounds he fell from his horse.

Soon these veteran British were in full retreat from foes half their number. Three thousand of them had been killed or wounded by the "rabble" behind the breastworks. Only a handful of Americans had suffered. Jackson could scarcely believe his own success. Utterly defeated, the troops that had faced Napoleon's "fire-eaters" stole away to their ships.

All the hundreds of lives lost in this battle might have been saved had the telegraph been invented. Two weeks before the fight there had been signed the treaty which was supposed to end the war; but so long a time was needed for sailing vessels to bring mail across the Atlantic, that Congress did not learn of the treaty until seven weeks after it was signed. Thirty-eight days after the battle, a messenger set out by stage-coach from Washington, taking to Jackson the news of peace; and it required nineteen days more for the man to reach Jackson and deliver his message. Nearly two months for the carrying of two messages which could now go from Belgium to Washington and from Washington to New Orleans in less than an hour!

III. JACKSON THE PRESIDENT

In the Race.—From the time of the British retreat General Jackson became one of the nation's heroes. When we bought Florida he was made its governor, but soon he gladly returned to his dear "Hermitage" near the Cumberland. His state, however, would not let him rest there long; he was elected United States senator, and then his name came up for President. De Witt Clinton, Henry Clay, John Calhoun, and John Quincy Adams (son of former President John Adams), all famous men, also entered the field.

When election day passed, and the votes of the people were registered, it was found that no one of the candidates had received enough votes to gain the prize. According to our Constitution's directions, then, the House of Representatives took up the task of deciding. John Quincy Adams received a majority of votes from the House, and became our President as his father had been nearly thirty years before.

Jackson wrongly believed that some trick had defeated him. To give up was never his nature. Soon he resigned from the Senate and went home to plan for the next Presiden-

tial election nearly four years ahead, and his friends declared that the vote had shown he was the real choice of the country. The four years passed away; then Adams and Jackson stood opposed for the office of President.

Winning the Race.—On the side of Adams were the “established people”—most of the bankers, the manufacturers, the ship-owners and important merchants, those who were settled and satisfied. On Jackson’s side were the “plain people” who had built up the great new states which were then the West. They wished to see one of their own kind in the White House. “Isn’t Andy Jackson of Tennessee just as good as your Virginia planters and Massachusetts lawyers?” they asked.

When the Adams newspapers declared that Jackson had murdered various persons, among them two Indian chiefs, by ordering them shot in cold blood, the Jackson newspapers replied, “Why don’t you tell the whole truth? On the eighth of January, 1815, he murdered fifteen hundred British soldiers for merely trying to get into New Orleans.”³

That witty answer delighted the people of the West. Sam Houston and Davy Crockett, the future Mexican fighters of Texas, with Nathan Boone, son of famous Daniel Boone, were eager helpers of Jackson. When the news arrived that he had won the election, Jackson showed no surprise, for he had been sure all along that the “plain people” would carry him through.

The President’s Backbone.—Jackson’s election was truly a revolution in the United States government. It showed that the “star of empire” was still moving westward, and that the new had overcome the old. When the Adams men saw the “plain people” at Jackson’s first reception pushing into the White House, standing with muddy boots upon the

³ The number of British killed was exaggerated. Their real loss in killed and fatally wounded was about 850.

damask chairs and upsetting refreshments, they thought revolution had come indeed. As another sign of revolution, Jackson proceeded to turn out hundreds of old officials in order to appoint his friends to those places. Great outcry arose, but the new President thought, "He who is not with me is against me," and proceeded to turn out more persons of the Adams party.

No one could deny, however, that Jackson had a strong backbone. Some of the southern states thought that they ought to have power to contradict or "nullify" the laws of the Federal Government. Friends of John C. Calhoun, leader of South Carolina, gave a banquet to which they invited the President. At the banquet many toasts were given, and the aim of these was to make of little account the authority of the government. When Jackson's turn arrived, he straightened his tall form and said, "in that crisp, harsh tone that had so often been heard above the crashing of many rifles,"—"Our Federal Union! It must and shall be preserved!"

Calhoun was taken by surprise. The glass trembled in his hand. Jackson's toast had served notice that "Old Hickory" would use his great power to keep on fighting for the Union. The followers of Calhoun and the followers of Jackson would be eternally opposed to each other. Thirty-one years later, to the very month, that contest began a war at Fort Sumter in that very state of South Carolina, but neither Jackson nor Calhoun was alive to see that day.

A More Perfect Union.—Two years after that noteworthy banquet South Carolina threatened to withdraw from the Union if the government should try to enforce a tariff law which she did not like. "I don't especially like that tariff myself," said Jackson, "but I will execute the laws of the United States. If I must, I will send forty thousand men to put down resistance. The people of South Carolina may

talk all they please, but if one drop of blood is shed, I will hang the first guilty man to the first tree that I can reach."

"I don't believe he would really hang anybody, do you?" asked one of the South Carolina Congressmen. "Well," answered Colonel Benton, whose bullet had been the one that disabled Jackson's arm long before, "when Jackson begins to talk about hanging, people can begin to look out for the rope." South Carolina backed down. We Americans owe a great debt of gratitude to Jackson for his firm stand in favor of strong government at Washington.

When the next presidential election came, Jackson was given a second term in the White House. Many of those who had opposed him now stood by him because he was such an upholder of a strong Union. Jackson made a tour through New England, the stronghold of his foes, and even there he received great attention. Harvard College gave him a degree of Doctor of Laws. When a Harvard man made a Latin speech to him, Jackson replied, "My Latin is a little rusty. All that I know is *E pluribus unum* (One out of many) our United States motto." The people cheered that Latin to the echo.

Killing the Bank.—Another question, almost as serious as that of "nullification," came up for debate. The great Bank of the United States, which carried out Hamilton's financial ideas, and handled all the government money, had to have its charter renewed or else go out of business. Jackson had always thought that it was not right to give such power to one bank. Beside this, its president, Nicholas Biddle, upon one occasion haughtily informed Jackson that because the Bank handled Government money was no reason why the Government should try to run the affairs of the Bank. "I consider that 'Emperor Nicholas' is using the people's money to work in politics," thought Jackson. "The Bank must come to an end."

“Nick” Biddle did his best to save the Bank. He called to his aid Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, but nothing could be done. The great Bank with its “marble palace” in Philadelphia and its twenty-five branches in other States, had three years to run, but its supply of government money stopped. For the first and probably the last time in our history, the Government paid every debt, and still the money poured in, largely from the sale of western public land.

This wealth now went to the banks of various States, and these little banks, run by men of little experience, lent much money to “get-rich-quick” traders in land. Jackson wished to stop this speculation; therefore he ordered that all payments to the Government for public land should be made in good hard gold or silver, which were also hard to get. Instead of this rule stopping the speculators from trading, it only made people try to get rid of their bank-notes.

As there was not enough hard cash to go around, prices went up, people grew cautious, and work became scarce. When Jackson, now seventy years old, retired from the White House, a terrible business panic was about to break. When it came, it was all considered to be Jackson’s fault, and probably the closing of the Bank of the United States was a mistake; but we must remember that Jackson honestly opposed this gambling in land which really caused the panic.

The Hermitage Light-House.—So well had the old general entertained his many friends in Washington, so many times had he dipped into his purse to help the “plain people,” that he returned to the “Hermitage” in debt. Like Washington returning to Mount Vernon after the war, Jackson found everything out of repair. His Tennessee friends started a subscription to pay his debts, but Jackson proudly announced, “I can still take care of myself,” then he sold some land and cleared up his accounts. After that, his good management made his plantation prosper.

For the next eight years the "Hermitage" was a lighthouse, from which came signals helping to guide the new Democratic party, begun by Jackson himself. From that spot Jackson watched, as he said, "the rising greatness of the South and West." When President Polk, who favored adding the great state of Texas to our Union, was elected, the general gave a grand "barbecue" at which an ox was roasted whole. "We have extended our area to the Rio Grande," he declared. "Now for Oregon!"

In the Hickory Chair.—Though the spirit of Old Hickory remained as strong as ever, his body began to fail. On the day when James Polk became President, every one at the Hermitage gave up hope for Jackson's life except Jackson himself. "My time has not quite come!" he gasped; soon he walked out again into the spring sunshine or sat in the great arm-chair of hickory poles which his admirers had given him.

On a June day, however, came the end. The old man sat in the big hickory chair, and some of his faithful old slaves stood about him. To them he stammered, "Be good. Don't cry. We shall meet—" and with those words of comradeship on his lips he passed away. Never, perhaps, has a President been so loved and so hated. Jackson ever loved a fight, but for his friends no service was too great. A tender husband, a good master, a staunch soldier, a sincere patriot, a man of power who saw the future of our West—such was Andrew Jackson.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Tell some of the exploits of the Southern swamp fighters.
2. Draw a map of John Robertson's wonderful voyage to settle Nashville.
3. Find out why the Creeks were able so easily to capture Fort Mims.
4. How was it that Jackson brought up Lincoyer, the Creek boy?
5. Why are the names of Jefferson and Jackson often associated?
6. How many soldiers have occupied the White House? How many of our Presidents have been both soldiers and lawyers?

DANIEL BOONE

THE WOODSMAN OF THE WEST

"I am not a statesman, I am a woodsman."—*Letter to Governor Shelby of Kentucky.*

I. THE KENTUCKY PIONEER

The Log-Cabin Boy.—In one of the log cabins of a beautiful Pennsylvania valley near the city of Reading lived a blue-eyed boy named Daniel Boone. The forest was his school and his playground. When sent out to mind the cattle, the little fellow often left them to watch themselves, while he watched the birds, the rabbits, the squirrels and the deer. Most of the book-learning he received was from his mother, who taught him to read and write after a fashion and to "do sums." The less said of Daniel's spelling the better, for he did it by ear and by main strength. Here is a part of one of his letters written when he became a man:



DANIEL BOONE

"Deer Sister with pleasuer I Red your Later I wright to you to Latt you know I have not forgot you I am with my Sun Nathan and in tolerabel halth you can gass at my feilings by your own gave my love to your childran fearwell Deer Sister."

Daniel and His Gun. The Yadkin Country.—The gun came more easily to Daniel's hand than did the pen. At the

age of twelve, to his great joy, his father gave him a light rifle for his very own. Now he felt he was a man. While Patrick Henry with his long flint-lock muzzle-loader roved through the Virginia woods along the South Anna River, Daniel Boone brought down with his gun the Pennsylvania game along the Schuylkill.

Mr. Boone was something of a manufacturer. He kept half a dozen handlooms weaving cloth for sale to the neighbors and to people in distant Philadelphia, and he had a black-



PIONEER DWELLING

smith shop where iron articles were made and repaired. Daniel took his turn at the loom and the forge, but the occupation he preferred was hunting. Winter after winter he spent in this way, and by the time he reached the age of sixteen he brought

in more game than any one else in the settlement. The days and nights he passed in the woods, moreover, gave him ability to take care of himself under any conditions.

Thus Daniel Boone grew up, tall and big-chested, the pattern of a wilderness hunter. One day his father, who had grown tired of the Oley Valley, said: "Daniel, we are going to sell our land here and move to North Carolina." Daniel leaped for joy. Before long the canvas-covered wagons holding Mr. Boone's goods were moving on their way to the new home. Daniel, with his father and brothers, walked ahead of the wagons or drove the cattle, while the women and girls sat under the canvas hoods and guided the horses. Through Maryland they went, crossed the Potomac and followed the Valley of Virginia down to the western part of

North Carolina. There, on the Yadkin River east of the mountains, they settled down.

Daniel with Braddock's Army. He Hears of Kentucky.—Daniel found good hunting along the Yadkin, but also found some danger from the Indians. When he was twenty, the French and Indian War began. General Braddock called for volunteers to go with his British regulars against Fort Duquesne, and Daniel Boone was one of those who answered the call at the same time that Washington led out his Virginia volunteers. As Daniel was young, the officers made him drive a wagon. This was not what he enlisted for, but it gave him more chance to talk to the older hunters who traveled along with the army.

One of these hunters, John Finley, told wonderful stories of a land across the mountains called by the Indians Kan-tuck-ee or Kentucky, where the forests were finer, the grass greener, the skies bluer and the game more numerous than east of the Appalachians. "It is so fine a country," said Finley, "that the Indians keep it as a hunting-ground and do not live there to scare the game away; but when the Indians from north of the Ohio cross the river into Kentucky and meet the redskins who come up from the south, there are many fierce fights. Kentucky in the Indian language means 'The dark and bloody ground,' and although it is so charming to the sight, no man's life there is safe."

Daniel's heart took fire at the word-picture that Finley drew. "I'd like to go there," he said. Finley gave him directions; but soon it did not seem as though Boone would ever live to follow them. Near Fort Duquesne a hail of bullets burst upon Braddock's army. When Daniel saw it was useless to fight the unseen enemy any longer, he jumped on the back of one of his wagon-horses and thus escaped.

Once safe at home, Daniel was content to stay for a while, as he fell in love with a black-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl,

Rebecca Bryan, who lived nearby. When Rebecca was but seventeen, she and the young hunter were married by Daniel's father, who was a justice of the peace, and they set up house-keeping in a cabin which Daniel built with his own hands. There Boone stayed with wife and children for several years. As time went on he did less and less farming and more and more hunting. The furs which he brought home could always be sold to good advantage.

Boone Reaches Kentucky.—As the number of people along the Yadkin increased, game grew scarce. Daniel had to push his hunting trips farther and farther westward. Once he went into the country which is now Tennessee, shot a bear that had climbed into a giant beech tree, and carved on the bark with his knife: "D. Boon cilled a bar on this tree in the year 1760." As he traveled westward the desire to reach Kentucky increased in his mind. He tried several times, but missed the right track.

To Boone's cabin one fall came his old friend, John Finley. You can guess whether he received a warm welcome. Boone pressed him to stay all winter, and he consented. In the spring Boone and Finley, with four other men, mounted their horses, put packs on six more, which they led, stuck their tomahawks and hunting-knives into their belts, slung around them their powder-horns and bullet-pouches, seized their rifles, then bade farewell to the women and children and set off for Kentucky.

After a long and toilsome journey through the mountains, Finley guided them to a place where a buffalo trail enabled them to find a pass through a high ridge. This was Cumberland Gap, the famous gateway to Kentucky. Continuing through the Gap, the mountains grew lower and lower, until the real Kentucky opened to their view. It was indeed beautiful, and the buffaloes, so Boone remarked, were more numerous than cattle were along the Yadkin, and quite as fearless. Around the salt springs they clustered in hundreds.

Boone's Stay in Kentucky.—In this hunter's paradise the six men set up a camp. They laid up a rich store of furs, but after a time Indians appeared, and the white men found themselves prisoners. Fortunately the Indians did not seem bloodthirsty. They took all the property of the hunters except enough food to keep them from starving on the road home, and told the whites to start eastward at once. "This is our land," said the Indians. "If you come back, we will kill you."

The white men began their homeward journey on foot, but before they reached Cumberland Gap Boone's brother appeared, bringing with him horses and supplies. Daniel had gone in debt for his share of the expedition. "I will not go home empty-handed," he declared to his companions. "My brother and I will stay." Two men decided to keep the Boones company. They went back into the good hunting-ground and spent the winter. By spring one man had been killed by the Indians and the other made up his mind to return. Boone's brother went to North Carolina again to sell their winter's heap of skins and Daniel remained alone in that wild region, hundreds of miles from home. He kept up his courage, avoided the Indians with marvelous skill and traveled about until he knew Kentucky well.

When the brother made his appearance they went to hunting with great vigor again. At the end of two years from the time Daniel had entered Kentucky the brave brothers started home. On the way they again met Indians and were robbed of everything once more. Boone had come back poorer than he went, except for his knowledge of Kentucky; but he found his wife and children well, and he had gained great reputation as a daring man.

Boone Tries to Settle Kentucky.—Boone now desired to take his family to the beautiful land where he had spent two years. He told his neighbors about it and sang its praises so well, that, in the year of the Boston Tea-Party, five families

joined his on a journey to the "promised land." Daniel's family alone numbered ten, including himself and his wife. More people were to join them from other settlements.

On the way, however, Indians attacked some of the party, and killed several, including Boone's oldest son. This discouraged the travelers. Boone tried to persuade them to go on. "There are nearly a hundred of us," said he. "We can beat the Indians." But the backwoodsmen returned to their homes. Boone felt that he did not wish to return to the Yadkin, so he stayed with his family in Tennessee, not far from Cumberland Gap, and waited for a good time to try his plan of settlement again.

II. BOONE SEES KENTUCKY ESTABLISHED

The Wilderness Road and Boonesboro.—Boone had now made the name of Kentucky familiar to the backwoodsmen. Other parties of pioneers wandered into that country, but had great difficulties with the Indians. Judge Henderson of North Carolina, a man of some wealth, thought he would like to imitate William Penn or Lord Baltimore and be proprietor of a colony. The new country of Kentucky, he thought, would be exactly right for his colony. Although Virginia claimed the land, Judge Henderson went ahead as though the Indians were the only owners. He formed the Transylvania¹ Company, which raised money and bought the rights of the Cherokee Indians. Then he employed Daniel Boone to cut a road through the wilderness to Kentucky and select a place for the first settlement of Transylvania.

Thirty woodsmen were gathered by Boone to make up his party. About a month before the fights at Lexington and Concord, Daniel Boone and his men began the laying out of the famous Wilderness Road. From near the border line

¹ Transylvania means the land beyond the forest.

between Virginia and Tennessee, where the Watauga River flows into the Holston, the road was "blazed" west to Cumberland Gap, then north to a spot in the heart of Kentucky, the goal that Boone long before had selected as a fine place for a home.

When Boone's men reached the plains of the Blue Grass country, as that part of Kentucky is called today, they said they had never seen so rich a soil. Much of it was covered with woods in which fed wild turkeys so numerous that no end could be seen to the flocks. There were dangerous animals in this fair land, however, in the form of Indians. When Boone had almost reached his stopping-place, the savages stole up one night upon his camp, fired into it and killed two men. Boone, nevertheless, stood his ground, put the Indians to flight and finished his journey.

The spot Boone had selected as the end of his weary road lay on the bank of the clear Kentucky River. Nearby was a great salt-lick² to which the buffalo had worn a regular road. With plenty of water, plenty of game and plenty of rich land, it seemed like an excellent choice. Here Boone built a fort. When Judge Henderson arrived, soon after, he named the settlement Boonesboro.

Rescue of the Boonesboro Girls.—As soon as Boonesboro was fairly settled, Boone went to the Watauga River and brought his wife and children back with him to Kentucky. His wife and daughters, therefore, were the first white women to set foot on the soil of the new country. Others soon followed, and Boonesboro, with its oblong palisade, along which the cabins were built, began to look homelike.

One July afternoon three of the pioneer girls, one of whom was Jemima, Boone's daughter, went down to the

² The salt-licks were places where salt springs came out from the ground. Here wild animals of every kind would come to lick the salty earth.

river, took a canoe, and began to paddle about. After a time they grew tired and let the craft drift. Little did they know that the fierce eyes of Indians were peering at them through the bushes. As the canoe drifted near the farther bank of the stream, a tall warrior waded out and dragged it to shore. The girls were so far from the fort that their shrieks were not



DANIEL BOONE'S FORT

heard, and the savages hurried them off through the woods toward the Ohio.

When at last the mothers missed the girls and the fathers found the empty canoe, Daniel Boone and six other men started off on foot, following the trail. Soon they noticed that the girls, like good pioneers, had kept their heads and, in spite of the sharp eyes of their captors, were secretly leaving signs for the white men to find. Here was a wet place where one of the brave maids had left a plain footprint; there was a little piece of another girl's dress, left on a thorny bush. It was easy to trace the party.

Early the second morning after Boone had begun the pursuit, the white men caught sight of the smoke of the

Indians' fire. There were the redskins cooking meat; near them sat the oldest girl, holding the heads of the other two in her lap. Creeping up cautiously, the woodsmen fired. The Indians, two of them wounded, ran off into the forest, leaving everything behind, even their moccasins. Three weeks later the plucky eldest girl married Flanders Callaway, one of the young men who had rescued her, and this was the first marriage in Kentucky.

George Rogers Clark Helps Boone.—Now, in the summer of 1776, the year after Boonesboro had begun, the Indians from the north of the Ohio came in great war-parties down into Kentucky. Many settlers had taken up land in Kentucky by this time and many a one of these lost his life. The rest of the white people collected together in a few strong forts and held out there. They sent a messenger to Williamsburg to get help from Virginia.

The people who were governing Virginia had their own troubles with the British to think about. "Let the people beyond the mountains take care of themselves," they said. Fortunately George Rogers Clark, who had come from Kentucky a short time before, was in Williamsburg too. "You people of Virginia claim Kentucky," cried he, "yet you will not help her. If Kentucky has to save herself now, Kentucky will have nothing to do with you forevermore."

Clark convinced the Virginians. They sent powder and lead immediately to Daniel Boone, and Clark himself brought a big supply by boat down the Ohio. No man could or would come from Virginia, but the Kentuckians, now that they had ammunition, resolved they would never give up. Fight after fight failed to capture the white settlements or shake the nerve of the pioneers. Even the women learned to shoot from a porthole when the forts were attacked, and the children loaded the guns.

Once Boone's leg was broken by a bullet, but the Indian

fighter, Simon Kenton, shot the Indian who would have tomahawked the wounded leader. Another time Boone was captured and taken to the Indian towns across the Ohio, and his family gave him up as lost; but he escaped to lead the settlers once more. George Rogers Clark by this time was attacking the British forts in the Northwest Country; nevertheless the Indians and Canadians, sent by Governor Hamilton, made one more grand effort to wipe out the Kentuckians.

Five hundred enemies surrounded the Boonesboro fort. Within the fort were fifty men and boys, twenty-five women and girls, and a number of children; but this weak force had no thought of surrender. For ten days the people in the fort got no rest. The Indians kept up a constant fire on every porthole; they tried to burn the cabins; when all tricks failed, they began digging a tunnel so that they could blow up the palisades. But the tunnel caved in; then the savages became completely discouraged and stole away. Boonesboro had proved too hard a nut to crack, and the Indians never tried it again. Within ten years the "Dark and Bloody Land" had seen the firm establishment of civilization.

As soon as the Revolutionary War ended, emigrants from the thirteen states came pouring along the Wilderness Road. It was not a road in our sense of the word, but only a trail. No wagon could be dragged along it until after twenty years of use, when it was made wider and better. During those first twenty years, however, seventy-five thousand people had entered Kentucky in that way. So many Indians watched the Ohio River that it was a perilous road to Kentucky by water. In spite of the hardships of the journey, the Wilderness Road was much more safe. When General Wayne crushed the Indians of the Ohio country, the river path became the easy one, and the Wilderness Road fell into disuse. Today the traveler passes through a railway

tunnel under Cumberland Gap and almost forgets the old road above his head.

Kentucky came into the Union as the fifteenth state, just after Vermont, and a sturdy state she proved to be. Before she had been admitted to the Union, however, her most



"THE NORTHWEST COUNTRY" AND THE FAMOUS ROAD OR "TRAIL" OF DANIEL BOONE

famous man was no longer a Kentuckian. Boone had been given a thousand acres of land in the country he helped to settle, and he had staked out and claimed in various places a great deal more. Unfortunately, being a man of a simple and trusting disposition, and knowing nothing about law, he had not taken the proper measures to make his claim stand. Other people managed to take it away from him, so that in

a few years after the Revolution he had hardly a single acre left.

In a rage, Boone vowed never to live in Kentucky again, and with his wife and youngest son he made a home in what is now West Virginia. Here on the Kanawha River he lived, very popular and much respected. But Boone was not happy. The country was filling up with people; game was scarce; Boone hated noise and crowds. Though he was sixty-four, he built a flat-boat and with his family set out on a voyage to join one of his sons in Missouri. "Why do you take such a voyage, Mr. Boone?" some one asked. "I want more elbow room," was the answer.

Near St. Louis, in Missouri, Boone found a spot where he could be happy. In that rather wild country he went hunting at his pleasure. When eighty-two he made long trips over the plains by himself. It was the life he loved. Three of his children lived in Missouri and between his hunting trips his time was spent with them. "Never was old age more green, or gray hairs more graceful," said a man who met him. When he peacefully passed away at the age of eighty-six, he left a name which will always stand on the honor roll of those who fought to make our country larger.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. When Daniel Boone is called a pioneer, what is meant?
2. What kinds of furs would Daniel Boone be likely to bring back for sale to the settlements?
3. Arrange a play called "Daniel Boone and his family on their way to the Yadkin country."
4. What right had Daniel Boone and his friends to disturb the Indians on their great hunting-ground of Kentucky?
5. Find some more stories about Daniel Boone's adventures with the Indians of Kentucky.
6. With what states is Daniel Boone's life connected in any way?
7. Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark are often called "expansionists." What service did they render to their country to justify that name?

MERIWETHER LEWIS AND WILLIAM CLARK

TRAIL-BLAZERS TO THE PACIFIC

"We enjoyed the delightful prospects of the ocean (the Pacific)—that ocean, the object of all our labors, the reward of all our anxieties.—
Journal of the captains.

I. ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE

The Two Young Explorers.—Most of the great new territory of Louisiana which Jefferson had bought for the United States lay wild, utterly unknown to white men. For several reasons Jefferson wanted it explored. First, he had a natural liking for all explorations, because he had been born on the frontier of Virginia. Second, he wished to know what benefit this immense new region of Louisiana could be to the United States. Third, he was anxious to find a way overland to the Pacific Ocean.

As a leader of the exploring expedition, Jefferson selected Captain Meriwether Lewis of the United States Army, who was then acting as his private secretary. The President had known Captain Lewis ever since Meriwether was a boy. Lewis's home was near Monticello, and he had played about the house almost as though it were his own. He was used to camp life in the woods, could manage men and was quick and intelligent. More than ten years before, when Jefferson had made an effort to send some one to reach the Pacific by the overland route, Lewis had begged to go, but the plan failed. Now, at the age of twenty-nine, his chance offered itself.



MERIWETHER LEWIS
In his costume as an
explorer

For second in command, another young man who had been a neighbor of Jefferson was chosen. This was another officer, William Clark, a brother of George Rogers Clark. He was fitted to endure hardship just as well as his brother. While older than Meriwether Lewis, he was not such a good leader; but Clark was a steady, cheerful, capable man to stand at Lewis's side.



WILLIAM CLARK

Never was there a word of dispute between the two. As soon as Clark had been chosen he was promoted to the rank of captain.

Up the Missouri.—

After weeks of study and preparation, Lewis felt ready to start. With a few men he left Pittsburgh in the summer of 1803. While Decatur was fighting the Tripolitans, Lewis was floating slowly down the Ohio on his way to St. Louis, picking out

from forts here and there a soldier who seemed suitable. Captain Clark joined him at Louisville, bringing nine Kentucky hunters and a brawny negro servant.

When the party was finally collected at St. Louis, it was too late to start that year, so the thirty men spent the winter in camp opposite the mouth of the Missouri River, up whose muddy flood they were to go. In the spring the Americans loaded their three boats and began to row up the swift Missouri. It was hard work and they made slow progress. There were not many settlements along the river, but it took

ten days before they passed the last one. This, it is not surprising to learn, was the home of Daniel Boone.

Along the Course of the Missouri.—Up past the mouth of the Kansas River and the Platte toiled the strong explorers. Just beyond the Platte they met many Indians. Jefferson had said: "Keep in peace and good-will with the savages," so Lewis and Clark held a council with the chiefs on a high bank overlooking the river. They gave the Indians medals to hang about their necks. The redmen could not read the words "Peace and Friendship" which the medals bore, but they well understood the design of two clasped hands and were much pleased. The city of Council Bluffs, Iowa, now stands on the spot of this meeting.

As the party moved along the course of the Missouri, the landscape changed little. Almost everywhere a strip of trees bordered the stream, and the sandy islands in the river were clothed with trees also. Behind the woods rose a slope which marked where the river had its valley out of the higher plains beyond. Every gully and ravine leading down from the plains into the river-valley was marked into trails by the hoofs of the immense herds of buffalo which roamed over the open country of the West.

After nearly six months of travel the captains had covered sixteen hundred miles. Now the sharp night frosts of late October warned them that shelter for the winter must be found. They found hundreds of Indians encamped along the river and they decided to spend the cold season in that spot. The region where they stopped is now called North Dakota. Lewis built a log fort with cabins inside, much like those of Boonesboro. The Indians were friendly, and helped in putting up the cabins.

Sacajawea. On Once More.—The long and severe winter passed away, and once more the explorers prepared to go forward. Lewis wished to have an interpreter, who could

explain to the Indians of the Far West the object of the white men. Among the tribe near the American fort lived a French hunter, Charbonneau, whose young Indian wife had been captured years before from her home hundreds of miles westward. "Will you go with us, Charbonneau?" asked Captain Clark. "Yes, but I must take my wife, Sacajawea;¹ she knows the country where you are going." Sacajawea had a little baby, not two months old, but with Indian patience she made ready to accompany her husband.

March sunshine broke up the ice of the Missouri, and early in April the white men resumed their journey. Near the mouth of the Yellowstone River they saw vast herds of buffalo, elk and antelope, so tame that out of curiosity they often followed men for some distance. On one occasion Captain Lewis, after discharging his rifle at a buffalo, heard a growl. Looking around, he saw an enormous grizzly rushing at him with jaws open. There was no time to reload, but fortunately the river was near. Lewis barely managed to reach the water. He had thrown down his rifle, but kept in his hand his spontoon, a kind of spear. The grizzly was so surprised to see a man standing in the water brandishing a spear that he turned and ran off.

Over the Great Divide.—After much labor and many adventures the expedition came to the canyon where the river breaks out of the Rockies. This the Indians called "The Gate of the Mountains," but it was a gate that was shut to boats. Three branches here united to form the Missouri, and Lewis named the northern and largest branch the Jefferson River. Leaving their boats, they marched along the Jefferson until a high ridge of the Rocky Mountains confronted them. How could they pass that rugged wall?

For some days Lewis found no trail, nor any Indians to

¹ "Sacajawea" means "Bird Woman." The reason for this name has not been discovered.

direct him. At last he spied a mounted redman; though the Indian galloped off, Lewis followed his tracks and they led to a pass. Pursuing the Indian road through the mountains, they found it came back to the Missouri. As Lewis pushed on, the stream grew smaller so quickly that presently one of the men was able, at a narrow place, to stand astride of it. Four miles more and Lewis was able to say: "We have found the source of the Missouri. This rewards us for all our labors and difficulties."

On the other side of the mountain wall from which flowed the tiny Missouri, the Americans discovered that a large stream of cold, clear water flowed toward the west. They had crossed the Great Divide, which separates the waters of the Mississippi Valley from those which reach the Pacific. The first part of their toilsome journey had been accomplished.

II. LEWIS AND CLARK RETURN IN TRIUMPH

An Unexpected Meeting. Journey to the Sea.—It was not long before a party of Indians approached. Lewis, unarmed and holding aloft a flag, advanced to meet them and made a good impression. The Indians returned with him to the main party. When their chief saw Sacajawea, imagine his joy, for he recognized her to be his sister, whom he had thought lost forever. Nothing was too good for Sacajawea's friends, the white men. The chief supplied guides, horses and provisions. Now all was well, and Lewis and Clark hoped soon to see the Pacific.

The passage through the western slope of the Rockies, however, was both difficult and dangerous. The craggy heights afforded no food to add to their small supply. Although it was only the beginning of September, blinding snowstorms swept down upon the party. For a month they

crept along the steep mountain slopes, and when at last they came out on plains again they shouted in gladness.

Down the beautiful Clearwater River, so well named, they went in canoes and out upon a yellow powerful stream which Clark called after Captain Lewis. We have forgotten that name now, however, and it is the Snake River upon our maps. More than a hundred miles from the meeting-point of the Clearwater and the Snake the boats of the explorers shot out into a great river. For three weeks the current bore them swiftly along. After a wild ride through boiling rapids, the river suddenly grew quiet. They were approaching the ocean. One foggy morning in November a strange roaring was heard; as the sun drank up the mist, there rolled the waves of the Western Sea. Now they knew that they were on the Columbia River, into whose mouth Captain Robert Gray of Boston had sailed thirteen years before.

Stay at the Coast.—The great purpose of Lewis and Clark had been accomplished, and the captains were on fire to carry back to the United States the news of their discoveries. They had greatly strengthened the claim which Captain Gray had given the United States upon the country along the Pacific, and they knew that the good tidings would please all Americans. They hoped to find some ship which would take them back around Cape Horn to their own country, but no ship appeared. All that could be done was to build another fort and wait throughout the winter.

The food of the explorers during the winter was neither abundant nor varied. Several men were kept constantly busy hunting the big elks in the woods. The whites traded with the Indians for dried salmon. Eatable roots took the place of bread or potatoes. Sometimes, when elk meat and raw fish ran low, Lewis's men ate dog flesh. To the Indians that was a great delicacy, but the Americans did not enjoy it.

The Journey Home.—Still no ship had appeared by spring, so Lewis and Clark decided to take the overland trail home. They set out to paddle up the Columbia again. When they came to the wild "Cascades" they left their canoes and bargained with the Indians for horses. Lewis and Clark had almost nothing left of the beads and trinkets with which they had been well supplied on the westward journey. However, on the way down the river they had often given the Indians medicine which helped them. Now the redmen willingly brought horses and food in exchange for more doctoring.

On their ponies the whites traveled with ease to the foot of the Rockies. The snow lay piled in many of the passes to twice the height of a man, and they had to wait as patiently as they could until it melted. By August, however, they had recrossed the mountains and had reached Sacajawea's village. Here the captains took leave of Charbonneau and his brave little Indian wife. She had been of service to the Americans in some large ways and in many small matters. Though burdened with her little child, she had endured the hardships of the journey without a complaint. Every one was sorry to see the last of the cheerful, helpful "Bird Woman."

One day toward the end of September, 1806, the people of St. Louis were amazed to see the boats of the brave explorers coming down the Mississippi. Nearly two and a half years had gone by; every one supposed that the Lewis and Clark party had perished in the mountains. Yet here they were, toil-worn but happy. Only one man had died through the whole long expedition. They had traveled about eight thousand miles of wilderness road. Could they have done so without "peace and good will" toward the Indians?

Captain Lewis at once hastened to Washington to make his report to the President. Not only did Jefferson rejoice in the success of the undertaking, but so did also every other intelligent American. That little band of heroes received

great honor. Each man was given double soldiers' pay and a grant of land. When Congress proposed to make Lewis's reward greater than that of Clark, Meriwether Lewis insisted that his brother-officer should be treated as generously as he.

Before the time of Lewis and Clark, the West for Americans had stopped at the Mississippi. On the return of those strong, hardy explorers, our people woke up to the fact that there was a Far West of which they had never dreamed. Soon many settlements were planted west of the Great River and fur traders and trappers moved by thousands over the Western plains. Our nation never rested till it made the Pacific coast as much a part of our American civilization as is the Atlantic coast; and it was Captain Lewis and Captain Clark who first carried the United States flag overland to the western ocean.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. What undoubtedly would have been the result had Lewis and Clark forgotten Jefferson's advice concerning their treatment of the Indians?
2. Has the Missouri ever developed into a good commercial river? Why?
3. Following the path of Lewis and Clark today, would we see great herds of buffalo? Read the stories of the hunters and the buffalo.
4. Find some accounts of experiences in the Rockies with grizzly bears.
5. Trace the Great Divide or Continental Divide on your map of North America. Find several rivers on the western side of it.
6. Why would ships visit the mouth of the Columbia River at the time of Lewis and Clark's stay?
7. What answers do you think President Jefferson would be able to give to his own questions about Louisiana after the return of Lewis and Clark?

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT

THE SCIENTIFIC PATHFINDER

"The golden vein which runs through the history of the world will follow the iron track to San Francisco."—*Letter to a newspaper.*

I. OPENING THE COUNTRY

The Lad of the Outdoors.—While General Jackson was fighting the Creek warriors in Alabama during the War of 1812, a Frenchman and his Virginian wife were traveling for pleasure in the neighboring state of Georgia. They loved to ride about in their carriage among new scenes and new people. Often they camped out, sometimes among the Indians; it was a free and delightful life. In Savannah, Mr. and Mrs. Frémont stayed for a time, and there was born to them a son, John Charles. Is it any wonder that this child inherited from such parents their love of exploring the great outdoors?



JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT

When he began college at Charleston young Frémont stood at the head of his classes; but when he reached the senior year his professors noticed a slackening of his industry. For days at a time he was absent, sailing, rowing, swimming, gunning, picnicking with boy and girl friends. When he did appear, his lessons were usually well prepared, but to the professors that did not excuse his absence. They did not wish to punish such a bright student, but after being

warned several times Frémont persisted in doing as he pleased. Against his wish, therefore, the president of the college felt obliged to expel his brilliant pupil.

For three years Frémont supported himself by teaching mathematics, for which he had a special liking. He continued to exercise in the open air of that mild region and so kept his body strong. "Those were the splendid outdoor days," he later wrote. But he pursued his studies also, and became a railroad surveyor. He helped to lay out for this new means of travel a line through the mountains from Charleston to Cincinnati. The summer which Frémont spent in this way was delightful. Camp life in a beautiful and wild country suited him exactly. "It was a kind of picnic," he declared, "and we were all sorry when it was over."

Making a Map and Finding a Wife.—One outdoor task after another came to Frémont. Four years of such life in the open brought him to the age of twenty-seven, just the age of Perry when he won his famous battle. Athletic, good-looking and with pleasant manners, he found welcome wherever he went. Seven years of travel had given him a wonderful amount of experience, and he could tell fascinating stories of adventure. While working for the United States Government, he had been given the rank of lieutenant of engineers.

Frémont had been employed by the Government on an exploring expedition through the region between the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers. Now, in 1840, he came to Washington to help make the great map which showed the party's discoveries. Senator Benton of Missouri, a leading man of the time, took a deep interest in the exploration of the West. He often came to Frémont's office to learn how the map was progressing.

"You have explored north of the Missouri," said Benton, "but what about the land south of that river? There lies a

vast stretch of country about which we know little." His conversations with Senator Benton fixed the future course of Frémont's life. He saw a vision of himself as the explorer of that almost trackless region.

Benton's Appeal to Congress.—Benton was one of the few Americans who realized how important it was quickly to map out and settle the Far West. "The United States must hold the Pacific Coast," said he; "then our nation will be one of the greatest in the world." Our land then stretched as far west as the Rockies, but that which we now call our Pacific slope did not belong to us. It was divided into two parts. The northern part, or Oregon country, was claimed by England as well as by us; the southern part, California, was owned by Mexico. Captain Gray, followed by Lewis and Clark, had given us a good claim to the Oregon country, but we could scarcely say that we had any claim to California.

"Still," said Benton, "why not find out the best roads across the plains and the Rockies to Oregon and California? I am sure that in the end we shall get Oregon. The Mexican Government is very weak. It lets California lie wild and almost without inhabitants. Perhaps Mexico does not really want California. In that case, we ought to prepare for developing that fine region."

By these arguments Benton managed to get an expedition sent out to explore the plains and to mark out the best road to Oregon, where many Americans were now settling. No better man than Frémont could be found to lead such a party.

First Exploring Trip. Frémont's Peak.—On the little stern-wheel steamboat which took Frémont up the Missouri, the lieutenant noticed a small, slender man a little over thirty, with fair complexion and intelligent look. This was Kit Carson on his way up from St. Louis. He was one of the best hunters and Indian fighters of the West. Frémont en-

gaged him as guide, and that was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between these two brave and daring men.

With twenty men Frémont and Carson set off from the point where Kansas City now stands. In a few days they came upon immense herds of buffalo, looking at a distance like groves of trees. Sometimes they crowded around the



FREMONT UNFURLING THE FLAG

explorers so thickly that for miles on every side nothing but their dark shaggy bodies could be seen. Though the Indians tried to persuade the whites from entering their buffalo country, they were generally friendly. Frémont ate dog in the Indian lodges and found it something like mutton, "only stickier."

At last the party reached South Pass in Wyoming, a wide gap in the Rockies through which the Oregon emigrants often traveled. Near the Pass Frémont saw a mountain peak

which he thought the highest to be found, so he decided to climb to its summit. After toiling for two days, he and a few of their men reached their goal.

The top was a ledge of rock not over a yard wide, on which only one man at a time could stand. From this perch Frémont looked down sheer five hundred feet to a field of snow. On one side he viewed the plains which he had traversed; on the west his gaze followed the waters which flowed to the Pacific among a maze of mountains. He stuck a ramrod into a crevice of the rock, and from that unfurled the Stars and Stripes. The point he climbed is still called Frémont's Peak, though we now know it is by no means the highest of the Rockies.

II. CALIFORNIA FOR AMERICA

The Great Salt Lake.—The year after Frémont's return he was sent out again on a much more extensive journey, Kit Carson as usual being his guide. On this expedition Frémont visited Great Salt Lake, which had been known only by the reports of a few hunters. As no one could see an outlet to the lake, somewhere on its surface was supposed to be a terrible whirlpool which sucked down the water and discharged it underground to the ocean.

In a frail boat Frémont and his men embarked upon the clear green waters of this unknown sea. A strong breeze dashed spray over them; and a white crust of salt formed on their faces, hands and clothes. As the wind increased the waves rose high. Should the boat be overturned, the swimmers would not sink in that heavy water, but would strangle to death. Frémont's courage was not dampened by the danger. He cheered up his comrades and they reached the shore again in safety.

Crossing the Sierra Nevada.—From the Great Basin where lies Salt Lake, Frémont pursued his westward way

across the Sierra Nevada. It was winter, and so deeply had the snow piled itself that the explorers had reason to remember the name of the highland.¹ Progress through the drifts proved almost impossible; the men had to go ahead with mallets and beat a path through the crusted snow for the animals. Many of the poor creatures fell over the cliffs and were killed. The men ate their dogs and some of their mules.

When the party reached the Pacific side of the mountains, they were all on foot, staggering along and leading their weak, thin animals. It required all of Frémont's power to prevent the men from over-eating after their long starvation.

In sunny California, Frémont for a time stayed at Sutter's Fort, now Sacramento, where the first important gold discovery on the Pacific Slope was made. He made it his business to find out all he could about the riches of California—its mines, its cattle, its fruit, its grain.

Frémont a Hero of the People.—After more than a year's absence, Frémont appeared to his anxious wife and friends. When his report to Congress was published, it astonished the country. The geographies of that time represented most of the region west of the Mississippi as the "Great American Desert." People also thought that no one except a hunter or an Indian could live among the Rockies, and they considered the Pacific coast almost worthless.

Frémont's report showed that much land valuable for farming lay along the rivers of the Great Plains, that many fertile valleys were shut between the ranges of the Rockies, that Oregon was a country well worth while, but California was best of all. The report was read in American homes more eagerly than a novel. "The West is wonderful," said our people. "We will open it to settlement, and—we need California!" Frémont became the hero of the time. Congress gave him great praise and made him a captain.

¹ "Nevada" means "snowy."

Off Again for California.—On the very day when Frémont handed in his report, Texas, the Lone Star republic, ceased to be a separate country of America. It now became a state of the American nation. Mexico had already declared that if Congress admitted Texas to the Union it would mean war. If the United States fought with Mexico the Americans could easily drive the few Mexican soldiers out of California. The danger was that English ships would seize the country before we could take possession.

Under the guise of another exploration, Captain Frémont and Kit Carson, with sixty well-armed and fearless sharpshooters, started out once more. Their real purpose was to reach California in time to claim the country for the United States as soon as news came that war with Mexico had begun. Many American settlers were already in the country and would help Frémont if necessary.

As fast as possible the Americans with their saddle-horses and pack-mules traveled across the Rockies, passed through the Great Basin, crossed the Sierra Nevada and descended into California to Sutter's Fort. The Mexican governor warned Frémont to leave, but the captain paid no attention to the message. He stayed near San Francisco Bay, for he saw that the most important spot of the country lay there, and to the entrance to the bay he gave its famous name, "The Golden Gate."

Frémont and the Winning of California.—The Mexican Government now decided to drive all American settlers out of California, even though they had paid the Government for their land. The Americans were told to be ready to leave their homes and property whenever the notice to go should arrive, and the Indians were stirred up to annoy the settlers.

Made bold to resist by the presence of Frémont and his band, thirty-three Americans captured one of the chief towns

together with the Mexican general who commanded it. The settlers of that part of the country then declared that California was free from Mexico. As a flag for the new republic they painted on a white cotton petticoat, with lamp-black and pokeberry juice, a large star and a grizzly bear.

The California revolution spread fast and Frémont decided that as a United States Army officer he must take command. He hoped in this way to prevent useless fighting. The Mexicans and the Americans were already fighting along the Rio Grande, but the news of this had not reached Frémont's ears. American warships, however, arrived with the news, and raised our flag over San Francisco, which was only a tiny village. The commodore of our fleet sent Frémont an American flag to be raised above Sutter's Fort, and early the next morning, twenty-one guns saluted as it was unfurled.

Soon English ships came sailing in, but it was too late. As the British admiral said, "The Yankees were two weeks ahead of us." But the Mexicans of California were not yet conquered. The American naval commander, Commodore Stephen Kearny, who announced that he was commander-take service under him. Frémont agreed to stay as long as he should be needed. After some fighting and much riding about by the small forces engaged on each side, the Mexicans finally made a treaty of surrender with Frémont. California was ours.

Dismissal from the Army.—Before the treaty of surrender was signed, there appeared an American general, Stephen Kearny, who announced that he was commander-in-chief of all the American forces. There was a dispute on that point between the commodore and the general. Each claimed the right to direct Frémont, and each had good reason on his side. Which should Frémont obey? He

decided that since Commodore Stockton had taken the first steps toward conquering California he would stick to him.

When Frémont returned home, therefore, a court-martial was held. The court said that Frémont, being a member of the army and not the navy, should have obeyed the general and not the commodore. Perhaps that was true; but in the puzzling circumstances Frémont had done what he thought was right. Nevertheless, he was dismissed from the army, at the early age of thirty-two. The engineer corps had lost its most distinguished man.

Frémont's Own Expedition.—A week before Frémont was dismissed from the army, gold was discovered near Sutter's Fort (1848). There was a wild rush of Americans to the "Land of Gold." By slow wagon-trains they crossed the plains, by ship they reached the Isthmus of Panama, crossed, and sailed again up to San Francisco. Many, to escape changing ships at Panama, took the voyage around Cape Horn. It was high time for a railroad across the continent to California.

Frémont, at his own expense, started out to explore the West for a good route. The people of the East doubted that a railroad could be built through the Rockies, but the colonel had faith. In winter, so that he might see difficulties at their worst, he plunged into one of the wildest parts of the mountains. The difficulties were there.

In the snows of the huge mountains and deep gorges the party vainly struggled. Frozen and starved, they at last gave up the attempt, and turning southward found shelter and tender care at the home of Kit Carson in New Mexico. Eleven of the thirty men who entered the mountains found their graves there; the hundred mules had all perished and the property which they carried was lost. Frémont was left almost penniless. He went to California by another route,

however, to join his wife, from whom he had been separated six out of the nine years since their marriage. Fortunately, large amounts of gold were found on a tract of land which he had bought, and this unlooked-for wealth restored their fortunes.

Public Services and Death.—When the new state of California came into the Union, Frémont was one of her first Senators, and had the pleasure of sitting in Congress with his father-in-law. He was defeated for a second term because he opposed slavery, but the people did not forget the brave and high-principled explorer. Five years before our Civil War broke out, a new political party, the Republican, nominated Frémont as its candidate for President.

The Republican party opposed slavery. Abraham Lincoln and many other men who firmly believed slavery was wrong made powerful speeches in Frémont's favor; but the people were not yet ready to elect a President who opposed that evil. Frémont lost the election and James Buchanan, the only President ever elected from Pennsylvania, received the office.

Frémont lived many years after the Civil War to see the railroad built across the continent and his dear California growing into one of the most prosperous parts of the Union. It was Frémont's glory to open up the paths over which the iron tracks were laid to unite East and West.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. What schools do you know which prepare a person for college?
2. If you had visited the various ports of South America with Frémont, which one do you think you would have found most interesting?
3. What is meant by the "engineer corps" of our army?
4. For what reasons did England make a claim to the Oregon country?
5. How did Mexico come to own California?
6. Read about the thrilling adventures of Kit Carson before and after he met Frémont.

7. Find some peaks of the Rockies that are named after other explorers than Frémont.
8. What additional interesting things can you find about Great Salt Lake?
9. Read about the discovery of gold in 1848 by James Marshall of New Jersey.
10. Which persons encountered the greater hardship—those who traveled across the Plains, or those who went by way of the Isthmus? Why?
11. Mention some other men who before the age of thirty had achieved something worth while for America.
12. Read Whittier's poem about Frémont, "The Pass of the Sierra." Which stanza do you like best?

ELI WHITNEY

THE MAN WHO MADE COTTON KING

"The cotton machine is a thing of unusual value."—*Letter to a friend.*

I. ELI, THE CLEVER MECHANIC

The Cotton Seed Trouble.—What we call "cotton" is the fibre, and the fibre clings tightly to the seed. The Southern cotton planters just after the Revolution often wished that



From Iles: Leading American Inventors, Henry Holt & Co.

ELI WHITNEY

the fibre and the seed did not love each other so well. One kind of cotton, it is true, had such long fibres that the planters were able to use a machine or "gin"¹ with rollers which pulled the fibre off the seed after a fashion; but that long-fibre cotton would grow only along the coast where the breath of

¹ The word "gin" is a form of "engine," meaning any piece of machinery. A clock is an engine in the old sense of the word.

the salt sea could reach it. Most of the Southern cotton was the inland or "upland" kind, which had such short fibres that the rough roller-machine could not get hold of them.

Negroes, therefore, had to spend their spare time in the evenings, and whenever they could not work in the field, in picking the "lint" off the seeds. The work was so slow that a slave usually could not pick off more than a pound of lint in a day. As a pound of lint would bring about fifteen cents, you can see that a slave would scarcely pay for his meals at that kind of work. It did not seem as though the South would ever make cotton its great crop, but a boy born in the North, Eli Whitney, grew up to show the world how that was possible.

The Ingenious Boy.—Eli was born on a Massachusetts farm in the year of the Stamp Act. Like many other farm-boys, he was handy with tools. Every farm then had its little one-story shop where blacksmith and carpenter work and general tinkering were done. The Northern farmer depended largely on himself. When tools needed mending, he mended them; when work in wood or iron had to be done about the farm, he expected to do it.

At school the only study in which Eli stood well was arithmetic; but in the shop few grown persons could equal him. To mend broken furniture and to find out how machinery was constructed delighted his heart. His father had a handsome watch which Eli rightly thought was a wonderful piece of work, but stern Mr. Whitney would not let his son examine the inside. One Sunday Eli played sick, so was left behind while the rest of the family went to church. This was Eli's golden chance. He lost not a minute in getting hold of the watch and took it all apart. Had anything happened to the precious watch, Eli would have had a sorry time, but before his father returned, Eli had put it together again so skilfully that it ran as well as ever.

Nails, like watches, were much more valuable then than now. They were not made in millions by machinery, as are our cut nails and wire nails, but each was hammered out by hand upon an anvil. When Eli was fifteen, his father set him to making nails, which were scarcer than usual because many workmen were in the Revolutionary army. The shop rang from morning till night with the clang of Eli's hammer, and he beat out his nails so skilfully and so fast that he earned several dollars a day. He wished to save his money for a higher education, but fathers then had a right to the earnings of their sons until the boys were twenty-one, and it is probable that few of the dollars found their way into Eli's pocket.

The College Student. Off to the South.—At last Mr. Whitney's heart softened, and he lent Eli the sum needed. It was a happy young man who took the long stagecoach ride from central Massachusetts to New Haven, Connecticut, and there entered Yale College. At that time students went to college at an earlier age than they do now, but even today we should consider Eli rather old to begin his higher education, for he was twenty-three.

Although Eli earned a considerable amount by work while he was in college, he always found time to keep up with his studies. There were no lazy bones in his body. Both head and hands were active. Once he saw a carpenter working with some tools of a new kind. "Let me try your tools," said he. "No," answered the workman, "you'll hurt them"; but at last Eli managed to get the handling of the precious articles. The carpenter watched, at first with doubt, but later with admiration. "There was a good workman spoiled," he exclaimed, "when you went to college." College did not take away Eli's skill with his hands, however, while it taught him to use his head to better advantage.

Four years passed by, and at the age of twenty-seven Eli graduated. He secured an engagement as teacher of a

school in South Carolina, so, one November day of 1792, Whitney left New York in a "packet" or passenger sailing-vessel bound for Savannah. It was a trip of a week or more, and the people on board came to know each other well. Among the passengers was Mrs. Greene, widow of the famous general Nathaniel Greene who had died only a few years before.

Whitney at Mulberry Grove.—Though Mrs. Greene, like her husband, was a native of New England, her home was



COTTON-PICKING

then on a plantation in Georgia, a few miles from Savannah. This fine plantation had once belonged to the British governor of Georgia, but when the Revolution began the governor fled and the state seized his property. General Greene fought so hard and so successfully to clear the British out of the South that the legislature of Georgia presented to him this Mulberry Grove plantation, covering thousands of acres.

With her children, the mistress of Mulberry Grove was now returning from a visit to the North. During the voyage she enjoyed talking to Whitney, for he was pleasant and well

educated. When they arrived at Savannah, she invited the young man to spend a few days at Mulberry Grove before he went off to his school. This act of kindness on the part of Mrs. Greene proved to be a wonderful thing for Eli Whitney and for the whole United States.

Whitney's visit at Mulberry Grove with its beautiful situation along the Savannah River, its broad fields with a few cotton-bolls still clinging to the stalks, and its troop of fifty negro slaves to do the work, was a novel and interesting experience. He stayed longer than he intended, but he did not like to stay without making some return for Mrs. Green's hospitality. Pay was out of the question, but he mended various articles that needed repair, made toys for the children, and for Mrs. Greene a fine embroidery frame which delighted her heart. Eli was indeed a most valuable guest of the household at Mulberry Grove.

II. THE MARVELOUS COTTON GIN

Face to Face with a Great Problem.—A short time after Whitney's arrival Mrs. Greene entertained a party of Southern army officers who had served under her husband. During their conversation they happened to discuss how rich the South might become if only some one would invent a cotton-gin which would strip the short fibre from the seeds of the upland cotton. Mrs. Greene listened awhile, then exclaimed: "Gentlemen, ask my young friend, Mr. Whitney. He can make anything!"

Whitney, who was in another room, was called. In a half-joking way the planter-officers explained just what was wanted. They really did not expect that the young fellow would be able to produce the needed machine.

Whitney, however, took the matter seriously. After the planters had left, he spent many hours considering the problem. He went out into the sheds where was stored the

cotton as it came from the fields, and brought in a handful, which he closely examined. In a few days he came to Mr. Miller, who managed the plantation for Mrs. Greene, and said, "I think I can make a machine that will do the work." A little room was given him as a shop, and he began his task.

The Problem Solved.—First, Whitney fixed wire teeth into a board. He found that by pulling the cotton through them the troublesome seeds would be left behind. Next he made a cylinder with wire teeth. As the cylinder revolved, the wires came through slats in a grating. The uncleaned cotton slid down against the grating. The wire teeth caught the lint and pulled it off the seeds, which were too large to pass through the slits. When the lint was pulled off, the seeds dropped down out of the way.

When Whitney turned the crank of the machine to show Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller how it worked, the wire teeth began to pull off the cotton fibre just as human fingers would, but much faster. In a couple of minutes, however, Whitney's heart sank, for the teeth became clogged with lint and could not do the work. That was a bad fault. Several times Whitney started the machine, but each trial showed the same disappointing result.

Mrs. Greene thought she would have a little fun at Whitney's expense. Picking up the hearth-brush, she said, "Why not use this to clean the wires?" "Thank you for the idea," said Whitney. He added to his machine a revolving brush which swept away the lint as it gathered, and the job was done. Whitney's skilful hand-work and intelligent head-work had combined to bring about success.

A planter who saw the machine offered Whitney a hundred guineas (five hundred dollars) for his rights in it, but Whitney scorned the offer. He thought no more of teaching school, for he wished to devote his time to his great invention. The next spring Eli built a large cotton-gin, to

be turned by one man, which would clean as much cotton from the seed as ten men could, and would do it better. By using horse-power, one cotton-gin would do the work of fifty men.

Now it was certain that the gin would be a success. The firm of Whitney and Miller applied to the United States Government at Philadelphia for a patent. Thomas Jefferson, who was then Secretary of State, took a great interest in the invention and wrote a special letter to Whitney to get more information about it. The patent, signed by George Washington, President, was granted.

The New Machine Changes the South.—As soon as the cotton-gin came into use the South realized what a wonderful machine it was. At once cotton became a popular crop. The changes that took place in the Southern States, both for good and for ill, were marvelous. Cotton, like gold, was always desirable. Money flowed into the planters' pockets. In a good year they could make twice as much from cotton as from such crops as corn, rice or tobacco. Naturally, the South raised cotton and not much else. As the people could live easily by raising cotton, they did not care to engage in manufacturing. It was left to Eli Whitney's colder Northern home to develop the great factories which in Massachusetts and Rhode Island spun and wove the cotton, while most Southerners never saw a cotton-mill.

But the greatest change of all in the South was with regard to slavery. At the time when our Constitution was adopted, the Southern people were turning against slavery. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Patrick Henry, all spoke against it. Although they held slaves, they would have been glad to see slavery abolished if they had known just how to accomplish such a task without disturbing the country. Even the states far south, Georgia and South Carolina, disliked slavery.

But with the coming of the cotton-gin there was no more Southern talk about freeing the slaves. The slaves were needed to raise cotton, and more cotton, and still more cotton. Millions of fingers were required to pick the white ripe bolls which fed the ever-hungry cotton-gin. Now a slave could make much money for his master, so the cotton states eagerly bought all the slaves which the states north of them would sell. When steam-power finally was used to turn the cotton-



A COTTON SPINNING MILL

gin, each machine was equal to the labor of a thousand negroes in separating the fibre. The planters could not find enough new land or enough slaves to satisfy their desires for cotton-raising. Before Whitney died, he saw the cotton-planters moving westward and establishing slavery in new portions of the United States to keep the cotton-gins working.

Whitney's Northern Factory.—Eli Whitney was too clever a man, however, to depend on one invention. He left the South and set up a factory in New Haven, where he made muskets for the United States army. Beginning with only a few workmen, he soon enlarged his shop until he had an establishment that employed hundreds of men. It is said that he was the first manufacturer to make "standard" parts

to his guns. Each piece of a gun was made on a machine instead of being turned out by hand. If, therefore, a part of a gun was broken, a new part, which would be sure to fit, could be gotten by sending to the factory. These parts could even be kept in stock wherever the guns were used.

Whitney supplied many of the muskets which our troops used in the War of 1812. He carried on the business in New Haven until his death in 1825, and made a large fortune. Had he lived thirty years more, he would have seen North and South ready to fly at each other's throats on account of slavery. Even before his death there were threatenings of the storm that came in 1861. It was the cotton-gin that separated so widely the cotton-growing South from the cotton-manufacturing North with its paid labor by free men.

Now the storm of the Civil War is over, and the North and the South no longer are at odds. Cotton still is the great crop of the South, but with this difference, that there are hundreds of cotton-mills in the cotton-states to give prosperity to the people. Cotton-gins are more numerous and busier than ever. The history of Eli Whitney's cotton-gin is really the history of the South since the Revolution.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. What noted soldier of the Revolution was General Greene's neighbor in Georgia?
2. How would you go about patenting an invention?
3. Make a United States cotton-map.
4. Could the world get along well without our American cotton?
Explain your answer.
5. What is meant by the saying "Cotton is King"?
6. Name any twentieth-century things that are made on Whitney's "standard" plan.

ROBERT FULTON

THE SUCCESSFUL STEAMBOAT MAKER

"To America I look for the perfecting of all my plans."—*Letter from Paris to a friend.*

I. FROM LANCASTER TO LONDON

The Boy with Ideas.—During the Revolution Mr. Caleb Johnson taught school in the town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and had among his pupils two girls, Peggy and Belle Fulton. "May we bring our brother to school to-morrow, master?" asked the girls. "Robert is eight years old, and can read and write already, for mother has taught him." "Yes, but you must not forget the week's fee," said Master Johnson.

Next morning the girls appeared with a dark-eyed, curly-headed fellow, tall for his age, who thus began a stay of several years in the school. Robert proved to be a bright boy in his studies when he chose to pay attention, but often and often his thoughts wandered far away from the school-room. This provoked Master Johnson very much. Once he rapped Robert over the knuckles with his ruler, saying, "There, that will make you do something!" "Sir," cried Robert, "I came



ROBERT FULTON

here to have something beaten into my brains, and not into my knuckles."

If Caleb Johnson could have known what was going on in the brain under that curly pate, he would have become acquainted with some thoughts wonderful on the part of a child. Mrs. Fulton remarked to the teacher that Robert was not doing so well in his studies as he should. "Well," Master Johnson answered, "I have done my best, but Robert says his head is so full of new ideas that there is no room in it for learning from dusty books."

Pencil and Paints.—Three things Robert loved to do, and unfortunately he could do none of them in school. He loved to draw, he loved to study machinery, and he loved to make things.

"Robert Fulton, why are you late at school?" sternly asked the teacher one morning. "I have been at Nicholas Miller's shop making a lead-pencil," explained the lad, "and it is the best pencil I ever had." When Master Johnson looked at the pencil he found the lead was hammered out into shape so carefully and fitted so neatly into its wooden case that he let Robert off without a scolding.

With his new pencil Robert drew portraits of his brother and sisters and other playmates. He copied on paper all the machines he was allowed to examine. But the pencil had no colors in it, and Robert longed to be able to paint.

At last one of Robert's boy friends brought to school the rare prize of a paint-box. "Please let me mix some colors," begged Robert. His friend was generous, and let Robert try his hand. Then the boys found old dry mussel-shells along the creek. "We'll each paint a picture on the inside of a shell," said the owner of the paint-box, "and see which is the better one." Robert's picture was so far the better that his friend handed over the whole painting outfit. Robert

nearly went wild with joy, and for a long time painted pictures in every spare moment.

Fulton's Home Town.—The new paint-box, however, did not take away Robert's love for machinery. Lancaster was an interesting town for a boy who liked to "watch the wheels go around." When the British were about to capture Philadelphia, Congress moved out in a hurry and took up its quarters in the Lancaster Court House. That action made Lancaster, while Congress remained, the capital of the United States. Many of the rifles and blankets for the American army were made there under the eye of Congress, and many a Continental soldier wore a uniform that was woven and tailored in a Lancaster shop.

At the doors of the large workshops stood guards to keep out idle sight-seers, for the labor was so important that it was not allowed to stop night or day. Even on Sundays the men continued their tasks in order to give the fighters plenty of supplies and munitions. One boy, however, was allowed to have a free run of the shops, for every one knew that Robert Fulton would not hinder the work.

The Paddle-Wheel Boat.—One of the young fellows who worked in the shops, Christopher Gumpf by name, took a great liking to inquisitive Robert. One of their pleasures was to go fishing on Conestoga Creek near Lancaster with Christopher's father, who owned a flat-bottomed boat.

The creek was shallow and rocky in many places, and Mr. Gumpf used a pole instead of oars. When the three fishermen went on an excursion it was the task of the boys to pole along the heavy boat. It was no easy task, under the hot sun. Robert's brain shaped a plan to move the boat more easily.

During a week's visit to an aunt out in the country Robert spent most of his time in making the model of a boat to be propelled by paddle-wheels on the sides. It worked, but when Robert tried to take the large model home there was

no room for it in the carriage, so it was put into the aunt's attic to await Robert's next visit. Robert never asked for it again, but many years later, when his steamboat became famous, the model came down from the attic to the parlor, where it was shown as the greatest treasure of the house.

As soon as he returned to Lancaster, Robert, with Christopher's help, went to work upon Mr. Gumpf's boat, and soon the farmers and fishermen on the banks of Conestoga Creek smiled to see big splashing paddle-wheels moving the craft along. While one person sat and turned the crank which operated the wheels, another comfortably steered by a rudder. Robert Fulton was already improving navigation.

Robert Starts Off to Seek His Fortune.—In Lancaster lived a clever man named William Henry, who had made a paddle-wheel boat before Robert was born. Mr. Henry's boat, however, was to be moved by steam and not by boy-power, for Mr. Henry had thought deeply about the uses of the steam-engine which James Watt had invented in England. Henry's boat had been tried on Conestoga Creek, but somehow the machinery did not work well. By some accident the boat sank, and Mr. Henry, disappointed, left it to decay. Perhaps Robert received his idea of the paddle-wheel boat from this inventor, and perhaps he too planned, even at that early time of his life, to make a craft that should move by steam.

At any rate, Robert often studied some pictures painted by Benjamin West, a famous American artist then living in London, who had begun his success in Lancaster. Robert had already painted signs for various inns and people had admired his work. "I intend to be a portrait painter like West," announced Robert.

Accordingly, at the age of seventeen, Robert Fulton said good-bye to his widowed mother, who had worked hard to

support him as a child, and took the stage-coach for Philadelphia, seventy miles away. It was a large undertaking for the young fellow to make a living by pencil and paints in a large city, but in one way or another he did so, meanwhile studying to become a fine portrait and miniature painter.

The Successful Artist.—By the time Robert was twenty he had gained his end, and was able to devote all his time to real art. By his cheerful and happy nature he had made many worth-while friends. It became quite the fashion to have one's portrait painted by Robert Fulton, and money came fast to the painter. He decided to go over to England to study art; but before he went he wished to make sure that his mother would be perfectly comfortable and happy. In the western part of Pennsylvania Fulton bought a farm and settled his mother, sisters and brother there, where they would have a pleasant home and be near relatives. Then, with a mind at rest, he sailed for England.

II. WONDERFUL INVENTIONS

From Painter to Inventor.—As soon as Fulton, then twenty-two, arrived in London, he called at the splendid home of Benjamin West and presented to him a letter of introduction from Franklin. When West had read it, he heartily welcomed the young American who had been a Pennsylvania farm-boy like himself. "Stay here until you find suitable lodgings," said he, and Fulton gladly remained for a time.

But notwithstanding West's help, making a living in a foreign country was hard. Fulton soon spent the money he had brought with him, and not until he had been in England more than four years did he earn enough to get out of debt. After all, Fulton was a good painter, but not a great one. Perhaps as he learned more about art he was sensible enough to see that. At any rate, he gradually left off painting and devoted himself to the other beloved occupation—invention.

Fulton moved to Birmingham, a busy iron-making city where he could study all sorts of machines, and lived there for many months. He became a "civil engineer," found profitable employment, and patented several machines on which he made money. At this time canals were becoming popular in England. Fulton thought that for hauling goods they much surpassed turnpike roads. To carry canal-boats over the mountains he invented inclined planes.¹

The Idea of a Free Ocean.—Having secured from England patents on various inventions to improve canals, Fulton went to France to patent and introduce his inventions there. France and England were then at war and maintained large fleets of warships to destroy each other's merchant vessels.

Not only was Fulton an artist and inventor, he was also a statesman. Often had he reflected upon the best course for nations to follow. "Nations should not be selfish," said he, "for the hurt of one is the hurt of all. Trade on the ocean should be free. Wars are great mistakes. Let nations spend upon education and useful arts the money which they now lavish on fleets and armies."

Instead of allowing freedom of trade upon the ocean, the nations of Europe were trying to bar each other from it. Fulton feared that the United States would feel compelled to imitate them in building a great war-fleet which would burden the country with taxes for no good end. He set himself to invent a cheap way of making warships useless.

The Torpedo and the Submarine.—Into Fulton's mind came the idea of the moving torpedo. He thought that by clockwork a machine carrying a quantity of powder could be sent through the water to blow up a vessel. "If we can thus destroy warships far more easily than they can be built, per-

¹Such planes may still be seen on at least one canal in America, the Morris and Essex, which crosses northern New Jersey.

haps the nations will stop building them," he said. But Fulton could not make his torpedo move as he wished. Then



FIRST SUBMARINE VESSEL THAT CROSSED THE OCEAN

he invented a "plunging-boat" which could sail upon the surface or dive below it, and by this means he hoped to fasten torpedoes on the bottoms of ships until the torpedoes

exploded. Considering that it was such an untried invention, the diving boat worked well. Fulton called it "Nautilus."²

The cigar-shaped "Nautilus" was small, only twenty feet long, and was moved by a propeller whose power came from a crank turned by the crew. Guided by a compass, the "Nautilus" could go in any direction. On one occasion Fulton remained in it beneath the water for six hours, taking in fresh air through a little tube which could scarcely be noticed by any one upon the surface of the ocean. He had also a tank containing compressed air which he could use as needed.

Fulton promised the French naval officers that by the aid of the "Nautilus" he would blow up with "submarine bombs" the British ships that were then blockading the French coast. The English, however, got wind of Fulton's intention, and though he watched for a whole summer, their ships kept at a safe distance. The French officials were disappointed and finally dropped the matter.

The Steamboat Partnership.—At this time Fulton, who was becoming famous, met Robert R. Livingston, a rich man of New York, who had gone over to represent the United States in France. Livingston was greatly interested in steamboats; in fact, he already had built one near his home on the Hudson, but it had proved a failure. The two men discussed the best ways of constructing steamboats, and Livingston was so pleased with Fulton's energy and cleverness that he thought, "Here is the man I am looking for."

Fulton and Livingston agreed to join forces to make a successful steamboat. The idea of the steamboat was nothing

² The real Nautilus is a kind of cuttle-fish with a shell. By drawing in or letting out air it can sink or swim at its pleasure. Jules Verne, in his wonderful story "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," makes Captain Nemo call his submarine the *Nautilus*.

new, as many men in Europe and in the United States had actually built boats moved by steam. For some reason or other, however, the steamboats had never come up to expectations.

The combination of Fulton and Livingston, however, strongly promised success. Fulton's knowledge of machinery was far greater than Livingston's, but Livingston had wealth and influence which could bring the invention to public notice. Fulton did the calculating, planning and directing, and by the spring of 1803 the strange-looking boat with its machinery exposed to view floated at a wharf on the Seine River.

The day was set for a trial trip, but the night before the trip was to be made a great storm broke over Paris, and dashed the water of the river into high waves. At daybreak the watchman in charge of the boat rushed into Fulton's bedroom. "Monsieur!" he cried, "the boat has broken into pieces and lies at the bottom of the river!" This was only too true. As the waves tossed it about, the light hull had broken apart.

Fulton hastily dressed and rushed to the spot. Nothing of the boat could be seen, but he immediately hired workmen, and labored along with them for twenty-four hours, soaking wet, without food or rest, until the precious engine and the other machinery were recovered from their muddy resting-place. At the end of that time Fulton was so exhausted that a cold settled on his lungs, which were weak forever after—but he had saved the valuable parts of the craft.

Again Fulton directed the building of the boat, and in a few months had the pleasure of seeing it move by its side paddle-wheels against the current about as fast as a man could walk. The invention was successful. Did Fulton think then, I wonder, about the paddle-wheel boat in which

he and his chum Christopher had navigated the Conestoga? Livingston now wrote to his friends in New York, telling them of the success of the steamboat. Through their influence New York passed a law which gave the partners the sole right to navigate steamboats on the waters of the state. They were to have this right for twenty years provided they would at once build a steam vessel which should travel at least four miles an hour against the current of the Hudson.

Fulton Refuses a Great Offer. Return Home.—Just then the English government, which knew of Fulton's torpedoes and submarine boat, thought that it would be well to ask him to cross the channel to England and show what he could do along those lines; and Fulton agreed. England called herself "the mistress of the seas." It could not be expected that she would sympathize with the inventor's plan of driving all war-ships off the ocean. For keeping his invention secret, however, so that no other country could destroy the great British navy, England was willing to pay him well. Fulton was an American first, last, and all the time. He declared, "I never will consent to keep my inventions secret should the United States need them. Were you to grant me twenty thousand pounds a year, I would sacrifice all to the safety and independence of my country."

Affairs with England came to no result on account of Fulton's refusal, but as he had made a contract with the government he received for his experiment a fair sum of money. Now he was ready to return to his native land. How different was his return from his departure nearly twenty years before! He went away from his country an unknown young fellow with two hundred dollars in his pocket; he returned a famous man of middle age with prospects of making a fortune.

III. SUCCESS AND FAME

The "**Clermont.**"—No rest did Fulton wish to take, for he was anxious to begin work on his American steamboat. President Thomas Jefferson asked him to make a report on a certain canal, but Fulton replied that he was too busy to undertake the affair. The new steamboat soon began to take shape. The engine had already been bought in England. By the contract Livingston was not supposed to advance any more money, and the expense of finishing the vessel fell upon Fulton, who had to borrow from his friends.

At last the boat was completed, and exactly four years after Fulton's French steamboat had moved up and down the Seine, his American steamboat made its trial trip on the East River at New York. Fulton probably chose the date so as to celebrate on the same day the first trip of each vessel. The steamboat's name was the *Clermont*, in honor of Livingston's beautiful country home on the banks of the Hudson a few miles south of the city of Hudson.

After a week more of preparation the *Clermont* was ready for a start in earnest. On a beautiful, clear day in August, 1807, about forty invited guests, almost all relatives or intimate friends of Livingston and Fulton, assembled at the steamboat wharf on the North River.³ The guests saw a queer-looking craft, long and narrow, with sides almost straight up and down. The paddle-wheels on the side were uncovered, and the English engine, with its boiler set in masonry, stood open to the weather. On the two masts of the *Clermont* sails could be hoisted in case the Hudson tide proved too strong for the engine.

³ The Hudson River at New York, ever since the days of the old discoverers, has been called the North River, the Delaware being the South River. The name North River distinguishes the Hudson from the East River, which leads into Long Island Sound.

A Double Triumph.—The signal to start was given. The deck-hands threw pine wood into the furnace; smoke and sparks gushed from the tall, thin stack, and the boat began to move. Before she passed from sight of the wharf, however, the *Clermont* stopped. "I told you so," whispered some of the guests. "It was a foolish scheme." But Fulton stepped up to a place where all could see his tall form. "I do not know what is the matter," said he, "but if you will be quiet and grant me half an hour, I will either repair the



ROBERT FULTON'S STEAMBOAT, "THE CLERMONT," 1807

trouble in that time or give up the trip." In less than the half hour Fulton had discovered what was wrong and the *Clermont* went on.

Happiness now prevailed on board. Though progress was only about five miles an hour, it seemed swift to the delighted ladies and gentlemen. As the sun dropped low the vessel passed through the beautiful Highlands. While the party sang Fulton's favorite songs they were delighted to hear the music echo from the mountains rising steeply out of the river.

Fulton was probably the happiest person on board. Instead of complaining now or doubting, every one paid him compliments and listened eagerly to his words. Livingston had told the guests, "This will be something to remember all

your lives." They found his promise was correct, and they knew that to Fulton must be given the chief honor. One of the ladies afterward said, "There were many distinguished men and many fine-looking men on board the *Clermont*, but Robert Fulton surpassed them all."

Night came on, but still the *Clermont* went on her way, resembling, so it was remarked, "a backwoods saw-mill mounted on a scow and set on fire." Flames from her stack shot high into the darkness, and the craft that met the *Clermont* could not understand what was this roaring, fiery monster that moved against wind and tide. Some of the timid sailors ran their boats on shore and took to the woods in fright; some who had not time to do this retreated below deck, shut themselves in, and let their vessels drift as they might until the terrible danger passed. On the river bank many of those who viewed the sight fell upon their knees and prayed for protection against this dreadful thing.

At one o'clock in the morning, as the *Clermont* drew near Clermont, forty miles below Albany, Livingston, as a crowning touch to the voyage, announced the engagement to Fulton of one of the ladies on board, his cousin Harriet Livingston. Had the *Clermont* proved a failure, the announcement might never have been made, for Harriet's father was rich and proud, and no unsuccessful man could hope to marry his beautiful daughter. It was a double triumph, and the greatest day in Fulton's life.

Passenger Travel Begins. "Fulton's Mill."—The party broke up at Clermont, but at nine o'clock the next morning Fulton and Livingston again went on board, and reached Albany as the afternoon drew to a close. The governor of New York and a multitude of citizens came to the wharf to view the wonderful boat.

Fulton hung a sign over the side of the *Clermont*, announcing that on the next day she would start back to New

York. The fare he charged for the one hundred and fifty miles was seven dollars, the regular amount demanded by the passenger sloops. Only five persons had courage enough to try the new means of transportation.

Two weeks later the *Clermont* made her first regular trip up the Hudson. Fourteen brave passengers went in her, though one of them was warned by a doubting Quaker friend. "Wilt thou risk thy life in such a concern?" questioned the Quaker. "I tell thee she is the most fearful wild-fowl living, and thy father ought to restrain thee."

On this trip the passengers heard a shout from a rowboat alongside. In the boat was a miller, hair and clothes dusty with meal. He had evidently missed seeing the *Clermont* on her previous voyages or even hearing of her, and now he had rushed away from his mill on shore, thinking that another mill with its paddle-wheels was splashing upstream. "I never thought I would see a mill go up the river," said he. When he climbed aboard, a jolly passenger offered to show him over "Mr. Fulton's mill." "But where are the grind-stones?" queried the inquisitive miller. "That the master has not yet told us," answered the passenger, as he pointed to Fulton. "But wait till we come back from Albany with our load of corn, and you will see the meal fly." How everybody laughed as the simple-minded miller rowed back to shore!

Steamboats Multiply. Fulton's Home.—During the winter Fulton enlarged the *Clermont*, and the next season she cleared sixteen thousand dollars. Now water-travel by steam-power had regularly begun in America, several years before Europe made real use of it. Soon Fulton had three steamboats in operation. The new vessels were called the *Car of Neptune* and the *Paragon*.

Other rivers presently found their waters invaded by the steamboat. Four years after the *Clermont* began her

voyage, a steamboat made the journey from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. The many emigrants to the West found their travel made safe, swift and sure by the steamboat. After a time an American steamboat, the *Savannah*, was the first to cross the stormy Atlantic.

With the profits of his New York steamboats Fulton made a home for himself and his lovely wife in New York City. There, on Battery Place, he could look out over the sparkling waters of the harbor. The house, as we might expect of an artist's home, was hung with many pictures. The guests were always served from a dinner set of fine china, bearing the coat of arms of the United States. This was a gift from his friend, Thomas Jefferson.

The Great Steam-Battery. Its Builder Dies.—When the War of 1812 began, the commanders of the British frigates remembered Fulton's torpedoes and his submarine boat. They approached the American coast with great caution, and tried to learn where the inventor spent his time. At first Fulton was too busy perfecting his great invention to plan ways of attacking the English, but toward the end of the war he designed the first steam war-vessel in the world.

This vessel was really a floating battery, carrying heavy guns which discharged red-hot shot to set the opposing ships on fire. The sides of the wooden craft were almost five feet thick, so that it was nearly impossible for shot to pierce them. Doubtless, this vessel would have had great effect in keeping hostile ships away from that part of America, but before it was finished, war had ended.

Fulton never saw the completed vessel. During the late winter he visited the works, where his trained men were building the marvelous floating fort. For three hours he stood in the cold and rain. When ill from this exposure, he became so anxious to know the progress of his battery that he ventured on a carriage ride to the works. Pneumonia set in,

and in a few days Fulton had ceased to live. The lawmakers of the state wore mourning for six weeks.

Fulton's True Fame.—People think of Fulton mainly in connection with the history of the steamboat, and many have credited him with being its inventor. As we have seen, Fulton neither invented nor built the first steamboat. It is his fame that through his own industry and the help of his friend Livingston he made the steamboat *successful* as a



A MODERN STEAMSHIP

means of travel. Few persons, however, have heard of Fulton's endeavors to improve canals and extend them or of his many inventions. His plans to do away with ocean warfare and with the burden which great navies lay upon the people are almost unknown.

Torpedoes and submarine boats have been vastly improved since Fulton's day, and the Great War saw their common use. They have not yet driven warships off the seas, as Fulton hoped. The jealousy of nations still increases fleets and armies. But the day may yet arrive when the only fleets of the world will be those of peaceful commerce, and when the money which nations formerly wasted

on rival warships shall be applied to better purposes. On that day Fulton's dream will be fulfilled.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. How does the lead-pencil you use differ from that which little Robert Fulton made?
2. Major John André was an English prisoner in Lancaster while Fulton lived there. What sad news about André might Robert have read a few years later in the Lancaster papers?
3. Find out what kinds of machines Fulton invented while living in England.
4. What other American inventor received his chance in life through old-time hospitality?
5. How did the *Clermont* differ from some of the river steamboats that you know?
6. What are the special meanings of "Car of Neptune" and "Paragon"?
7. What new things about submarine boats could Fulton learn today if he revisited this world?
8. Do you think Fulton was right when he imagined that torpedoes and submarines could drive navies off the ocean? Explain your answer.

THE MEN OF THE FIRST RAILROADS

The Railway Idea.—While in Jefferson's time most persons in the United States thought that canals were just the thing for conveying freight and passengers, some were still unsatisfied. They said, "Can't we find some means of transportation even better than canals? The smaller the smooth surface on which a load glides along, the more easily it moves. Let us try railways on land."

Accordingly railways were built. The rails were of wood, the ties often of stone, and horses pulled the little cars. Two years after the *Clermont* made her first voyage, Thomas Leiper constructed such a railway to carry stone from his quarry along Crum Creek, near Philadelphia, to the boat-landing a mile away. It was thought a wonderful sight.

More wonderful yet to the people of our young nation was the three-mile railway at the Quincy quarry in Massachusetts. The granite for the famous Bunker Hill monument was hauled over this road. Soon after the Quincy railroad was finished, the Mauch Chunk "gravity" railroad in Pennsylvania, which is still in use, began to carry coal from Summit Hill to the Lehigh River, nine miles away.

Meanwhile Englishmen had been laying down railways or "tramways" from their many coal-mines, and had made a great discovery. Steam, they found, could be used instead of horses to pull the cars. In these days that discovery seems very simple. If steam propelled vessels, if a stationary steam-engine pumped water and raised coal out of mines, why could not steam make cars move? Simple as the idea now seems, the use of steam as a motive power on land was a wonderful discovery. It enabled man to travel both far and fast and to carry with him enormous loads.

The Baltimore and Ohio Company.—One day Philip Thomas, a Quaker banker of Baltimore, received a letter from his brother in London. The letter told of a new railroad which was going to be built in England, and praised the scheme highly. Meeting his friend George Brown, Mr. Thomas mentioned the railroad. The two business men agreed that an American railroad through the mountains to



STAGE-COACH FROM BALTIMORE TO WASHINGTON

the West, over Washington's old trail along the Potomac, would be of great advantage to Baltimore.

That evening, twenty-five of the most important men of Baltimore, invited by the two friends, met in Brown's home. After thoroughly discussing the necessity of bringing from Ohio directly to Baltimore such products as wheat and wool, they decided to form the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. Mr. Thomas was elected president and Mr. Brown treasurer. This was the first company in America to plan a railroad for general transportation, and it is still in business.

A Famous Fourth.—When the books of the new company were opened to receive subscriptions for stock, there was such a rush that the company could have sold four times as many shares as it had offered. Some of the money was spent immediately to pay engineers. Some of the engineers were sent to find the best path to the Potomac, others were dispatched to England to examine the railroads there. It was over a year, however, before they finished their reports and their plans.

At last, in 1828, the company began work. On the Fourth of July, the birthday of great events in America, Baltimore had the biggest parade in its history. The paraders marched to a spot on the western edge of the town, where the cornerstone of the Baltimore and Ohio track was to be laid.

The honor of the day fell to white-haired Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The rich Mr. Carroll, now ninety years old, was the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. On that account he was the best known and most respected citizen of Baltimore. As he was also one of those who had formed the railway company, it was doubly fitting that he should be the centre of attention.

After Charles Carroll had seen the stone properly placed and had smoothed off the mortar with his silver trowel, he turned to Mr. Thomas, the president, saying, "I consider this such an important act of my life that it is second only to the signing of the Declaration." He was right, for America could not have reached her present greatness were it not for her railroads.

Horses or Locomotives.—The railroad continued to be very popular. Every one seemed to wish to help. Some citizens gave to the railroad the land on which it was built; some gave the stone to make a foundation (ballast) for the track; another man contributed a piece of ground for a

station at Ellicott's Mills, thirteen miles west of Baltimore. In return for such favors, the company put on the unfinished track a couple of rough horse-cars and let every one ride a short distance to get the new experience.

Three years after the Baltimore and Ohio Company had been formed, the railroad was ready for business. Morning, noon and night, on every week-day, a train or "brigade" of three cars, drawn by horses, made the trip to Ellicott's Mills and back. The first cars were entirely open; sun and rain beat down upon the passengers; but there was considerable travel. Still, the directors of the company saw that horses would never furnish speed and power enough to make the railroad a true success in covering long distances.

"I hear that George Stephenson of England builds good steam locomotives. Let us buy some," said one of the directors. "Yes, he does, but I hear also that his locomotives cannot get around curves such as we have on our road," answered another. The directors did not know what to do; but a helper appeared.

"Tom Thumb" Wins and Loses.—Peter Cooper, from New York, had bought a large piece of ground along the line of the railroad. Unless the road succeeded he would lose money. When he heard that the directors were perplexed, he wanted, for his own sake, to aid them. Mr. Cooper owned a foundry in Baltimore, and was as handy and clever as Eli Whitney. "I think I can make you a locomotive that will pull your cars and go around those curves," said he. In a carriage-maker's shop he built a locomotive that was better than Stephenson's machines, but it was so tiny that he called it "Tom Thumb." Actually it was only about twice as long as a trackman's hand-car of to-day.

One August day Mr. Cooper invited the directors to take a ride behind "Tom Thumb." With six men on the engine and thirty-six more on a car attached, they went out to

Ellicott's Mills, uphill, in about an hour and a quarter. Coming back they went at a speed that the passengers considered marvelous. "Why, in some places we go at the rate of eighteen miles an hour," cried they, "and the lightest stage-coaches do no more than thirteen." Several of the directors pulled out their note-books and wrote in them to show how smoothly they rushed along. "You cannot do that in a stage-coach," smiled they.

But pride had a fall. As they came half-way to Baltimore, a light coach holding a dozen people and drawn by a fine gray



After Brown's "History of the First Locomotive." Courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

THIS DRAWING SHOWS PETER COOPER'S "TOM THUMB" LOCOMOTIVE IN THE ACT OF PASSING A HORSE-DRAWN COACH ON PARALLEL TRACK. THE RACE TOOK PLACE ON THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILWAY FROM THE "RELAY HOUSE" TO BALTIMORE, AUG. 28, 1830

horse stood waiting on a track laid parallel to that of the railroad for some distance. One of the stage-coach companies in Baltimore had sent out the horse to race with the new locomotive.

Off from the station went the two rivals, animal and machine. Soon the engine drew ahead of the horse. How those serious directors yelled then in glee! But just as the driver was about to give up, something happened to the locomotive machinery. The train slackened speed, and the horse dashed past it. Then it was the turn of the coach passengers to shout. In spite of the accidental victory of the horse, however, it is really the locomotive that has won the race.

The Triumph of the Iron Horse.—Four years after “Tom Thumb” proved his value, the railroad owned three locomotives. Most of the freight and some of the passengers were still drawn by horses. The cars had been made to copy the old stage-coaches. They held six passengers inside, and several could find room on top. In bad weather the inside passengers had the best of it, for they could pull down leather curtains over the windows to shelter themselves.

By this time other railroads had sprung up all over the eastern part of the United States. The Americans soon set themselves to improve as well as to extend them. In the railroads, they saw, lay the future of the country. With each year the trains went faster and cars grew more comfortable. Each year saw the old railroads being lengthened and new companies being formed. The “railroad age” had begun.

As each new invention appears, some good old thing is laid aside. When railroads became numerous, canals began to lose their importance. Now few canals are left in our country, but many miles of new railroad track are laid every year. We think that a person who lives far from the railroad is out of the world. The “iron horse” of today carries us to our journey’s end so swiftly, so comfortably, and so safely that we think little of these great benefits. It is good for us to look back to the days when railroad travel was new, uncomfortable and dangerous, so that we may measure the wonderful change in travel that has come about in less than a century.

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1. What is meant by a “gravity” railroad?
 2. What happened to Washington on “his old trail” to the West?
 3. How many kinds of “engineers” are needed in railroading?
 4. Tell the story of the first transcontinental railroad.
 5. What additional improvements in railroading can you mention?

CYRUS HALL McCORMICK

THE MAN WHO MADE AMERICA THE GRANARY OF THE WORLD

"I expect to die in the harness, because this is not the world for rest."—*Conversation with a Virginia friend.*

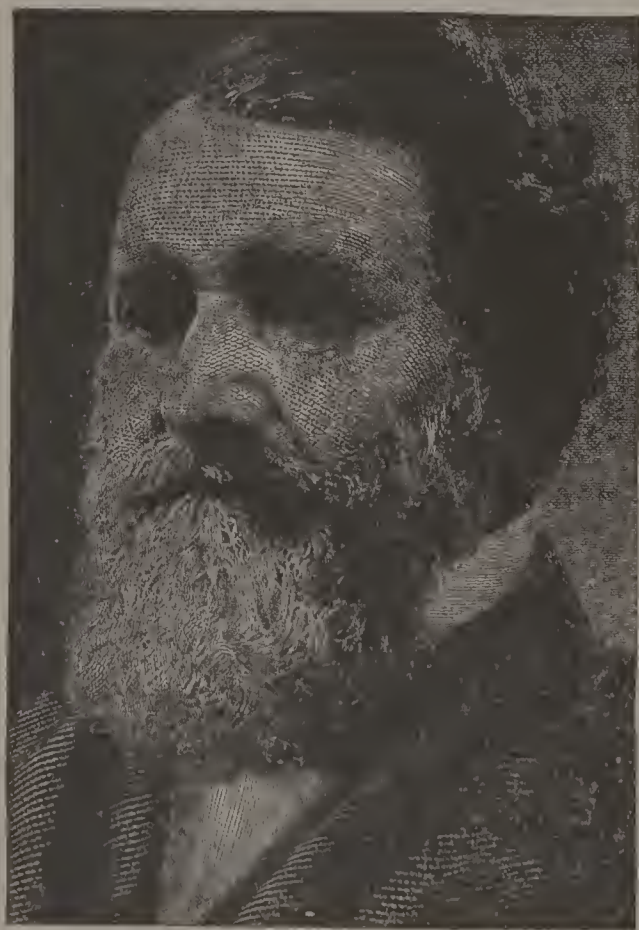
Cyrus and His Farmer-Doctor.—It was summer-time in Virginia. With hot weather came the dreadful yellow fever, and even the farm-houses in the higher country west of the

Blue Ridge lost many of their people. At Walnut Grove farm Robert McCormick's little boy Cyrus, five years old, lay very ill.

An old-fashioned doctor came to Cyrus's bedside. "I will bleed the lad," said he. "Oh, no, you won't, doctor," said Robert McCormick. "You have bled other people, and they died. I'll have no more bleedings."

"But every doctor bleeds people for the fever," answered the astonished physician. "Well, then, I'll be the doctor," replied Mr. McCormick.

Hot baths and hot herb-teas were the medicines the sensible farmer used, and soon Cyrus was a well boy again. Had this little fellow died that year at the close of the War of 1812, the world would have missed one of its great inventors.



From *Iles: Leading American Inventors*,
Henry Holt & Co.

CYRUS HALL McCORMICK

Cyrus Wishes for a Reaper.—On his father's land there was plenty of work to do; and Cyrus did his full share. He swung a scythe in the hay-field and cut the wheat with a cradle.¹

Though Cyrus was a strong, tall fellow, he found that the handling of the heavy cradle under the burning sun was no joke. Often as he slashed down the yellow grain Cyrus wished for a reaping-machine which would do the task in an easier way.

The idea of such a machine was not new in the McCormick family. Ever since Cyrus was seven, he had known that his father wanted to invent a reaper. For fifteen years Robert McCormick planned and tinkered in his blacksmith shop to make a machine that when pulled by horses would work faster than any set of farm-hands.

The Son Builds on the Father's Work.—While Robert McCormick worked on his reaper, and failed, and worked again, Cyrus became a young man, tall and big and straight. The neighbors admired Cyrus, as on Sundays, in his broad-cloth coat and tall beaver hat, he led the church singing. Like his father, Cyrus was of a mechanical turn of mind, and loved to work on making things. Sometimes he helped Mr. McCormick with the reaping machine; but although Cyrus had good ideas about machinery, it does not appear that his father ever asked Cyrus for advice.

When Cyrus was twenty-two, Robert McCormick brought out in triumph his reaper. "The neighbors have laughed at me for fifteen years," said he, "but now I will show them!" Into a field of grain he drove the machine. Oh, yes, it cut the wheat very well; but it left tangled stalks behind it. "Your reaper is no good," said those who watched. "No one can ever straighten out that mess." Robert McCormick

¹ A grain-cradle is a scythe with a wooden framework attached to it so that the cut grain can be laid out straight as it falls.

took a long look at the tangled grain. Then he drove the reaper back to his barn. He was through with inventing.

Cyrus, however, had his own notion as to the best way to make the reaper successful. Since his father had given up, the road lay clear for him to try his luck. He began to alter the design of Mr. McCormick's reaper in a number of ways. For several weeks he labored hard to complete his machine before the harvest should be over. Very nearly too late was he, but one day in July Cyrus brought out his reaper and tried it on a field of wheat which his father had left standing for his benefit.

As the horse pulled the reaper forward, a wooden reel revolved and swept the stalks down toward a cutting-blade which shot back and forth. The keen V-shaped teeth of the blade sheared off the grain; it fell evenly upon a platform from which it was raked off by John Cash, who helped Cyrus. Here at last was the successful reaper so desired by many a weary man. It was a proud day for Cyrus. He had carried out his father's great idea.

The Lexington Victory.—A few days after the reaper had proved its value, Cyrus gave a public exhibition on a neighboring farm. He had made a few changes for the better in the machine, and it worked well. With two horses to pull the reaper, he cut six acres of oats in one afternoon; that is, his invention did the work of a half-dozen men. The beholders could scarcely believe their eyes.

The next summer Cyrus took his machine to Lexington, the largest town within reach. Several hundred people were present to watch the curious affair. As the reaper came along the road a negro held tightly to the bridle of each horse which drew it, for the poor beasts were almost scared to death by its terrible rattling. One of the women who, hearing the noise, looked out of the window, said, "I thought it was a right smart curious sort of a thing, but it wouldn't

come to much." And at first that was just what the crowd at Lexington thought.

The field Cyrus tried to reap was hilly, and the machine bounced about so much that more grain shook out of the heads of wheat than stayed in. "This won't do," said the farmer who owned the wheat. "Stop your horses!" The crowd laughed, but William Taylor, more intelligent, came to the help of Cyrus. "I'll give you a fair chance, young man," he remarked. "That field of wheat on the other side of the fence belongs to me. Pull down the bars and cross over."

Glad of the friendly offer, Cyrus accepted it. The second field was much more level, and before sundown he was able to cut the same amount of grain as he had done the previous year. As the last of the six acres fell, the crowd cheered heartily. Then the reaper was driven into Lexington and placed on show in the court-house square. A noted teacher of the town studied it long and carefully, and finally called out, "This machine is worth a hundred thousand dollars." That sum seemed immense to the hearers, but it was small compared with the riches which the reaper finally brought to Cyrus, and, more than that, to his whole country. When the big young fellow came back home he felt that he had won a great victory. Best of all was the praise from his father, "It makes me feel proud to have a son do what I could not do."

Cyrus Refuses to Give Up.—Cyrus now set to work to make the reaper perfect. "His whole soul is wrapped up in his reaper," the neighbors smiled. Once the thought came to him, "There is so much grain to cut in this big country of ours that I may—perhaps—make a million dollars from my invention." But though the idea crossed his mind, it seemed as impossible as reaching the moon.

In the *Lexington Union* newspaper Cyrus advertised his

reapers for sale at fifty dollars apiece; but no one offered to buy. Even those who had seen the machine do its work did not care enough about it to invest. "Give up the idea of making your fortune by the reaper," said Cyrus's family. "Here is a farm for you," said his father. "Make a living on that."

Cyrus took the farm, lived there in a little log house with a couple of old negro servants, and cultivated the land. He did not give up his dearly loved reaper, however, but secured a patent on it. For a year he worked the farm; then, as little money came in, he tried another business. America was beginning to use iron in considerable amounts, so Cyrus persuaded his father to become partner with him in an iron-furnace. For awhile the iron trade went on well; then came hard times, and the McCormick partners failed. Cyrus gave up his farm to pay their debts. He was eight years older than when he began to make reapers, he had lost all his property, and he had not sold a single machine.

Not discouraged, Cyrus again gave a demonstration of the reaper. This time it was near the town of Staunton, where, later, President Woodrow Wilson was born. Again the people applauded, but did not buy. The next spring, though, a man who had seen the reaper at Staunton actually came and bought one. Soon a second farmer was bold enough to invest his money in a reaper. Business had begun.

The next year Cyrus McCormick sold not a single machine, but the year following (1842), by much talking and traveling, he disposed of seven. Two years later fifty orders came in, and instead of farming he had to spend all his time in his reaper shop. Soon people began to pay for the right to sell the machine in various parts of Virginia. Several farmers in what was then the West, near the Mississippi River, wrote for "Virginia Reapers." McCormick's invention had found its place in the agriculture of the country.

II. THE WHEAT EMPIRE OF THE WEST

The Virginia Reapers for the Prairies.—When the machines for the Western farmers were made, the problem was to get them to the buyers. The seven reapers were loaded on wagons (1844) and were taken to Scottsville, not far from Thomas Jefferson's Monticello home. From Scottsville they went by canal to Richmond, then by vessel down the James River and around Florida to New Orleans. Thence on a river steamer the "Virginia Reapers" traveled up the Mississippi and the Ohio to Cincinnati. From that city, various long roads still had to be traversed before the machines reached the farmers whom they were to serve. Four of the seven farmers who bought those reapers did not get them in time for the harvest of that year, so two of the disappointed men would not pay McCormick at all.

As long as no railroads crossed the mountains it clearly would not be of much benefit to make reapers in Virginia for sale to the West. One of McCormick's friends said to him, "Cyrus, why don't you go West to manufacture your reaper, where the land is level, labor is scarce, and you will be close to the farmers who in future will be your best buyers?"

Cyrus thought well of his friend's advice, but determined to look about for himself before taking any action. He put into his money-belt three hundred dollars, and set out to view the best wheat lands of the United States. Up through Pennsylvania he rode to western New York, then continued his stage-coach journey back along Lake Erie to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. Still on he went to Iowa and Missouri. As he traveled, he plainly saw that on those wide, flat prairies of the Middle West the reaper would be far more useful than on the more hilly country of the East. The many immense grain-fields of the pioneers seemed to cry aloud for the coming of such help.

Growing Up With Chicago.—"The West will buy thousands upon thousands of my reapers," thought McCormick. "I must build a factory somewhere out here." Where could the inventor put a factory to the best advantage? It must be near the centre of the prairies and also on the water. McCormick spread out a big map of the United States. Many times he looked it over, but at last he placed his finger on a small new town which people called Chicago. This was to be the scene of his great business venture.

Chicago in 1910 had more inhabitants than any other American city except New York; but in 1844 it was a forlorn little place. There were no numbers on the frame houses where lived its ten thousand people; the streets were unpaved and deep in mud; it had no railroad, no telegraph, no gas, no sewers. Around the town lay miles of swamp. In the year when McCormick first saw it, only six small vessels had come into its shallow harbor. The people of Cleveland and St. Louis despised Chicago and called it a mud-hole.

Yet young McCormick had faith in the future of the shabby town. He was sure that the grain of the West would make Chicago grow into a great city. His reaper would make it possible to raise a hundred times as much grain as the West had ever known, and this grain would be sent East by water and land. Both ships and railroads would come in time to the almost unknown settlement on the shore of the lake.

It was with empty hands that McCormick came to the West. He had not the needed money to establish business in a large way, and he needed a backer. Of the men in Chicago he went to the most successful, William Ogden; when McCormick proposed building a reaper factory, Ogden saw its value. "You are the man we want here," said Ogden. "I'll give you twenty-five thousand dollars for a half-interest, and we'll build the factory at once." McCormick agreed, and the new firm erected (1847) the largest plant in Chicago.

The Reaper Fights for the North.—By 1860, just before the Civil War, McCormick's factory had grown to be the pride of Chicago. It actually employed one hundred and twenty men. Should we consider it a great factory now? The reaper that was made in the factory, however, looked very much like McCormick's original machines. Two seats had been added to it—one for the driver and one for the man



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STEAM HARVESTER AT WORK

who had to rake the cut grain off the platform upon which it fell, but those were the only great improvements. Now came in a device which did the work of the man who raked off the grain. Only two men then were needed to work with the machine—the driver and the man who followed behind and bound the bundles of cut grain into sheaves.

When the Civil War began, the nation learned the true value of the reaper. It has often been said that the war was a conflict between the cotton states and the wheat states. It was a Northern man, Eli Whitney, whose cotton-gin made slavery profitable for the South; it was a Southern man,

Cyrus McCormick, whose reaper made the Northern grain states rich and strong. While Northern men fought in the Union armies, the reapers, often driven by women, did the work at harvest for which these men with their "cradles" would once have been needed. The reaper, drawn by its two horses and doing the work of ten men or more, harvested plenty of grain to feed those who fought and those who stayed at home. Said Edwin Stanton, President Lincoln's Secretary of War, "Without McCormick's invention I fear the North could not win."

King Wheat.—In a few years after the war McCormick's factory was making ten thousand "harvesters" a year. The great wheat states of Kansas and Nebraska had come into the Union since the war began, and an additional army of settlers in the land which is now North Dakota and South Dakota was now raising wheat.

After a time McCormick added to his harvester a binding device which tied the sheaves with twine in as good a way as could be done by any man. Now the "reaper and binder" was complete. All it needed was a driver. It grew so popular that the people of Europe used it also. This wonderful machine, doing the work of twenty laborers at once, made grain so cheap that no nation with good land and a favorable climate need suffer for lack of bread.

Now the United States is the greatest wheat-raising country in the world. On the western prairies of North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska wheat is king. To reap those oceans of golden grain, the reaper had to grow larger and larger. Nor was its work complete with the mere reaping and binding. In its largest form the reaper cuts the grain, threshes it, puts the wheat into bags at the rate of two a minute, and leaves the bags in neat rows along its path. Instead of two horses, six, ten, sixteen, twenty are needed to pull the great Western machines. The

most gigantic reaping-machines require thirty-two horses to haul them along. Sometimes a gasoline tractor does the work of all these horses. Cyrus McCormick himself would be amazed at the development of his ideas.

At last, when seventy-five years had passed over his head, McCormick's life came to an end. As he lay dying, his eyes opened, and he murmured his last words, "Work, work!" His work, indeed, had been a blessing to mankind. He had seen his country grow from a feeble nation to a strong one, and he knew that he had helped to make it strong. The reaper had done much to settle the West, to make its farmers rich, and to feed the crowded cities of our land. To multiply the farmer's strength by ten was the wonder achievement of Cyrus McCormick. Through this achievement America stands as a storehouse of plenty for the world.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Draw a sickle, a scythe, a "cradle," a flail. Do farmers use these today? If farmers were forced to use such tools to harvest their crops at present, what would be the result?
2. Was Robert McCormick a father to be proud of? Explain your answer.
3. What other inventors have had to wait a long time for success?
4. Why should McCormick's Western factory be on the water?
5. What was the earlier name of the settlement of Chicago?
6. What factories do you know that employ more men than McCormick did in 1860?

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE

THE MAN WHO SENT WORDS BY WIRE

"Nothing but the consciousness that I have an invention which is to contribute to the happiness of millions would have sustained me through so many trials of patience in perfecting it."—*Letter to a friend in Congress.*

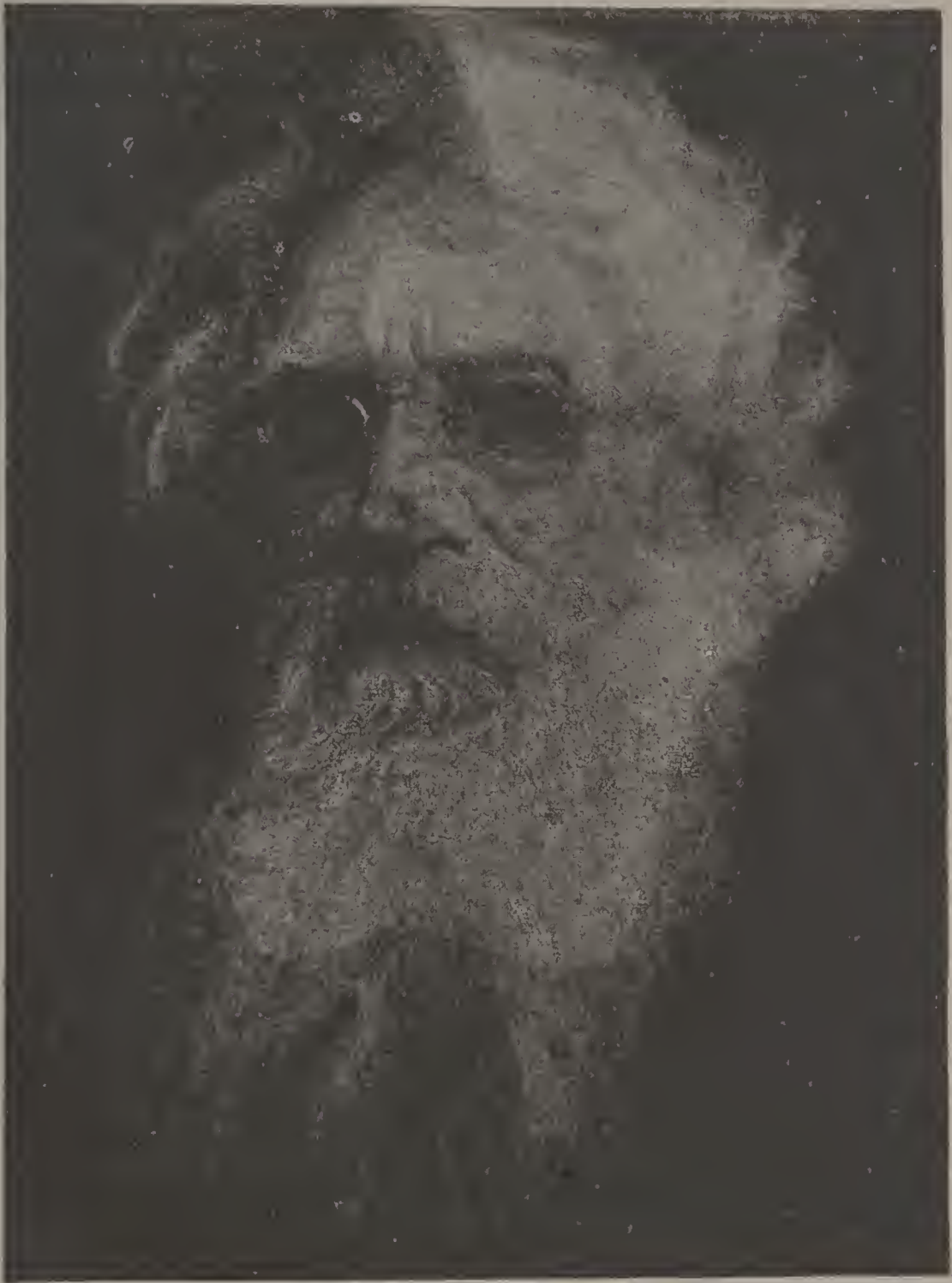
I. ARTIST AND INVENTOR

IN the days when Washington was President, old Madam Rand of Charlestown, opposite Boston, kept a little school. "What are you drawing on your slate, Samuel Morse?" said she one morning to a blue-eyed youngster four years of age. Samuel got a good rap from her rattan, for his drawing was a funny picture of the old lady.

Years later, Samuel's father, a minister who was far from rich, managed to send his son to Yale College; then the sixteen-year-old boy found this gift for drawing a valuable accomplishment. To pay part of his expenses he painted miniatures for five dollars apiece and drew profiles for a dollar.¹ Samuel longed to be a true artist. Just before his graduation he painted "The Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth" so well that Mr. Morse consented to Samuel's desire to study art.

A Lesson From a Master Painter.—Samuel now began to study painting with Washington Allston, one of the leading artists of the time. In the spring after Samuel graduated from college, Mr. Allston sailed for England and took his pupil with him. In England Morse met Benjamin West, the most famous American artist of that day, and Samuel gained much from this fine old artist's good advice.

¹ Miniatures were little portraits which could be worn in lockets. They were usually painted upon ivory. Profiles were side-face portraits.



SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE

From a painting by himself, using a mirror. This portrait is exhibited at the museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences

One day Morse showed to West a drawing which he had just made. "Very well, sir," said West. "Go on and finish it." "It is finished," answered the young man. "Oh, no," replied West. "Look here, and here, and here." Morse saw

his faults and spent a week in going over the drawing. Then he brought it once more to West.

"Very good," remarked West again, "but go back and finish it." "Isn't it finished yet?" asked Morse, disappointed. "Not yet," said the famous artist. "Here are several places which need attention." In three or four days Morse again brought back the drawing. "Very clever," granted West, "but go back and finish it." "I cannot finish it any more," cried Morse in despair. "Well," West answered, "I have tried you long enough. You have learned more by this one drawing than by half a dozen careless attempts. Truly finish one picture, and you will be a good painter."

Married but Homeless.—Morse took West's lesson to heart and worked accordingly. Soon one of his pictures was declared to be among the best of those produced that year in England. After four years of careful study, Morse thought he was qualified to be an artist in his native land. He sailed back to Boston and opened a studio, but the Americans were not used to buying paintings of any kind except portraits.

As there were already several good portrait-painters in Boston, Morse had few orders, so he took his canvas and brushes and set off on a tour through the towns of New England. He found many customers for portraits and felt much encouraged. In New Hampshire, at an evening company, the tall, pleasant young artist, then twenty-five, met a charming girl of sixteen years, Lucretia Walker, and on the part of both it was love at first sight.

The life of Morse as an artist was full of ups and downs. Sometimes he prospered; sometimes he could find no sale for his pictures. Finally Morse decided that New York City was the place for him to live. The Erie Canal was nearly finished (1823), and Morse believed that it would make New York the greatest and richest city of our

land. Of the wealth which Morse thought would come pouring into the city he hoped to get a share.

A Sad Loss. Back to Europe.—To New York Morse therefore hastened. He secured good board at \$2.25 a week, and found a fine studio on Broadway; but he waited a long time for the expected dollars. At last the city of New York sent him to Washington to paint the picture of Lafayette, who was then making his third visit to the United States. While Morse was working on the portrait, he received sad news. His wife, so dear to him, had suddenly died.

This was a staggering blow. For five years Lucretia had cheered him when the future seemed dark and had rejoiced at each of his successes. Now he was forlorn and lonely indeed.

Morse again fell to work. Strangely enough, he now secured as many orders as he could fill; but soon he felt that his painting was not improving, and that he ought to travel once more to Europe and study the wonderful pictures of some of the old masters. Accordingly, in 1829, at the age of thirty-eight, Morse sailed from New York in the packet *Napoleon*, and landed at Liverpool after a voyage of nearly four weeks.

The Birth of a Great Idea.—Three years spent in the art-galleries and studios of Italy gave Morse the additional taste and skill which he wanted. He set out on his return to America. One day the passengers at the cabin table of the ship began talking of electricity. Many things had been discovered about that strange force since Franklin's day, but its great power had not yet been used.

"How long," asked one gentleman, "does it take for electricity to pass along a wire?" "It passes so quickly that we cannot measure the short space of time," answered another. At that instant a wonderful thought took

possession of Morse. "I see no reason, then," said he, "why we should not send, in the twinkling of an eye, electric messages."

Though this was to Morse an entirely new idea, it was not new in the world. Inventors in England, France, Germany and America already had been trying experiments along this line; but Morse, fortunately, knew nothing of such trials. As, at the end of a month's voyage, his ship neared land, he said to her commander, "Well, Captain, if you hear some day of the electric telegraph as the wonder of the world, remember that the thought was born on your good ship."

But inventions took money. Morse had spent all his cash, and found it hard even to make a living. In the three years of his absence from America other artists had taken his place. Though Morse had many friends, customers were few. Some young men came to take lessons in art, but even with painting and teaching combined Morse's income was pitifully small. At one time his meals consisted principally of tea and crackers.

II. THE STAR OF VICTORY

Help Comes.—If Morse had been willing to beg help from his friends, he need not have suffered hunger; but he was too proud to ask assistance or run into debt, and he was not yet ready to borrow money as a business venture. At last help came without his request. He was appointed a professor of art in the New York City University which had just been built. To the University Morse now moved from his bare room, and there during his spare time he worked on his invention.

One of the students at the University was Alfred Vail, son of Judge Vail who owned the Speedwell Iron Works at Morristown, New Jersey. Young Vail was a good mechanic.

He learned of Professor Morse's invention, came to see it, and saw that if successful the telegraph would be a wonderful thing. To help Morse succeed became Vail's ambition. "I will sink or swim with Morse's telegraph," said he. Soon he persuaded his rich father to advance two thousand dollars with which to build a good machine and to pay for patents on it. In return Morse gave Alfred Vail a quarter interest in the invention.

The Partners Convince the Judge.—By pressing a key, so making or breaking an electric current, Morse's machine caused dots and dashes to be marked upon a paper tape miles away. The rough idea of the telegraph was clearly shown in Morse's cheaply made piece of apparatus, but Vail was able to improve the apparatus in many ways. The model made by Morse, for instance, marked the dots and dashes in a zigzag manner; Vail easily made them form a straight line.

The partners set up their chief workshop in Judge Vail's iron-works at Morristown, and all through the fall of 1837 they labored there. It was a trying time. Often their experiments failed, and often they felt discouraged; but they never gave up. The Judge, however, who saw his two thousand dollars rapidly being spent, began to doubt that his son and the professor would ever succeed.

One January morning in 1838 the Judge received an invitation, "Come and see the telegraph work." He hastened from his home to the workshop. Morse explained the apparatus, then went off to a distant room where he was to receive the telegraphic message through three miles of wire which he had tacked up around the Speedwell plant. As soon as Morse had disappeared, the shrewd old Judge took from his pocket a slip of paper on which he had written, "A patient waiter is no loser." "If you can send this and Mr. Morse can read it at the other end, I shall be convinced," said he.

Alfred Vail sat down at the key. Slowly he ticked off the message, which took about a minute. Soon Morse hurried in with an exact copy of it. The Judge was carried away with delight, and wanted to go at once to Washington in order to persuade Congress to put up a government telegraph line.

The Heart-Sick Inventor.—In a few weeks more, the partners did take the invention to Washington. A room in the Capitol building was set aside for the use of Morse; he strung ten miles of wire back and forth and flashed through this his electric words. President Van Buren with his highest officers visited the room and saw the telegraph at work; there were many other distinguished visitors; but Congress refused to set aside any money to build a telegraph line.

One of the leading Congressmen, however, saw the value of Morse's idea. He persuaded Morse to go abroad and get some foreign nation to take it up. The inventor took the steamship, which had now replaced the sailing-vessel as a means of travel to Europe, went to England and France, stayed a year, but accomplished nothing. The story was ever the same—great praise from men of knowledge, but no help from the government. Without such help the telegraph could not yet be built to various parts of the country. People were not yet sufficiently interested to subscribe to a private company the large amount of money needed.

“I return without a farthing in my pocket, and have to borrow even for my meals,” wrote Morse. Vail and other men who had helped push the telegraph had lost money in business and could not furnish any more at that time. Morse went back to painting in order to support himself, and also took some of the first photographs ever made in this country. By denying himself all pleasure, and even by cutting down

his food, he tried to save money to give Congress another exhibition of the telegraph. "I am crushed for want of means," said he.

A Great Disappointment.—From his brother, Morse borrowed money enough to pay his expenses for a trip to Washington, and again he asked Congress to try his invention. Ten years had passed since on board ship he had first seriously thought of the telegraph, but he was still begging for help. Day after day and week after week went by, yet Congress had not even discussed the question. Finally the Representatives took it up and by a very close vote (89 to 83) decided that thirty thousand dollars should be spent in testing Morse's telegraph. Then it was necessary for the Senators to vote upon the proposition. Only a week of the term of Congress was left. If other business prevented the discussion of the invention, nothing would be done for at least another year. Morse was at the end of his money, and felt almost completely discouraged.

For six days of the last week of Congress Morse sat in the gallery of the Senate Chamber, listening impatiently to speeches about everything but the telegraph. Every night he returned to his room with sad heart, for another precious day had passed in vain. The last day arrived. Congress was to sit until midnight. Until evening Morse stayed at the Capitol, waiting, waiting. "Nothing will be done about your telegraph," then said his friends. In deep disappointment Morse left the building and went to his boarding house. Though his hopes were crushed to the ground, he said a prayer, and with trust in God for the future, slept as quietly as a child.

The Dawn of a Brighter Day.—In the morning, prepared to leave Washington that day, he came down to breakfast. A servant approached his chair, saying, "A young lady is in the parlor and wishes to see you." It was Annie Ellsworth,

daughter of a good friend to Morse; her face wore a smile as the inventor came into the room. "You are an early caller, Annie," observed Morse. "Yes, I have come to congratulate you," answered the girl.

"Indeed, on what?"

"On the passing of your bill by Congress."

"Oh, no, you are mistaken; I was in the Senate chamber till after the lamps were lighted, and my friends assured me there was no chance for me."

"But it is you who are mistaken," replied Annie Ellsworth. "Father was there at midnight and saw the President put his name to your bill. Am I the first to tell you?"

For a while Morse could not speak. At length he answered, "Yes, Annie, you are the first. Now I am going to make you a promise. The first message from Washington to Baltimore shall be yours."

"Well," said Miss Ellsworth, "I shall hold you to your promise."

Annie Ellsworth's Message.—Upon hearing of the passage of the telegraph bill by Congress, Alfred Vail came from Philadelphia to Washington to help his partner. At first Morse and Vail put their telegraph wires underground, but this did not work well, so poles were soon set up to carry the line. More than a year went by before the wires reached Baltimore; but at last, on a May day in 1844, Morse and some of his friends assembled at the Capitol to see the telegraph carry out the conditions which Congress had fixed.

Annie Ellsworth was the queen of the hour, for Morse had not forgotten his promise. After consulting with her mother, Annie had chosen, as the message she wished to send, a text from the Bible, "What hath God wrought?"

Morse's fingers made the proper dots and dashes. In Baltimore, forty miles away, Vail at the other end of the line received the message and flashed it back again to Morse. The dream of the artist, which once seemed so wild, was now realized by the inventor. Though Morse, now fifty-three years old, had grown gray with care, this was his day of triumph.

Yet the great steadfast inventor, as his friends crowded around to congratulate him, took little of the praise to himself. "That sentence of Annie Ellsworth's," he wrote to his brother, "is in my thoughts day and night, 'What hath God wrought?' It is His work, and He alone could have carried me thus far through all my trials."

An Honored Old Age.—Fame and some fortune now came to this steadfast man. The name of Morse was carried over all the civilized world. Morse would have liked the United States Government to take the patent for the telegraph and control all the telegraph lines in the country, but Congress decided against this. Soon, therefore, a private telegraph company was formed in Maryland and was called "The Magnetic Telegraph Company." Many other companies followed, and with the money that presently came to Morse from his shares in the companies, he bought a beautiful home, Locust Grove, two miles south of Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson. Here he gathered about him his three children, now grown up, and enjoyed a real home for the first time in many years.

Telegraph lines were soon put up not only over the eastern part of the United States, but also in Europe. Morse gained little money but much honor from the European countries, who so freely used his invention. At home he received a glory seldom given; a statue of him was set up in New York City, while he was yet living, and the governor of New York made a speech in his honor. "Thanks to Samuel

F. B. Morse," said the governor, "men speak to one another now, though separated by the width of the earth, with the lightning's speed, and as though standing face to face."

Today the whole world is bound together by telegraph lines, for the cables carry the copper wires even under the seas. From across the ocean we receive almost immediately the news of events as they take place. Men understand each other better because of Morse's invention, and have greater power to act together and act quickly for all good purposes. The swift messages of Morse's telegraph have made the world more civilized.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. What did the word "telegraph" mean as it was first used?
2. What kinds of telegraph besides the electric telegraph have been employed?
3. What had Morse invented before the electric telegraph?
4. How do expert operators today read the telegraph messages?
5. Was it fortunate or unfortunate that Morse was ignorant of the fact that other inventors had unsuccessfully tried to telegraph by electricity?
6. Morse had a dictionary plan for sending words. Find out what the plan was, and how it succeeded.
7. Are there any great means of sending news which our Government has taken under its direction?

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

THE MAN WHO SENT THE HUMAN VOICE BY WIRE

“By the wondrous agency of electricity, speech flashes through space and swift as lightning bears tidings of good and evil.”—*Inscription in the Boston Public Library.*

THE SPEAKING TOY

The Talking Skull.—“Come see what a wonderful thing Alexander Bell has made,” said one thirteen-year-old boy in Scotland to another; “you have never seen anything to equal it, I’ll warrant.” The two lads rushed off to Alexander’s home. Sure enough, there he had a grinning skull, not of white bone, however, but of black India-rubber, for he had shaped it himself.

The real surprise lay inside the skull. Hidden within it were pipes like those of an organ, only much smaller. Alexander did not allow his friends to guess what he was about to do. He blew with a hand-bellows through these in turn, and thus made sounds which combined into words. The eyes of the boys nearly popped out of their heads with surprise.

Active Alexander.—Alexander Graham Bell, this boy who, about the time of our Civil War, made the talking skull, came from a family of people who studied talking. His



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

grandfather invented a way to cure stammering; his father was a famous elocutionist and wrote several books on the art of correct speaking; so it was natural that young Alexander should try to make something that was not alive talk as though it were living.

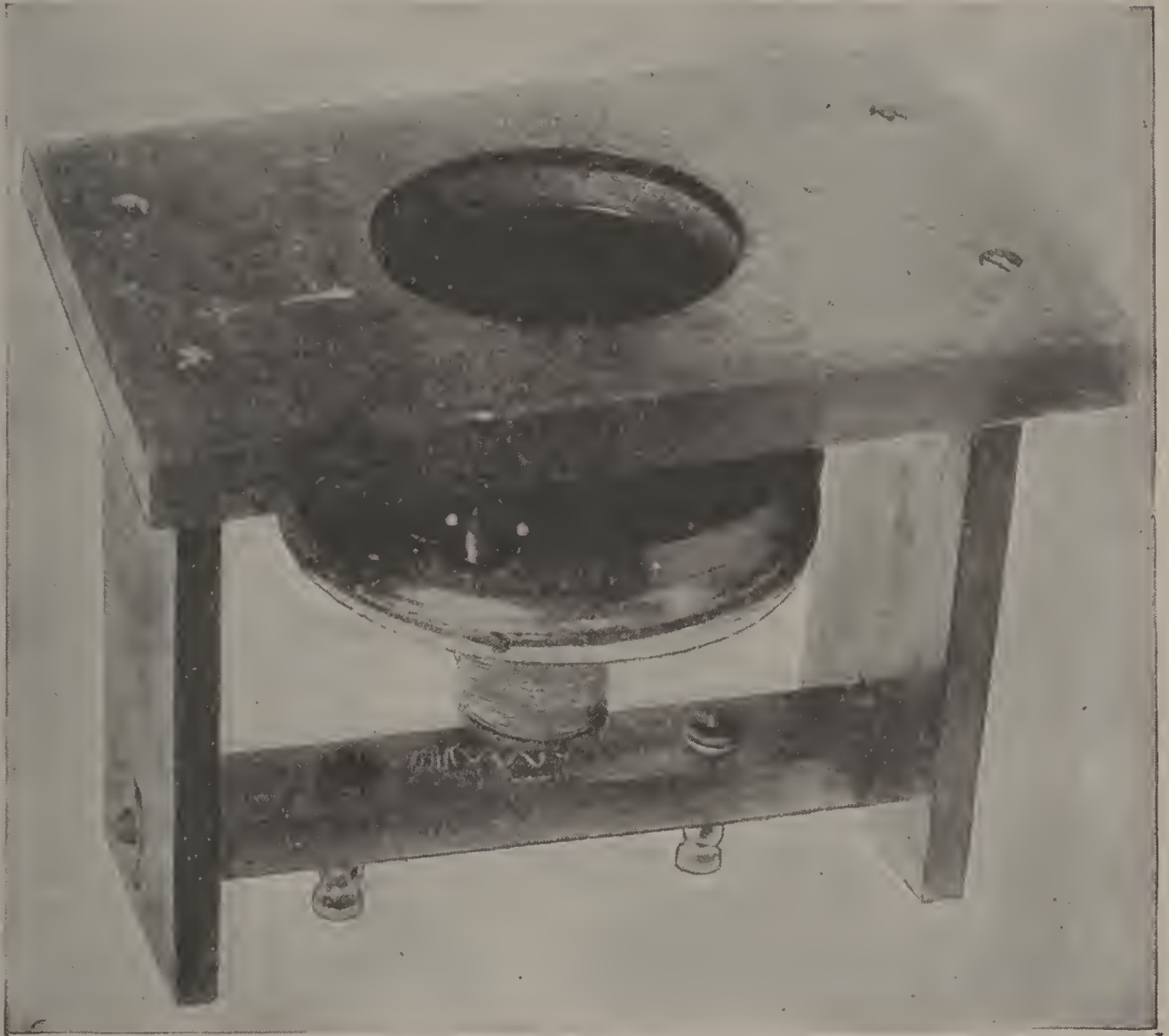
People said, "Alexander Bell will make either something great or nothing much out of himself." There was no dull middle course in Alexander's nature. Whenever he took up a new thing he was all on fire with interest. Life seemed a great game to the young fellow. Something novel to do, and to enjoy while doing it, constantly occurred to his mind. Just to look at Alexander, tall and slender, with a pale face out of which shone his bright black eyes, you would have known what an eager, headlong lad he was. What an active brain worked under that bush of curling black hair!

A New Home. Bell, the American.—While Bell was teaching, he continued to experiment on sounds. He found out that a current of electricity sent over a wire would make a tuning-fork sing at the far end of the wire. Bell knew a great deal about Morse's telegraph, which by this time had grown familiar to most people. "Perhaps I can make a better telegraph than Morse did," thought Bell. He dreamed of a telegraph which should have a piano keyboard and which could send several messages at once over a single wire.

But in the midst of his work and his dreaming, Alexander, then twenty-three, fell sick. When the doctor came he shook his head. "You must seek another climate," said he, gravely.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Bell heard the doctor's warning, they said, "Alexander, we will go away with you." The three took a steamer from Glasgow and went to a little town in Canada. In that cool, dry, bracing air Alexander's health improved rapidly. He could not bear to be idle, so he employed his time in teaching a class of deaf and dumb

children how to speak. Alexander proved to be such a kind and clever teacher that these unfortunate children learned wonderfully well under his care. Every one who saw them was amazed at their progress.



FIRST MORSE TELEPHONE TRANSMITTER

After a year of happy, healthy, busy life in Canada, the doctors pronounced Alexander entirely cured. Professor Bell was then making his living by lecturing in various cities. In Boston, he spoke of his son's wonderful success in teaching deaf and dumb children. A school for such children had just been opened in Boston by the Board of Education. "If your son will come to Boston and show us how he teaches, we

will give him five hundred dollars," said the men of the Board.

Alexander agreed to go to Boston. It was his first trip into the United States, and he thought that he would soon return to Canada or Scotland; but fate decided otherwise. His work pleased the Boston people. One day Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, came to the city. Brazil was a new and backward country, but its emperor was a very intelligent man. In order to learn of good things which he might introduce into his own land, he spent much time in traveling about the United States and Europe. The Boston Board of Education could find nothing to show Dom Pedro that was so interesting as Bell's class. The Emperor spent a long while observing Bell as he taught in Boston University and was greatly pleased with the young man's skill. It was not the last time that the emperor and the teacher were to meet.

The Cellar Workshop.—Beside teaching at Boston University, Bell opened a successful and profitable school of his own, to train persons to speak well. For two years he was so busy with teaching that he had laid inventing aside. Strangely enough, it was through one of his deaf and dumb pupils that Bell again took up his work on the "new telegraph."

Mr. Sanders, a citizen of Salem, near Boston, asked Bell to give private lessons to his little five-year-old boy George. To make it easier for Bell to teach George, Mr. Sanders said, "Mr. Bell, won't you make your home with us for a while?" "A while" turned out to be three years. Mr. Sanders became very fond of Bell. He liked to hear about the young man's experiments, and from talking about them, Bell fell into the humor of taking them up again. "You may use my cellar for your work," said Mr. Sanders; and Bell at once began to fill the cellar with wire, tuning-forks, magnets and batteries.

In the cellar Bell worked alone nearly every night, trying to make sound come over wires. Whenever he thought he had improved his apparatus, he would rush to get Mr. Sanders. In the middle of the night the poor man would often have to leave his warm bed and travel down to the cellar. Then Bell would run to the barn, his black eyes snapping with excitement, and begin to send signals over his wires to Mr. Sanders. If he saw any change for the better, he would jump about and whirl around in a wild war-dance.

Bell and the Two Fathers.—Another one of Bell's pupils had a great influence upon his life. The pupil was a girl of fifteen years, Mabel Hubbard, who had been made deaf when a baby through an attack of scarlet fever. Mabel was a sweet, lovable girl, and the young teacher lost his heart to her. In return, Mabel gave her love to the man who had brought her out of silence by showing her how to talk with other people.

Mabel Hubbard's father, a well-known and prosperous lawyer of Boston, saw that his daughter and Bell cared for each other, and he became interested in Bell's success. The more he heard Bell talk, the more Mr. Hubbard believed in him. "If your musical telegraph is successful," said Hubbard to Bell, "it will make you a millionaire."

As Bell had given up most of his teaching in order to devote the time to his invention, Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Sanders joined in paying the expenses of the experiments. To the disgust of at least one of the men, Bell struck off on a new track. "I now want to make my wires carry, not musical notes, but the human voice itself," thought he. "If I can make a deaf and dumb child talk," he said, "I can make iron talk." But how?

A Dead Man's Ear.—For months Bell pondered over the great question. "Forget that nonsense," angrily advised Mr. Hubbard. "Throw it out of your mind and go ahead

with the musical telegraph.” That was easy to say, but the pale earnest young inventor could not forget it. “How can the voice be carried?” was ever in his mind.

Bell took his problem to a friend, Doctor Blake. “Why don’t you try the experiment with a real ear?” said his friend. The doctor cut from the head of a corpse an ear with its tiny ear-bones. Bell arranged it so that one end of a straw touched the drum-head of the ear and the other end rested against a piece of smoked glass. Then the inventor shouted into the ear. The drum-head shook, the straw trembled with it and made marks upon the glass.

“Is he crazy,” people might have questioned, “this young man who is so busy with talking into a dead man’s ear?” No, Bell was far from crazy. He noticed how thin and delicate was the drum-head, and yet how well it made the waves of sound move along the straw. “If I put a thin iron plate in place of the human drum-head,” thought he, “then it could send sound-waves along an iron wire. This could make another iron plate shake or vibrate at the far end of the wire. The same sound-wave that goes into one end of the wire will come out at the other.” Bell was on the right track at last.

II. THE WONDER OF AMERICA

Discouragement and Encouragement.—Just as fortune seemed to smile upon Alexander Bell, a shadow fell across his path. Mr. Sanders and Mr. Hubbard threatened that they would pay out no more of their good money for Bell’s experiments on speaking by wire. If he would keep on trying to improve Morse’s telegraph, these two backers were willing to furnish further additional cash, otherwise—no contributions.

Poor Bell felt discouraged. “It seems to me that I am on the point of making a great invention,” thought he.

“Must I give it up for lack of a little money?” Yet the inventor had no money of his own. “Can I bear to give up my telephone experiments?” said Bell to himself. “But can I afford to keep on?”

While hope along this line seemed dead, Bell was called to Washington. He had to borrow from Mr. Sanders the price of his ticket, and he stayed at the home of a Washington friend to save a hotel-bill. There lived in the national capital Professor Joseph Henry. This deep thinker knew more about electricity than any other man in the United States, and he had worked on Morse’s telegraph before Bell was born. “I will consult Professor Henry about my telephone,”¹ said the young man.

The two men, one old and one young, put their heads together over Bell’s instrument. At last the professor made his statement. “You have the beginning of a wonderful thing,” announced Henry. “Keep at it until you have made it complete.” From his conversation with Professor Henry, Bell departed greatly encouraged. He returned to Massachusetts ready to work with fresh spirit.

A Clock-Spring Twangs.—Bell’s two backers, however, made him promise to go ahead in the line which they desired; so, putting aside for the time his telephone idea, he labored to make the “harmonic telegraph” a success. Young Thomas Watson became deeply interested in Bell’s schemes, and was quite willing to stay in the evenings to help Bell test the instruments.

But the “harmonic telegraph” did not work well. All through the winter and the spring Bell and Watson struggled along until it became a perfect nightmare. June came. One hot afternoon the two friends, almost disheartened, were busy. Their telegraph wire connected two rooms some distance apart. In one room Bell was tuning up his receiv-

¹ Telephone is Bell’s own name for his invention.

ing instruments, while in the other Watson tinkered with pieces of clock-spring at the sending end of the wire.



MR. BELL OPENING THE NEW YORK—CHICAGO LINE, OCTOBER, 1892

The springs in Watson's room were set vibrating by magnets. One of these springs, by a freak of the apparatus, failed to vibrate. Watson twanged it to set it vibrating

again. It did not start; again he twanged the spring. The next moment there was a shout from Bell, and into the room he rushed. "What did you do then, Watson?" he demanded. "Don't change anything. Let me see!"

The Baby Telephone Speaks.—What had happened? The explanation was easy. The sticking of the apparatus had allowed a continuous current of electricity to flow over the wire to Bell's instrument. Just at the right time Bell had happened to put his ear at his instrument and the current had faintly brought to him the twang of the far-off spring.² Instantly the keen mind of Bell recognized that speech would carry over the wire in a similar way. Accidentally he had found a simple method to do the work for which he had expected to need a very elaborate set of instruments.

Excited and happy, Bell gave Watson directions for making a real telephone which they could test the next evening. It was finished in time, and Watson on the third floor of the building and Bell in the garret two flights above tried to talk to each other. Shout as he would Watson's voice failed to carry to the garret, but Bell's strong, clear voice came to Watson's ear, though the words were not understood. Almost wild with delight, Watson rushed up the steep stairways to bring the news that the telephone worked.

After that the perfecting of the telephone was only a matter of time. Soon the two experimenters were able to distinguish occasional words; but it was March, 1876, nine months after the first discovery, before the baby telephone uttered its first entire sentence. Then, with Bell's voice, it said: "Mr. Watson, please come here. I want you." Though not so noble a first message as that which had been sent thirty

² The receiving instrument at which Bell was working was intended only to make various springs vibrate whenever corresponding springs, tuned in harmony at the sending end of the wire, were pressed to make dots and dashes.

years before over Morse's telegraph line, these words were just as important to the world.

An Unexpected Trip to the Centennial.—Two months after the telephone had found its voice, the great Centennial Exposition opened in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. One hundred years had passed since the United States had declared in 1776 that it was a free and independent nation.



AN EARLY TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

The Centennial Exposition celebrated that hundred years of our national life. All the most wonderful productions of the country were gathered into the immense Exposition buildings.

Mr. Hubbard happened to be one of the Exposition managers. He secured for Bell a chance to show his telephone, which had now been patented. The only spot Bell could secure was a little table in a retired room, and on this the telephone instrument was placed.

Bell, however, did not plan to go to the Centennial, for

he was too poor. "The telephone will have to speak for itself," he thought. But one afternoon he went to the train with his sweetheart Mabel, who was starting off for Philadelphia. Mabel thought that Alexander would surely go with her, and when she found he intended to stay at home, she was bitterly disappointed. As the train began to move, tears rolled down Mabel's cheeks. Bell, who stood on the platform watching his sweetheart, could not endure the sight. He dashed after the train, sprang aboard, without money or baggage, and went merrily off to Philadelphia, trusting as usual to borrow the needed funds.

The Friend of the Emperor.—As it turned out, this headlong decision to go to the Centennial was the luckiest act of Bell's life. The day after he arrived in Philadelphia, the judges were to make their trip of inspection in order to give medals for the best articles shown. Bell's telephone had been standing on its little table for six weeks, and no one had taken special notice of it; but now that Bell himself was present, he hoped that the judges would see its value.

That June day Bell sat down at his telephone table, waiting for the judges to arrive. He waited a long time. The judges were busy examining the first electric light and the first reaper and binder and many another marvelous thing. Not until seven o'clock in the evening did they reach the spot where sat Bell.

The judges were hot and tired and hungry. They glanced at young Bell and his machine, and saw nothing wonderful about either of them. Bell explained the telephone, but the tired judges scarcely listened. Some of them laughed. "Another crazy idea," said they. Bell's heart sank down, down, down.

Then the strange thing happened. A tall, fine-looking, bearded man, with a group of men and women about him, entered the room. The judges looked at him respectfully,

for he was Dom Pedro. But just then the Emperor had no time to waste on the judges. Straight up to Alexander Bell he went, with both hands outstretched. "Professor Bell," he exclaimed, "I am delighted to see you again!" The surprise of the judges knew no bounds. How was it possible that this unknown young man could be the friend of an emperor? They soon found that Dom Pedro had never forgotten the fine teaching which Bell had shown him.

The Star of the Centennial.—Now every one became interested in the invention of the emperor's friend. Dom Pedro was the first to pick up the receiver of the telephone, but he was not sure what would happen. Bell went to the other end of the vast room and took up the transmitter. In a moment the Emperor raised his head in surprise. "My God," cried he, "it talks!"

Old Professor Henry had been in the emperor's party, and came next. The bystanders wondered at the look which came into his face as he heard a voice speak from the iron plate. Then a noted Englishman, the engineer of the first Atlantic cable, stepped up. "This is the most wonderful thing I have seen in America," he declared.

For more than two hours the judges, forgetting their weariness and hunger, played with the telephone. They could not get enough of the talking wire. Next day they brought the telephone out of its corner and took it to the judges' hall, where it would be seen by every distinguished visitor. All the rest of the summer it was the wonder of the Centennial.

The Honor of the Telephone.—Although the telephone's reception at the Exposition proved so successful, people in general thought it was a fraud. Most of the men who were supposed to know about electricity said, "It can't be done." One fellow declared that there was a hole through the middle of the wire. But Bell went about the country lecturing and showing the wonders of the telephone. Hundreds of articles

about it were published in newspapers and magazines. Slowly the people of America realized that talking over a wire was possible, but they were slower yet to use that power.

Today, although the telephone is in use in many lands, there is no country that puts it to so much use as does the



MODERN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

United States. In America Bell's telephone has beaten Morse's telegraph and Franklin's postal service. Many more messages are sent every day by telephone than by telegraph and letter combined. After many attempts, men have succeeded in talking by telephone across our continent—three thousand miles from ocean to ocean. The space that the highest-speeded railroad trains take several days to cover is bridged by the telephone message in a second.

Could we carry on modern business without the telephone? We cannot imagine such a thing. The telephone has brought business men close together; but it has done more than that. It has brought the whole people of America close together. Our big country needed Bell's marvelous invention to save us from growing apart, to keep us friendly, and to preserve that which our makers of the Constitution desired—"a more perfect Union."

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Show how Bell's teaching ability brought his success.
2. Draw a diagram of the hearing part of the ear.
3. What important expositions have been held in the United States since the Centennial? What did each celebrate?
4. Describe the telephone and its workings to a person who has never seen a telephone.
5. Imagine that all the telephones in your community were destroyed some night. Describe the trouble that would result next day.
6. What special forms of language must be used over the telephone in business and social life? Why is such a "telephone code" necessary?

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

THE WIZARD OF ELECTRICITY

I. THE ROLLING STONE

Little Thomas and the Eggs.—A few years after Morse's telegraph had come into use, Thomas Edison, a delicate-looking little fellow, lived in a small town of



TWO DYNAMOS

northern Ohio. The neighbors said, "Thomas is a queer child. He has such a large head; he does not care to play with other boys; and he asks so many questions." That large head, however, held an active brain. It was because he wanted to learn that the boy tormented other people with his queries.

To try experiments was Thomas's delight. One day when he was about five years old, he noticed a big white goose sitting on a nestful of eggs in the barn. A week or so later she led around the yard a flock of tiny yellow goslings. "Where did those little geese come from, mother?" asked Thomas. "The goose hatched them from the eggs by the warmth of her body," answered Mrs. Edison.

Thomas said nothing more; but in a short time his mother found him sitting in a nest of hay. The nest was filled with goose-eggs and hen's eggs, which Thomas was trying his best to hatch. Could a boy hatch anything but trouble in that way? Of course, the mother and father laughed themselves nearly sick. They did not foresee that Thomas Edison would succeed in life through trying strange experiments.

Experiments in Chemistry. Michael Fails to Fly.—Thomas had no difficulty in learning to read. Few story-books were at hand, so he read the books of grown-up people. For each book Thomas finished, his father gave him a small sum of money. One of the volumes that came into his way, when he had reached the age of eleven, was a school-book on chemistry. This interested him very much. He went about the town with a basket, picked up all the bottles to be found, filled them with every chemical which he could afford to buy, and put them on shelves in the cellar of his home. There he tried hundreds of experiments.

One of the experiments proved distressing. Michael, a poor German boy, did odd jobs about the Edison house and garden, and Thomas often called on Michael to help in his chemical work. One day he bought from the drugstore some Seidlitz powders, which were often sold as a dyspepsia medicine. There were two kinds of these powders; when mixed together, they foamed up. "Instead of mixing these just before you drink them, Michael," said Thomas, "take

several of each kind separately, then drink a lot of water. They will make gas, and perhaps you will be so light that you can fly." Poor Michael obeyed. The powders did make plenty of gas in his stomach; but instead of flying, all he could do was to roll about in pain. The reward Thomas



EDISON AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN

received for that experiment was a good switching by his mother.

The Room in the Baggage-Car.—Buying chemicals took all of Thomas's pocket-money. He had also read all the books which he could find. "If you will let me be a train-boy on the railroad between Port Huron and Detroit," said he to his parents, "I can earn money for my experiments and I can get the new papers and magazines to read. Beside, I can spend my spare time in Detroit at the public library." Mrs. Edison at first felt very unwilling for her twelve-year-old boy to go into that business, which would take him away from home for so much of the time. At last, however, she

gave her consent, and Thomas, or "Al," as he was often called, began to sell newspapers, fruit, and candy on the train.

In a little room at one end of the baggage-car Edison kept his stock of candies and newspapers. To this space he moved most of his jars, bottles and electric batteries. Glad enough, no doubt, was Mrs. Edison to see them cleared out of her cellar. In the intervals between "Al's" trips through the cars he often went ahead with his experiments. George Pullman, who lived in Detroit, and who was working on the invention of a sleeping-car, pleased "Al" very much by making him some wooden racks to hold the glass bottles and tubes.

The tiny room on the train, was not only a chemical laboratory, but it also grew into a newspaper office. In Detroit Edison managed to buy a little printing-press, and as the cars rattled along he printed the "Weekly Herald." It was a clever paper for a boy just fifteen to compose and publish. The telegraph operators along the line were quite proud of it, for it was the first newspaper in the world to be printed on a moving train. They often gave their friend "Al" important news for his *Herald* which they had heard by wire, but which the Detroit journals had not yet printed.

A Setback to Chemistry.—With his goods, his chemicals, and his newspaper, Edison was a busy and happy boy, but a stroke of ill-fortune came his way. As the train rushed over the rails one day it gave a violent lurch. A stick of phosphorus fell off the shelf in Thomas's little room and it set the floor on fire. Scared though he was, Thomas bravely tried to beat out the flames, but with little success.

The conductor smelled the smoke and appeared on the scene. By the combined efforts of the two the car was saved from destruction, but the conductor, who had been slightly burned, was an angry man. At the next station, Edison, with ears soundly boxed, was thrown out on the

platform. His precious chemical apparatus and his printing-press were flung after him, and as the train steamed away he was left discouraged and in tears among his broken belongings. That was not the end of his misfortune, for the cuffing of his ears by the conductor rendered him almost deaf for the rest of his days.

The Boys' Telegraph. A Rescue and a Reward.— Though he did not lose his position as train-boy, Edison made no more chemical experiments on board the cars. Instead, he, with his chum, John Ward, determined to set up a telegraph line. It would be great fun, they thought, to talk from one boy's home to the other's. They installed their batteries and used ordinary iron wire to carry the electric current. The wire was "insulated"¹ with glass bottles set on nails driven into trees and posts. In good weather messages flashed perfectly along the line, but when rain came the telegraph went out of business. The boys soon became expert in receiving and sending messages in the Morse code.

One summer day during the Civil War, the young news-dealer was standing on the platform of a railroad station. A train was shifting freight cars. One car had been pushed out on the main track and was rolling rapidly along with no one on it. In its path sat the little son of the station agent, playing with the gravel ballast, never suspecting that the car was about to crush him.

Edison's cap flew one way and his papers another as he dashed to save the child. He reached the boy, snatched him up, and fell with him outside the track. As they fell, the car-wheel struck the heel of Edison's shoe. It was a close call.

To show his gratitude, the station agent offered to teach Edison the business of a railroad telegraph operator.

¹ Insulation prevents the electric current from escaping before it reaches the proper place.

Nothing could have better pleased the lad. With his own hands he made a neat set of telegraph instruments. Giving up most of his duties as train-boy, he practiced for every spare minute, and in a few months became a regular operator.

But Edison stayed in this position only a short time. An accident happened on the railroad. Edison was blamed for it, and he resigned. There was work everywhere for a skilled telegraph operator, so Edison left home and began to wander from one city to another as the humor took him. For five years he drifted about over numerous states. He knew almost every important city between the Appalachians and the Mississippi. But wherever Edison went, he never ceased to study, to experiment, to invent.

II. FORTUNE ARRIVES

A Failure in Boston.—At the age of twenty-one Edison's wanderings led him to Boston, where one of his friends had secured for him employment with the Western Union Telegraph Company. The other operators in the office laughed when they saw the boyish, awkward, poorly dressed newcomer from the West; but Edison soon showed them that he was their master in skill. In Boston he often visited the electrical workshop of Mr. Williams, where, seven years later, Alexander Graham Bell first heard the voice of the telephone. Edison, too, invented a machine which he thought would become famous, an improved telegraph.

To bring his invention into notice Edison took a great risk. He gave up his position in Boston and even borrowed nearly a thousand dollars from his friends. The machine did not succeed. Poor Edison found himself in debt and out of a job. For partial payment of his debts he sacrificed even his books and instruments, keeping only enough money to pay his steamboat fare to New York.

Edison Fixes a Machine.—With only a few cents in his pocket, Edison landed in the big city. He had not even enough to buy a good breakfast, but he knew one man in New York, and proceeded to hunt up his friend. When, after hours of search, the friend was found, he was also out of work. The help he gave Edison was to lend him just one dollar. However, a skilful operator like Edison did not need to be long without work. He applied at the Western Union office, but learned to his dismay that there would not be an opening for several days.

In the heart of the business part of New York was the office of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company, which sent out constantly to brokers the changing prices of gold.² A big machine telegraphed these prices over more than three hundred wires at once. In order to make his dollar go as far as possible, Edison persuaded the operator of this machine to let him sleep in the battery-room behind the main office.

During the days of his waiting for a position, Edison, having no special place to stay, spent much time in the main office of the company. He studied all the instruments, and especially the big machine which sent the messages. On the third day of Edison's enforced idleness, while he was sitting in the main office, the machine stopped short with a crash. In two minutes the room was filled with a howling mob of boys from the brokers. "Our wires are not working!" they yelled. "Fix them right away!"

The excited operator, forgetting everything he knew about the machine, stood helpless. Edison, however, kept his head and went to find the trouble. So thoroughly had he studied the instrument that he saw in an instant the cause of the stoppage. One of the many springs had broken off and fallen down between two wheels. Before Edison could

²The price of gold controls the prices of all other articles in most civilized countries.

tell the operator what was wrong, Dr. Laws, the head of the company, rushed in. "What's the trouble?" he demanded; but the operator was speechless.

Edison came forward. "I can tell you," said he. "Fix it, then! Fix it! Be quick!" shouted the doctor. Edison did so. In two hours everything was again working smoothly. The face of Dr. Laws beamed with pleasure. "Who are you, and where do you work?" he questioned Edison. Upon hearing Edison's answer he ordered, "Come to my office tomorrow."

On the morrow Edison promptly appeared. The doctor asked him many questions. Edison by his answers showed that he not only knew the workings of the company's instruments, but that he could improve on them. "Come again tomorrow," directed Dr. Laws. There was a surprise in store for the young fellow. As soon as Edison arrived on the next day, the doctor declared, "I am going to give you charge of the telegraph system here. Your salary will be three hundred dollars a month."

Edison nearly dropped to the floor. "If twenty hours of work a day will deserve that salary, I will give them," thought he. For about two years he worked day and night. Four or five hours of sleep seemed to give him plenty of rest. Many inventions, which he patented, came from his busy brain.

Fortune, Fame and Family.—After a time, Edison rented a four-story building in Newark and employed fifty men to manufacture the machines which he invented. Soon orders poured in until it was necessary to run day and night. Edison directed all the work; half an hour of sleep three or four times a day seemed all that he needed. The business men of the telegraph world put confidence in his ability to make machines and, better still, came to him whenever a new

electrical invention was desired. Before Edison was twenty-five he had become rich and well known.

Soon the two great telegraph companies of New York offered Edison a large sum just to give them the first chance to buy any of his new telegraphic improvements. From the time of this bargain Edison kept three hundred workmen busy in his Newark shop, and in three years he had cleared four hundred thousand dollars. Though so busy, Edison found time to fall in love with Mary Stillwell, one of his employees. The story is told that very late on the evening of the wedding day one of Edison's friends passed by his shop. Light showed that some one was working there. The friend entered the unlocked door, and found Edison bending over some instruments. "Look here, Tom," remarked the intruder, "what are you thinking about? It's past midnight. Aren't you going home?"

"What, as late as that?" said the inventor. "And this is my wedding day. Yes, I must go home."

The Master of Menlo Park.—In the spring of 1876, the year of the Centennial Exhibition, Edison decided to move his workshops to Menlo Park, New Jersey, a little railroad station about twenty miles from New York. The settlement had only seven or eight houses. The best one of these Edison bought for his home, for he had now two little children, a girl and a boy, whom he liked to call by the appropriate names of Dot and Dash.

Close to the station Edison put up a group of buildings. One was a big two-story laboratory, and another a splendidly fitted up machine-shop. The walls of the laboratory were lined with shelves on which were stored all kinds of chemical material. Long tables stood in this hall, filled with instruments of the greatest variety. An organ occupied the background, not for experiment, but for pleasure alone. The boy who worked with chemicals in his mother's cellar had never

dreamed that some day he would be able to own a laboratory like this and direct the experiments of a score of clever helpers.

In the laboratory Edison was more usually found by night than by day. Indeed, he cared little for the course of time. When work called him, he and his men rushed at it and got it done. Often, after working into the early morning hours, Edison lay down on one of the laboratory tables, with a couple of books for a pillow, and instantly fell into dreamless sleep. "A soft bed spoils a man," said he. His strength seemed to have no limit. Under his leadership a marvelous series of inventions came forth to astonish the world, and little Menlo Park grew to be a place sought by visitors from many lands.

III. MARVELOUS INVENTIONS

Edison and the Telephone.—The year when Edison established himself at Menlo Park was the year when Bell's telephone came into public notice. The present telephone receiver had been used by Bell as a combined receiver and transmitter. After speaking into the queer thing a man would hold the mouthpiece to his ear and hear the answering voice. The sound that Bell's telephone made was very faint, and could be heard well by most people only in a quiet spot.

The manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company wanted to rival Bell. He called Edison to his help. "I want to have a better telephone than Bell's," said he. Here was real warfare—a great genius against a great genius. In a few months Edison the wizard had produced an immense improvement, the transmitter into which we speak today.

"How much do you want for your invention?" asked the manager. "Twenty-five thousand dollars," thought Edison, but aloud he remarked, "Make me an offer," "One hundred thousand dollars," the manager briefly answered.

"All right," said Edison, "but pay it in this way—six thousand a year as long as the patent runs—then I can't spend it so fast."³ Money interested the inventor only as it gave him power to search into the secrets of nature and to push along civilization. This telephone on which Bell and Edison both labored has been one of the great inventions through which civilized people so easily and cheaply carry on the work which civilized life demands.

The Phonograph.—From Edison's work with the telephone he knew that a thin plate or disk would shake with sound waves. "If I can make a record of the movements of such a disk," thought Edison, "that record will reproduce the sound whenever I please." He set to work, and designed a cylinder with grooves like a very fine screw. This cylinder was to be covered with tinfoil. When a person spoke into the mouthpiece of the machine which Edison planned, a disk would vibrate and a point on its under side would make a record on the tinfoil.

The machine was finished. Edison himself had little faith that it would succeed; but with his own hands he put on the tinfoil. Then he shouted into the mouthpiece, "Mary had a little lamb." When, with mingled doubt and hope, he started the tinfoil cylinder afresh, it made the needle shake the disk, and, to his joy, the "phonograph" repeated the Mother Goose rhyme. "I am always afraid of things that work the first time," was one of Edison's sayings; but this invention "worked" beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The Wonder of a Nation.—Edison and the other men sat up all night experimenting with the wonderful machine. A stranger would have thought them crazy, as they recited and sang to the curious little phonograph. The next morning Edison tied it up in a package and took it to New York. Walking into the office of the *Scientific American*, he said to

³ The term of a patent is seventeen years.

the editor, "I have something to show you." When the bundle was opened and the machine began its talking, such a great crowd gathered that the floor was in danger of giving way. Nothing but such a danger could have stopped the exhibition from lasting all day.

Columns of description of the new invention appeared in the newspapers; all the people who read it were anxious to see the machine. Edison immediately built several larger and better machines and put them on show at Menlo Park. The Pennsylvania Railroad ran special trains to carry the crowds. Edison was asked to bring his phonograph to Washington. He did so, and almost every important person in the city hastened to see it. As soon as he heard Edison had arrived, President Hayes asked him to bring the phonograph to the White House.

A company was formed to build and exhibit phonographs. One of the members of the company was Mr. Hubbard, the father-in-law of Alexander Bell. He knew a good thing when he saw it. The company paid Edison ten thousand dollars down and gave him a royalty on every machine that was sold. The people of America crowded to see and hear the wonderful talking-machine, and for a while it was a great money-maker.

The kind of phonograph records used today, however, had not yet been invented. The tinfoil used by Edison as a record could not be removed from the machine without being spoiled. If it remained on the machine it wore out after the message had been repeated two or three times; then it had to be thrown away. Most persons, therefore, after becoming acquainted with the phonograph as a curiosity, had no further use for it, and after a time the profits stopped. Edison's intention was to improve the phonograph, but it had to wait its time, for he had become engrossed in another invention.

Brightening the Home.—Edison's new line of experiment had to do with seeing, not with hearing. It dealt with the question of artificial light. When he was born in Ohio, lighting had made some advances in the many years since Franklin's day. People no longer had to depend on the open fire and candles. Gas was made in the cities, and many streets and public buildings were illuminated by it, but very few houses were thus supplied. The oil lamp, however, had taken the place of the candle in most homes. Hundreds of vessels were still hunting the whale and bringing in its oil for the home lamp. Many people who thought whale oil too smoky used "fluid," a mixture of turpentine and alcohol, which gave a brilliant light, but was so likely to explode that both grown people and children had to be cautioned not to shake the lamps. Neither whale oil nor "fluid," therefore, was entirely satisfactory, and both were expensive.

About the time when Edison was making his first chemical experiments in his mother's cellar, great amounts of petroleum were discovered in western Pennsylvania. Refined oil from the ground (kerosene) soon took the place of oil from the sea, which was already beginning to grow scarce. Around the kerosene lamp in the evenings now sat millions of American families with their books, games or sewing. "What a blessing in our home," said they, "is our cheap kerosene lamp with its steady light."

About the time of the great Centennial, some wise inventors brought out the electric arc-light. Its intense white brilliance made city streets at night still more safe and pleasant than gas had been able to do. The arc-lights, however, fine as they were for streets and parks, were too hot and glaring to be used indoors. "I must invent some kind of electric light, still better than kerosene, for the home," thought Edison. This was indeed a problem big enough to

make Edison postpone work upon his phonograph, which though useful was not essential to the people's comfort.

The Incandescent Lamp.—Even before he had invented the phonograph, Edison had worked to produce a small electric lamp, and as soon as the phonograph, though not



SHOP AT MENLO PARK IN WHICH FIRST INCANDESCENT LIGHT WAS BORN

perfected, was on the market, he eagerly turned again to his electric light experiments. His endeavor was to make a small closed glass globe from which all the air had been drawn. In this "vacuum" or empty space a thread of some material, by the passing of the electric current, would become so hot as to shine brightly. It would not burn away easily because the globe contained no air, and without air there can be no ordinary burning. So there the thread would remain, shedding its light around the room.

For more than a year Edison kept on with his experiments. He found out the best ways to make his little glass globes and to exhaust the air from them. But his perplexing question was, "What shall I use for the thread that glows within the globe?" In these trials he had spent forty thousand dollars; yet almost as soon as the threads began to glow they always broke. So near to success, yet not successful, Edison worked like mad. Meals and sleep were snatched by him and his assistants at odd times. The only thing in the world that mattered was the finishing of the lamp.

At last, after thousands of experiments, Edison tried in his lamp a loop of cotton sewing-thread, which had been prepared by being heated until everything had been burned from it except the carbon. As he turned on the current it passed through the thread, which shone so white that the eye could not bear to look at it. "Now, if it only will not break!" cried Edison. "We sat and watched," says Edison's account, "and the lamp continued to burn. The longer it burned, the more fascinated we were. None of us could bear to go to bed, and there was no sleep for over forty hours." The "incandescent"⁴ light was a success.

But the invention of the incandescent light was only a part of Edison's service in lighting up the world. He had to invent a whole electric system. From dynamo to lamp there were many steps. Many things which are so familiar to us that we take them for granted, Edison had to make. Sockets, switches, fuses, meters—all these things came from the inventor's brain. The way of electric wiring had to be thought out. But Edison was equal to the task. When, in 1881, he displayed in Paris his complete electric system, men wondered how in two years, even with a hundred helpers, such a perfect plan could be made. In later years, a friend

⁴ "Incandescent" means glowing.

said to Edison, "Which of your numerous inventions do you consider the best?" "My lamp and my system of lighting," proudly replied the wizard.

IV. MORE MAGIC OF THE WIZARD

The New Homes.—While Edison was gaining fame at Menlo Park, his home there was broken up by the death of his helpful wife. When once again he was ready to set up a home, he decided to leave that spot. On the heights of the Orange Mountains, in New Jersey, not far from New York, Edison and his family established themselves in a big, comfortable house, "Glenmont."

Within sight of "Glenmont," at the foot of the mountain, Edison built a new set of laboratories and workshops. The central building, as at Menlo Park, contained a great library-hall and a store-room for all kinds of rare and curious materials. These rooms, however, were far larger and finer than those at Menlo. The other buildings, clustered around, seemed to look up to this central structure with respect, for there were the headquarters of the man of genius whose conquering brain directed all.

Around the Edison plant stretched a high fence, and a stern gatekeeper barred the way to all visitors except those whose business was of high importance. No longer did Edison need to invite people to come see his inventions—his trouble now was to keep them away. Great scientists crossed the ocean to view the amazing creations of this marvelous man.

Honors came to Edison thick and fast. One hot day he was working on a new scheme. "Mr. Edison," said one of his assistants, "Professor Blank is here with a medal which his society has conferred upon you. It is a great and unusual compliment." "Tell him I am too busy to see him," answered Edison. Medals and compliments had little mean-

ing for the inventor; he was so great as to be above them. At last Edison was persuaded to clean up, dress a little better, and receive the medal from the professor. "How many medals of this kind have you been awarded?" later asked a friend. "Oh, I suppose I have about a quart," said Edison.

The Old Invention.—Here at the Orange Laboratory Edison took up anew the problem of the phonograph. Before many months passed, he brought out the machine in a new and improved form, almost the same form which we use today. Now it could be a constant family pleasure. The needle, however, made its record on a cylinder with a wax surface; the old tinfoil sheet was used no longer. As yet the disk record had not been invented.⁵

The phonograph plays a wonderful part in our lives today. It gives us entertainment at home, cultivates our musical taste, and even teaches us foreign languages. Business men talk their letters into it. By the phonograph the great singer is made as immortal as the great artist. Since the original Edison patents have run out, many firms now manufacture phonographs, but the Edison is still in the field and is made in large numbers.

The Motion Picture.—Fast following the phonograph, Edison's tireless, searching mind developed another wonder, the most impressive of all. For many years people had been thinking, "Can we not reproduce the photographs of moving objects so the pictures will indicate the motion?" In working at the task they found that pictures taken at the rate of

⁵ Other persons had been working on the invention and had also used wax cylinders. As they were not allowed to take the name "phonograph," which Edison had made his own, they called their machine the "graphophone." The first talking-machine to use disk records was called a "gramophone." To-day, in ordinary speech, we often call any talking-machine a "phonograph."

twenty or thirty a second, when shown again at the same speed, gave the eye the impression of motion. But how to take the pictures properly and how to show them again were the great questions.

Edison, who delighted in hard problems, turned his attention to motion pictures. For six years before he left Menlo Park he had been working on this matter at odd times. Now he went at it in earnest. A year after the improved phonograph appeared in 1888, the American people began to see in places of amusement a new machine called the Edison kinetoscope. Persons looked through the peep-hole of the machine while a crank rapidly turned over photographs of moving objects. The quickly changing pictures gave to the eye the impression that the object actually moved.

Still, the kinetoscope with its cardboard pictures was not much more useful than the early phonograph with its tinfoil records. It was largely a toy. In a few years, however, a large photographic company brought out celluloid films to replace glass plates for taking pictures. These flexible films were just what Edison needed. Now the motion pictures could be run through a lantern and produced upon the screen. What pleasure and what knowledge the motion pictures give us today! Edison himself looks forward to the time when most school-books will be thrown aside in favor of lessons from the films. Do you think that day will come? Until recently, every large motion-picture company had to pay a royalty to Edison for using his patented inventions. He was the real founder of the great motion-picture business.

Never Say Die.—It would be impossible to tell of all the other amazing productions of this marvelous man, who preserved his youth at a time when most of his age seem old. In 1914, at the age of sixty-seven, Edison began a "drive" to still further improve his phonograph. For forty days he

and his helpers bent all their strength to gain their goal. During all that time Edison slept only two hours a day, and those hours he took by naps of twenty or thirty minutes. Not once did he go to bed. If not needed, he lay down on a bench or on the floor and went to sleep instantly. When aroused, he rose immediately, ready to go at the work again. Though Edison and his men even cooked their own hasty meals in the laboratory, he came to the end of the forty days without loss of weight or strength.

When Edison was sixty-eight, his factories at West Orange, employing thousands of people, were partly destroyed by fire. Many men would have said, "I am advancing in age, I am rich, and I shall not start my work over again." It was as natural for Edison to work as to breath. Before the ruins had ceased to smoke, he had made his plans for rebuilding the plant. That was the never-say-die spirit that belongs to the truest Americans.

With strong mind and tireless energy Edison still carries on his studies, his experiments, his inventions. "I will drive the horse entirely out of the cities before I die," said he. How many other ideas that will change the world float in the wizard's mind, no one can tell. To stir up our old lives, to change everything, but to change it for the better, seems the delight of Thomas Edison.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Why was Edison thrifty in spending his money on chemicals?
2. Put yourself in the conductor's place when the fire occurred on the train. How would you have treated Edison?
3. What steps must any one go through in making an invention?
4. Mention the forms of artificial light that have been used in America.
5. Prove the invention of the incandescent lamp was more essential to people's comfort than that of the phonograph.
6. What other necessary and common inventions work by means of a vacuum?

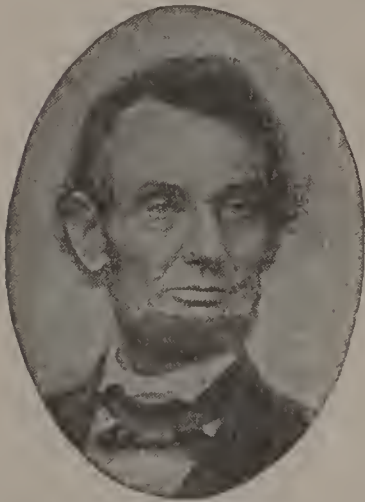
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE PRESERVER OF THE NATION

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.”—*Address at his second inauguration.*

I. HANDS AND HEAD

Abe, the Giant.—By the time Abraham Lincoln was a noted young man in the Pigeon Creek settlement of Indiana, his appearance alone would have made strangers turn to



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

gaze at him. This giant of nearly six feet four inches would have much overtopped even George Washington's imposing height, yet he had none of Washington's erect bearing or fine appearance. Lean and lank, with slightly stooping shoulders and enormous hands and feet, he was both homely and awkward. As Lincoln went about the neighborhood, without coat or collar, his trousers stuffed into the tops of his muddy cowhide boots, there was nothing in his looks to mark any future greatness.

The pioneer people of Indiana, however, valued a man's strength, not his looks, and Lincoln's strength matched his size. He could strike a heavier blow with the maul used in splitting rails, and could sink an axe deeper into a tree than could any other man in that part of the country. The axe was Lincoln's favorite tool. From the time he was seven until he was twenty-two, it was seldom far from his hand. All through the rest of his life he loved to grasp it. His

usual trick of strength was to take a heavy axe by the extreme end of the handle, stretch out his arm horizontally at full length, and thus hold the axe parallel with the ground. Few men could imitate this exhibition of power.

Lazy or Clever.—As Abe Lincoln could beat every one thereabout in chopping and wrestling, so no one could “hold a candle” to him in cleverness. In fact, he preferred to read, to write or to talk, rather than to work. “He was no hand to pitch into his work as if killing snakes,” said one who knew him. Though when he did undertake any manual labor he did it well, Abe’s happiest hours were spent otherwise. Almost every evening he went to the grocery store of Gentryville, the nearest village, to meet the men and boys of the neighborhood. Mr. Jones, the storekeeper, subscribed to a Louisville newspaper, which was a good thing for Abe, who read each weekly number. Then he talked over the current events with his friends. After a time, when Abe began to speak, every one stopped to listen, for he had a good memory and a gift of speech. He used simple, rough language, but he expressed his sensible thoughts clearly. He was also a natural storyteller and joker. Many an evening the crowd in the store stayed until midnight enjoying his witty sayings, his funny tales, and the rhymes that he strung together on the spur of the moment.

When working with other men in the fields, Abe often stopped to give them a “stump speech.” Jumping up on a stump as a platform, he repeated the last sermon he had heard, or a lawyer’s speech in court, or his own ideas on some political topic. Whatever might be the subject of Abe’s talk, the speech was never tiresome. His laughing, applauding hearers always forgot about work until the angry employer rushed to the spot and dragged Abe off the stump.

Employers whose work thus suffered were apt to say that Lincoln was lazy rather than clever. “I used to get

mad at him for always reading and thinking," said one man. "He didn't love work half so much as he did his pay." But Abe could not help exercising his mind. He looked beyond the backwoods to the big world outside. When he plowed alone in the field, he carried in his coat-pocket a book. At the end of each row, as he rested his horses for a few minutes, out would come the book. Thus, as he remarked, "I learned by littles." People who have intelligence enough to take advantage of every moment deserve to succeed. Lincoln certainly was not lazy when it came to learning. "He was always reading, scribbling, or ciphering," observed Abe's cousin Dennis.

Abe's First Dollar.—Gentryville was not far from the big and muddy Ohio River, the great road by means of which the Indiana settlers traded with the rest of the world. It was then the practice for farmers to collect some corn or wheat or bacon, put it on a flat-boat, float down to New Orleans or some other Mississippi River town, sell the cargo, and walk back home if they could not afford steamer passage. Eighteen-year-old Abraham was seized with ambition to make such a voyage. After much persuasion he got the consent of his parents; then he set to work and built a small flat-boat to carry his few barrels of produce.

One day Abraham stood on the river bank looking at his new boat and pondering how it might be made still stronger and better, when two wagons, each carrying a man and a trunk, drove up. The men wished to go on board an approaching steamboat. As they looked over the various floating craft along the shore, Abraham's pleased them most. "Who owns this boat?" asked one of the strangers. "I do," responded Abe. "Will you take us out to the steamer?" "Certainly," answered Abe, glad of the chance to earn something for himself.

Abe put the trunks into the flat-boat, and each passenger

seated himself on his trunk. With Abe sculling at the long stern-oar, they went out to the waiting steamer. The men climbed aboard; Abe lifted the heavy boxes over the rail, and the vessel began to puff again. "You have forgotten to pay me," cried Abe, in a fright lest he should lose the expected money. Each man took out a silver half-dollar and threw it clinking down on the bottom of Abe's boat.

Could Abe believe his eyes? In less than an hour he had earned as much as he could make by four days' toil in the harvest-field. And it was the first money he had ever had for his own. Would it not be well to get out into the world, where money circulated so freely? There might be a good chance somewhere in the great United States for even a poor backwoods fellow to succeed. "I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time," said Lincoln.

On the Great Rivers.—Soon after this time, Mr. Gentry, from whom the village received its name, decided to send his son Allen to New Orleans with a flat-boat load of produce. Abe Lincoln was then working for Mr. Gentry. Who would be a better companion for young Allen than strong Abe? Lincoln for some reason had not yet made his trip down the river, and he jumped at the chance to go. The two young fellows started off in high spirits.

Drifting down the Ohio toward the Mississippi, they traded as they went. Then the vast "Father of Waters" carried them southward toward New Orleans. One evening they tied up at a plantation near Baton Rouge. In the night seven of the plantation slaves stole aboard the boat, thinking that they could soon dispose of two boys. The swift current of the river would soon carry away the dead bodies and the slaves would have the goods. But the negroes did not know the boys with whom they had to deal.

Allen Gentry awoke, and heard the footsteps of the slaves. "Bring the guns, Lincoln!" he cried. There were

no guns on board, but Abe brought something else hard to face—a big club. For a few minutes there was an exciting battle on the flat-boat, seven against two; but Abe and Allen, feeling that they were fighting not only for their property but their very lives, attacked so fiercely that the negroes could not endure. The slaves fled into the night, and the two boys pursued them for some distance. Then, bleeding but happy, the Indiana victors thought it wise to return to the boat and push off again down stream. For the rest of his life Abraham Lincoln carried a scar on his forehead to remind him of that desperate midnight battle.

The rest of the voyage had no special incident. The boys sold their boat and cargo in New Orleans. When they returned home Mr. Gentry felt well pleased with the success of their trip. This marked a milestone on Abe's path. He had gone out into the world, had seen far-off regions, and had known a little adventure. Though by law he was still bound to his father, he felt that he was now a man.

The Journey to Illinois. Abe Leaves Home.—In the spring of 1830, when Abe was twenty-one, two years after his flat-boat trip, his father decided to move his home once more and go to the central part of Illinois. Two other families went with the Lincolns. Each family packed its goods into a big wagon drawn by oxen, and in the chilly March weather the caravan set out. Abe, now having come of age, did not need to accompany his father, but he chose to do so. In spite of the hardships and poverty of his life in Indiana, he felt sorry to leave the state. From a hill he took a last look at his boyhood home and the graves of his mother and sister. It was fourteen years before he saw them again.

Northwest the caravan pursued its way. They crossed the Wabash River at Vincennes, where, many years before, George Rogers Clark had captured the British fort. At

Vincennes Abe saw a printing-press for the first time. After two weeks of travel over muddy roads and across flooded streams, the party reached their journey's end, near the town of Decatur. Lincoln and his father put up another log cabin, split an additional lot of logs into rails, and fenced in ten acres of ground, in which they planted corn.

II. MANY TRADES

Abe Keeps Store.—For nearly a year Lincoln worked as a farm-hand and backwoodsman in the new neighborhood. His skill and speed in splitting rails were in great demand. Once, when he needed a pair of trousers, he paid for them by making four hundred rails for every yard of cloth needed. No doubt Abraham felt very fine when he put on his new trousers, dyed brown with walnut bark. They had to last him for a long time.

Abe now hired himself to Denton Offutt for another flat-boat trip down the Mississippi. This time Abe was to be captain. He chopped down trees on the bank of the Sangamon River, sawed out planks, and built the boat. The voyage down the Sangamon to the Illinois River, which flows into the Mississippi, had only one mishap. The boat stuck upon a mill-dam, but Lincoln cleverly released it. When he reached New Orleans Lincoln stayed there a month. It was a great slave city. Abe saw negroes chained and whipped; he saw them sold like cattle; and his kind heart rose in rebellion against these practices. "If I ever get a chance to hit slavery," he said, "I'll hit it hard."

Mr. Offutt was so pleased with Lincoln that on Abe's return he gave him charge of a store which he was opening in the new village of New Salem. This hamlet was on the Sangamon River, and happened to be the place where Abe's boat had run upon the dam. It had two stores, a grist-mill, a saw mill, a tavern and fifteen houses, all built of logs. We

do not know how honest the other storekeeper was, but we do know that he could not have surpassed Abe.

On one occasion Lincoln found that he had given a customer six and a quarter cents in change too little. That evening, after the store closed, he walked three miles out into the country to return the money. Another evening, just before closing time, a woman came in for a half pound of tea. In the dim light Lincoln hastily weighed out the tea; but the next morning he saw that he had used only a four-ounce weight. He wrapped up another quarter pound, closed the store and at once delivered the extra tea.

People admired the young clerk for his uprightness. They began to call him "Honest Abe." Abe allowed no swearing in the store when women were about; if any one objected, he thrashed that person soundly. But on the other hand, the men of New Salem delighted to come to Offutt's store in order to hear Abe's comical "yarns." Mr. Offutt saw that Abe made the store agreeable to both men and women, and was delighted with his clerk. He liked to say, "Abe Lincoln hasn't an equal in the United States," and usually wound up by remarking, "He can whip or throw any man in Sangamon County." This boast nearly caused serious trouble.

The Clary's Grove Boys.—Near New Salem was another settlement called Clary's Grove. The dozen or so young fellows who lived there were a rough set, and liked to haze strangers. Fighting was their chief sport, and they kept New Salem in terror. Hearing Mr. Offutt praise Abe's strength, they appointed their best man, Jack Armstrong, to wrestle with Lincoln. The "Clary's Grove Boys" were not renowned for fair play, so Lincoln tried to avoid the match, but at last was obliged to consent lest they think him a coward.

Jack Armstrong was a "powerful twister, as strong as

an ox." All the men of the two villages turned out to witness the contest. It was long and hard, but neither wrestler seemed able to win. "Now, Jack, let's quit," said Lincoln, but Jack rushed at him again and tried a "foul." Lincoln grew furious; grasping Armstrong by the throat, he shook him like a rag. The "Boys" rushed to help their leader, but Lincoln, with blazing eyes, his back against the wall of the store, cried in trumpet tones above the uproar, "I'll fight all Clary's Grove, if I have to!"

Such a speech captured Armstrong's heart. As soon as he caught his breath he burst out, "Boys, Abe Lincoln is the best fellow that ever broke into the settlement. He shall be one of us." There was no more talk of fight. The Clary's Grove boys after that made Lincoln the umpire at their cock-fights and horseraces; and often he was also a peacemaker.

Studying Grammar.—Before he had been in New Salem six months Lincoln was the most popular person in the whole region. Abe began to feel power growing within him. "Why shouldn't I try for a public position?" he thought. "People think well of me, and I can make good speeches. I am going to work for that, anyhow." In order to improve his public speaking, Lincoln walked seven or eight miles to debating clubs. He found out that he was laughed at for his mistakes in English, so he applied for help to the schoolmaster, Mr. Graham.

"If you want to go before the public," said Mr. Graham, "you must study grammar." "Where can I get a grammar?" asked Lincoln, who was sitting at a table with his friend. Mr. Graham replied that there was but one such book anywhere about, and the man who owned it lived six miles away. Lincoln rose from the table, walked straight to the place, and came back in triumph with the book. He spent all his spare time over it, and worried his friends by asking them to hear his lessons.

The whole village became interested in Lincoln's progress. The schoolmaster explained all difficulties; the carpenter let Lincoln use his shop at night and keep up a bright fire of shavings by which to study. In a few weeks Abe had mastered the book. "Well," said Lincoln, "if that's what they call a science, I think I'll go at another." Evidently grammar had not seemed hard.

A Call to Arms.—At the end of the winter Lincoln made up his mind to launch forth into politics. Though he was but twenty-two, he boldly announced himself as a candidate to represent his district in the Illinois legislature. A month after Abraham had done so, his plans were interrupted, for he was summoned to war. Black Hawk, an Indian chief, thinking he had been wronged by the whites, had invaded Illinois, his old home. The governor sent out messengers calling for mounted volunteers; and Lincoln, with several of his Clary's Grove friends, answered the call. Enough other men from the neighborhood enlisted to make a company, and they elected Lincoln as captain.

Lincoln's men were a hard set to handle. They liked their captain, but they were not accustomed to obeying any one. Once they stole a lot of liquor; next morning, when the command to march was given, half of them were too drunk to walk. The commanding officer of the army then took away Captain Lincoln's sword and made him carry a wooden sword for two days as a disgrace. As time went on, however, the soldiers obeyed better and better. Even when they wanted to kill an old friendly Indian who wandered into camp, they finally listened to Lincoln's orders and spared the Indian's life.

At the end of three months Lincoln returned to New Salem. The Indians had been chased out of Illinois, but Lincoln had seen no enemies. He was more pleased, however, with saving the life of one good Indian than if he had

killed several bad ones. "I am no military hero," he said. "Probably if I ever got into a battle I would run away." He did not know that he would head the nation during four years of dreadful war. Those who saw him later in posts of danger never thought him cowardly.

Store or Law?—By the time Abraham returned, there were but ten days left before the election. He was a Henry Clay man, and most of the people in Illinois stood for Andrew Jackson. Abraham made as many speeches as possible throughout the county, but being almost unknown outside of his own neighborhood, he was defeated. In his own election district of New Salem, however, almost every one of the Jackson men voted for the Clay candidate, "Honest Abe." That was some comfort.

Lincoln now made up his mind to go back into the grocery business. His former employer had failed and had left town, but there were three grocery stores in the little place. Lincoln had no money; nevertheless he was perfectly willing to buy a store. By a curious combination of circumstances, he and a young man named Berry succeeded in purchasing all three stores without paying a cent in cash; then they gayly began business.

One day a man who was emigrating to the West stopped his wagon in front of the store of the new firm. "Will you buy this barrel of odds-and-ends that I haven't room for?" he asked Lincoln. Abraham handed over half a dollar, took the barrel, and set it away without examination. Some time later he came across it; he emptied its contents on the floor, and found at the bottom a set of law books.

All books were interesting to Lincoln. It was summer, the farmers were busy with their crops, and customers were few. He began to study the law books, and the more he read the more interested he became. Day after day he sat outside the store under a tree, with one of the precious

volumes in his hand. As the shadow moved around the tree, Lincoln, like a clock-hand, would move with it. Meanwhile Berry was left to manage the store, and Berry did so by spending on drink and gambling all the money which he could secure.

A Surveyor Just in Time.—Finally Lincoln saw that the store would not be a success. The county surveyor, who needed an intelligent and honest assistant, asked Lincoln if he would like to learn the business, and the offer was gladly accepted. Abraham knew nothing at all about surveying, but he determined to learn at once. His school-master friend Mr. Graham helped, as he had done in the case of grammar, but this new science was not so easy. Day and night Lincoln sat at his books. His friends feared that he would kill himself with study, but Lincoln's strong body carried him through. Haggard and worn, in six weeks he surprised the surveyor by reporting for duty.

Lincoln's work as a surveyor was always well done, and the pay he received, when he was employed, was high for that time and place. Three dollars a day was the sum, more than the young man had ever before earned.¹ But Lincoln was not employed every day, and he had to run in debt for his horse and his surveying outfit.

Scarcely had Lincoln begun his work as a surveyor when he fell into misfortune. The unsuccessful store had been sold, but only a note for the price had been received by Lincoln and his partner. Before the note came due the new storekeepers disappeared, and Lincoln and Berry were left with no money to pay their own debts. Berry died,

¹ At that time, in Illinois, a new region, good board and lodging could be secured for a dollar a week. Every man was required to drill in the militia twice a year or pay a dollar each time and "as the dollar was hard to raise," said an old settler, "almost all the men came to drill."

and the whole debt of eleven hundred dollars fell upon Lincoln. He could have wriggled out of paying, but that was not "Honest Abe's" way. "If you will not press me," said Lincoln to his creditors, "I will see that you get your money." It was fifteen years or more before the debt, with its high interest, was finally paid off, but paid it was.

III. A LEADER AT LAW

Winning the Election.—For a year Lincoln kept up his surveying. It gave him a fairly good income and a chance to add to his long list of friends. The business called him to travel to all parts of Sangamon County, and everywhere the people called Abe a "smart young man." Some even went so far as to say that he would one day become governor of Illinois.

When the next election for members of the Illinois legislature drew near, Lincoln again came forward as a candidate. Many times, during the long, hot summer days, he was seen riding along the dusty roads. He made speeches in the public squares of the villages, in little groves, and wherever else he could get a group of people together. Sometimes he took part in wrestling matches or trials of strength in lifting; sometimes he joined the farmers in splitting rails or harvesting grain. "He's a good fellow," said those who saw and heard him, "and he's sensible, too." Lincoln, now twenty-five years old, was elected to go to the legislature for two years. Three times the people sent him back there, because he had proved himself worthy of their trust.

Reading Himself into the Law.—While Lincoln was traveling about the country, making himself known to the people, he often met another candidate, an older man, Major Stuart. These two friends, who had served together in the Black Hawk War, had many an interesting conversation. Major Stuart was a lawyer in Springfield, the largest town

of the state. As they jogged along, Lincoln told Stuart that he had made a beginning in reading law, and that he wished to continue his studies. "I'll lend you any book I have," instantly said Stuart.

This was a good opportunity. As soon as Abraham found himself a member of the legislature he began his course of study. Springfield lay twenty miles from New Salem, and in order to borrow or return books Abe often walked there and back in a day, cutting across country, over the unfenced prairie and through the woods. As he strode upon his long journey he paused frequently to read paragraphs in the volumes he carried; then, walking on again, Lincoln recited his lesson aloud. In two years he received a license to practice law, though, as Lincoln slyly said, "I was never enough of a lawyer to hurt me."

An Important Decision.—Lincoln then decided to make the bold step of giving up his profitable occupation of surveying and launching out as a lawyer. Springfield, where he was so well known, seemed the best place to settle. One April day in 1839 Lincoln set out for Springfield to seek his fortune. Cyrus McCormick and he might well have shaken hands upon it, if they had only known each other. Both young men at twenty-eight were short of money and very doubtful as to the future. But each had force of character enough to make the important decision of his life.

An Ideal Lawyer.—As Lincoln rode into Springfield he looked both queer and sad. His borrowed horse was too small for him, and his long legs nearly touched the ground. The bulging saddle-bags which were thrown across the pony's shoulders held only a few small articles of clothing; their main weight consisted of law-books. In the pocket of Abe's ill-fitting suit were seven dollars—his total wealth. A friend, however, offered him board until he could earn money, and another friend shared his bed with Lincoln. In

a few days Major Stuart asked Lincoln to be his partner. Thus through the good-will and old-time hospitality of his three friends Lincoln's troubling problems were solved.

The firm of Stuart and Lincoln did not become rich through practicing law, but made a fair living. Lincoln grew noted for hurting his own business. When people came to him with a dispute he tried to make them settle it peaceably. "In law," he said, "the winner of a case is often a loser." Usually, also, under the spell of Lincoln's kindly ways, the former enemies left his office as good friends. But such settlements did not bring large fees. If Lincoln was asked to support a case which seemed to him wrong, he flatly refused. It seemed strange to certain persons that a poor lawyer should deliberately discourage clients from giving him money, but "Honest Abe" did so.

Kentucky Young Folks Meet.—The young lawyer received invitations to almost all the social entertainments in the town. Though he was always polite to the young ladies, he paid them little attention; but a circle of men always gathered about him to hear his funny stories. One day, however, Miss Mary Todd arrived to make her home in Springfield. Here at last was a young lady to whom Lincoln did pay great attention. Stephen Douglas, another young lawyer, determined to cut Lincoln out, and as he excelled Lincoln in good looks and accomplishments, it seemed for a time as though he would succeed. Finally, however, Lincoln bore off the prize, and Miss Mary Todd became Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

Mrs. Lincoln, like her husband, was a native of Kentucky. The young people received an invitation to go there as a honeymoon trip, to visit a friend, but Lincoln was too poor. "A month lost out of my work would take away the profits of a year," he said. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln therefore took up their abode at the Globe Tavern in Springfield,

where they paid the great sum of two dollars a week apiece for their board and lodging. A year later a little son, Robert Todd Lincoln, was born to them, and they bought a small



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD"

From a photograph by Brady, now in the War Department
Collection, Washington, D. C.

frame house. Here they lived very plainly. Abraham milked the cow and fed the horse, which they kept in a tiny barn behind the house.

A Fresh Step Forward.—Now Lincoln prepared to take another step forward in political life. He had been in the state legislature long enough to prepare for larger work, so he refused another nomination and announced that he wanted to represent his district in Congress. He was defeated, just as he had been in his first trial for the legislature, but four years later he won the day.

One evening, just before Lincoln started off for Washington, Mrs. Lincoln entertained a number of friends. A gentleman chanced to remark to her: "Mr. Lincoln is a great favorite in this part of the state." "Yes," she replied, "he is a great favorite everywhere. He will be President of the United States some day; if I hadn't thought so I never would have married him, for you see he is not pretty. But look at him! Doesn't he look as if he would make a magnificent President?" Her hearer found it hard to agree with the word "magnificent." That was not the adjective to describe Lincoln. He gazed at the homely, awkward giant, who never seemed to be dressed up, and thought, "Mrs. Lincoln, you are making a great mistake; you are sure to be disappointed."

To Congress and Back.—In November, 1847, Lincoln took the train for Washington. As it whirled him along, perhaps he thought of the slow ox-team which had brought him to Illinois and compared it with the swift iron horse which was bearing him away. That iron horse had not yet been used in America when Lincoln was a boy. When Abraham reached the nation's capital he found a city better than in Jefferson's day but much inferior to the beautiful Washington of the present century. The Capitol had no dome and was less than half its present size. The streets were unpaved. The parks and circles, though laid out on the city plan, had not been beautified. There was nothing except national business to attract visitors.

Lincoln soon made himself known by his speeches.

People called him "able, acute, uncouth, honest and upright." In fact, they needed a string of terms, more of praise than of blame, to describe such a man, for they had never seen one just like him. The speeches he made were so admired that he was asked to make a speaking tour through New England. As Lincoln went through Massachusetts he learned how much feeling against slavery there was in the North. He heard Governor Seward make an address on the subject in Boston, and that night, as he sat talking to Seward, Lincoln said gravely, "I have been thinking about what you said in your speech. I reckon you are right. We have got to deal with the slavery question."

But the time to deal with slavery so as to end it had not yet come. Lincoln's term in Congress drew to a close. He considered that another candidate should have the chance, so he took up once more the practice of law, and soon was recognized to be the leading lawyer of Illinois.

IV. THE ROAD TO THE WHITE HOUSE

Lincoln Against Douglas.—After a time Lincoln came forward for the position of United States Senator, to represent Illinois and to try to keep slavery out of any new states that might be added to the nation. Curiously enough, the man against whom Lincoln was matched was Stephen A. Douglas, who eighteen years before had been Lincoln's rival for the hand of Mary Todd.

Douglas was the exact opposite of Lincoln in looks, in manners, and in character. Douglas was short, thick-set, and ruddy; Lincoln was long, lank, and dark-complexioned. Douglas had smooth polished ways, and a flow of elegant language; Lincoln's plain manners and backwoods expressions often seemed out of place in fine society. Douglas had climbed faster and farther than Lincoln. He had gained wealth, dressed well, and spent money freely; Lincoln's

income was far from great and his clothes always looked as though they were second-hand. But in character Lincoln was vastly superior. He was unselfish to the last degree; at bottom Douglas thought only of himself. Lincoln valued truth, justice and right more than success; Douglas was willing to sacrifice all these to gain his own ends.

Lincoln and Douglas differed, moreover, in regard to political questions. Lincoln stood firmly against slavery. "This evil shall not be allowed to spread," said he. Douglas tried to carry water on both shoulders. He wanted the votes of the North and he needed the votes of the South; so he tried to talk and act in a way that would satisfy both regions, hoping thus to gain the support of both and to become President. Being a clever man, he succeeded very well until Lincoln entered the field against him.

Abe the Giant-Killer.—As Douglas was short in stature but great in speech, his many admirers called him the "Little Giant." The "Little Giant" had already been Senator from Illinois for nearly twelve years. That post he considered as his own, and he bitterly resented the fact that Lincoln disputed his claim. Lincoln in truth was not fighting Douglas, but slavery, yet Douglas might well tremble. Backed by his good cause, Lincoln was a dangerous foe.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand," said Lincoln. "I believe the government cannot endure half-slave and half free. It must become all one or all the other." He challenged Douglas to a series of debates about the slavery question. Douglas had no desire to meet Lincoln in this way. "He is the best man the Republicans have," secretly remarked Douglas. "I shall have my hands full. It will be no easy task." But Lincoln had challenged him, and there was no way out.

Seven debates were arranged in various parts of the state. The friends of Douglas loudly boasted that the

"Little Giant" would "chaw up Old Abe." They gave their candidate a special railroad train, gayly decorated with posters and banners. He was met at the station of each large town by a brass band, and was escorted to the best hotel, while a salute of thirty-two cannon was fired, one for each state in the Union. Lincoln, riding with his friends in an ordinary day-coach, or even in the caboose of a freight train, was sometimes put on a side-track to let the train of Douglas sweep by. As Lincoln's friends could not compete with those of Douglas in making a show, they often tried to prove how plain they could be. While Douglas rode through the town streets in a handsome carriage, Lincoln would be drawn about in a hay-wagon, with a banner reading, "Abe the Giant-Killer."

The debators were fairly equal in power, but Lincoln had a wonderful advantage in one respect—he was not afraid of the truth. His pointed questions made Douglas squirm, for Douglas did not want to speak out clearly. At last the "Giant-Killer" cornered Douglas. He asked a question so that Douglas had to answer in a way that was plainly against slavery. "Douglas will beat you now," said Lincoln's friends to him. "I don't care," answered Lincoln, "I have him where I want him. He can never be President."

That was true. Though Douglas won the office of Senator on this occasion, it was his last triumph. The Southerners would have nothing more to do with him, and as the cloud of trouble thickened between the North and the South, the earnest Northerners felt that Douglas was not sincere enough for them. They turned to the man who had foiled the double-dealing of Douglas, the man who had stood firm on right principles, the man who cared more for the truth than for political honors. In 1860 they elected Lincoln President of the United States.

The Election Storm.—The Southern people considered that the election of Lincoln meant the death of slavery. Carried away by their disappointment, they forgot that Lincoln was not an abolitionist. Though hating slavery, he did not intend to interfere with it where it was already established. But the slaveholders said, "We are through with the Union." Four days after the election, South Carolina began to take measures to "secede." Six weeks later, that state declared itself independent of the Federal Government. Nowhere in South Carolina did the Stars and Stripes float except over Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, where Major Anderson with a few soldiers refused to haul down his country's flag.

Soon six more Southern states joined their seceding sister. The seven states formed a union of their own, called it "The Confederate States of America," and elected Jefferson Davis of Mississippi their President. All was excitement in both South and North. What would Lincoln do? He had no right to do anything yet, for he had not yet become the head of the nation. Old President Buchanan himself was a lover of the Union, but he thought that it was not right to force the Southern states to stay in it. Old General Scott, the head of the army, agreed with Buchanan. What did Lincoln think?

There was no doubt as to Lincoln's opinions. "The tug is to come," he said. "Better now than later. Make no agreement to let slavery be extended. On that point hold firm, as with a chain of steel. If we surrender, it is the end of us and of the government." There was no doubt on either side of the Mason and Dixon line as to the stand of Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln was to take his place as President in March, 1861. Six weeks before that time he settled up his private affairs and began to say good-bye to his old friends in

Springfield. He made a toilsome journey over bad roads to bid farewell to his "second mother," Sally Lincoln, and to visit his father's grave. Sally Lincoln was now a very old woman. "I'll never see you again, Abe," she sobbed. "They'll kill you down in Washington." Lincoln laughed at her fears and left the old lady comforted, but events proved that she was wise in being suspicious.

At last came the day when Lincoln set out for Washington. As the train bore him and a party of friends through Illinois and Indiana, the farmers crowded to see the farmer-boy who had grown so great. "Good-bye Abe," they shouted. "Stick to the Constitution, and we'll stick to you!"

It was suspected that a plot was laid to murder Lincoln, so he slipped into Washington secretly. About a week later came the inauguration. Many men had wagered that Lincoln would never be allowed to live to be President, so a strong guard of cavalry protected his carriage. United States sharpshooters crouched on the roofs along Pennsylvania Avenue, troops lined the street and kept the swarming crowds in order, but Lincoln, deep in thought as he rode, seemed indifferent to the excitement. His mind was on his address, in which he tried to quiet the South. "We are not enemies, but friends," rang out his peaceful message to the lovers of slavery.

The Southern leaders thought that the Northern people would not fight to keep the seceding states in the Union. They misjudged the North and its leader Lincoln. He decided to send help to Major Anderson, who still refused to give up Fort Sumter. The Southern guns fired on the steamers which Lincoln sent, then began to bombard the fort, which soon was forced to surrender. "Sumter has been fired upon! This is war!" rang the tidings through

the North. On the day after Sumter fell Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the rebellion.

“Abe the Giant-Killer” was determined to destroy the giant of secession; but neither North nor South realized the terrible nature of the struggle which now began. For the first time in the history of our country two Presidents stood opposed. Jefferson Davis, the slave-holding planter of the



A BATTERY DIRECTED AGAINST FORT SUMTER

South, had challenged the Western leader who had sworn to keep slavery chained within bounds. Which would win? Both leaders were confident, but those who knew Lincoln well could have told Davis that “Old Abe” was a hard man to beat.

V. BEARING THE NATION'S BURDEN

Lincoln in Office.—During the four years of the Civil War the White House was not a gay place. This was not the time for banquets or grand entertainments, and the President and Mrs. Lincoln lived quite simply. Often they went driving in the Presidential carriage for rest and

pleasure, and sometimes attended the theatre, but Lincoln was never happier than when at home with his two younger boys, Willie and Thomas.² Willie was a quiet boy of ten when the Lincoln family moved into the White House, but eight-year-old Thomas, or "Tad," as he was called, kept everything in his neighborhood in commotion.

So enormous were the calls on the President's time, however, that most of Lincoln's waking hours were spent in his office on the second floor of the White House. From the large windows of that big sunny room could be seen nearby the unfinished Washington Monument, and, beyond the yellow Potomac River, the blue hills of Virginia. As Lincoln gazed at those hills, so near, but in enemy country, perhaps his eye turned to the gleaming monument; perhaps he thought then of himself as striving to hold together the nation of which Washington had been the foremost founder and the first President.

In that office, day after day, sat the President with his secretaries. Always a light sleeper and an early riser, he was often at his desk by six o'clock in the morning. A constant stream of callers besieged this door during office hours. Although a messenger sat at the door to admit only those whom Lincoln wished to see, most callers found it easy to gain admission if they had patience to wait. Place-hunters, favor-seekers, help-needers, Lincoln listened patiently to them all.

To make it still easier for people to reach him, twice a week the President threw open the doors of his office and let all who wished come in. The long line of visitors found Lincoln, wearing a plain black suit, but with slippers instead of shoes, seated in an arm-chair beside the big table around which met his Cabinet. To each caller he gave an encouraging nod and smile; to each he gave close attention; and if he

² Robert, the eldest son, was then studying at Harvard College.

felt compelled to say "No," it was with regret that it could not be "Yes." "Why do you devote so much of your valuable strength and time to these common people, Mr. President?" many persons asked. "Because I am one of them," was the answer. One who knew him well said,



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GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN
AT FALMOUTH, VIRGINIA, IN APRIL, 1863

"The people came to him as to a father." There had never been a President just like him, at once so strong and so kindly.

Anxious Days.—It was a time, as Thomas Paine said about the Revolution, "that tried men's souls." Upon the shoulders of Lincoln rested the heaviest burden of all; but he set himself manfully to his great task, though on every side he met fault-finding, abuse, and actual treason. Lincoln,

however, cared nothing for his own pride if he could but save the nation.

In the first two years of the war, matters went badly for the North. Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson seemed more than a match for Generals McClellan, Burnside and Hooker. Battles were fought just outside of Washington, and the defeated Union soldiers, wounded, tired and discouraged, streamed back into the city.

A visitor one day asked Lincoln for a pass through the Union lines. "I don't think my passes are worth much," said the President. "I have given McClellan and two hundred thousand soldiers passes to go to Richmond, and they haven't gotten there yet." Another visitor asked: "Mr. President, how many men have the Confederates in their armies?" "About twelve hundred thousand," replied Lincoln with a grave manner, but with a twinkle in his eye. "Can it be possible?" cried the visitor in amazement. "Yes, it must be," came the answer. "We have four hundred thousand in our forces, and when our generals are whipped, they always say they were outnumbered more than three to one."

Some persons failed to see how Lincoln could joke when matters were going wrong. They did not know that his jokes were a relief for his overburdened mind and heart. Without the funny stories and his romps with Willie and Tad, Lincoln would have broken down. "Whichever way it ends," said he, "I have the impression that I shan't last long after it's over." His friends were shocked to see how fast he seemed to grow older. Gray appeared in his bushy black hair; the furrows deepened in his gaunt face, which appeared even thinner because of the beard that he now wore; there was an expression of sadness in his sunken eyes. "The tired part of me is inside," he declared.

The Emancipation Proclamation.—"Victory will come, but it comes slowly," said Lincoln. It was a doubtful time. "I am an anti-slavery man, but my first duty is to save the Union," was the President's fixed idea. "If I declare the slaves free, I may drive into the Confederate ranks many Southern men who are now fighting in the Union army. One question at a time. First the Union, then slavery."



SIGNING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

But as the war went on, Lincoln saw that the millions of Southern slaves were a vast help to the Confederates. They raised the food for the Southern soldiers, they drove the supply wagons, they worked on forts and trenches. "Freeing the slaves will weaken the South," thought Lincoln. "Unless you stop fighting and acknowledge that you are part of the Union, I will declare your slaves free," said he to the Confederate states. They regarded this as an idle threat, and continued the war. On New Year's Day, 1863, Lincoln therefore issued the famous Emancipation Proclamation, which, although it did not abolish slavery,

declared every slave free within the country held by the Confederate army.

Though, after the slaves heard the Emancipation Proclamation, many escaped to the Union army and many others secretly helped the Union soldiers, the Confederates were still unbeaten. They defended themselves strongly against General Grant on the Mississippi; a large army under Lee invaded the North. At Gettysburg General Meade with his Union soldiers met Lee's Confederates. It was a desperate three days' battle, but at last Lee suddenly retreated and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington were saved. That was the "high-water mark of the rebellion." Never afterward did the Confederates come so near to success.

The Gettysburg Address.—The state of Pennsylvania immediately bought a part of the battle-ground as a cemetery for the bodies of the Union soldiers killed in that bloody encounter. Edward Everett, the best orator of Massachusetts, was selected as the chief orator at the dedication exercises. President Lincoln was also invited to attend and to make a short speech. On that November day, Everett, white-haired and fine-looking, delivered one of his best orations. Everything in the two-hour address was beautiful, clear and impressive.

When Everett had finished, Lincoln advanced to the front of the platform, put on his spectacles, held a single sheet of paper close to his eyes, and in his high voice began to read. Not all could hear him, but those who caught the words felt their hearts moved and melted. So brief was the speech that the photographer who was preparing to take Lincoln's picture found the speech over and Lincoln gone before his slow camera was ready; but the address stands today as one of our classics.

Lincoln himself thought but poorly of the address. He had written it hurriedly, straight from his heart, with no

time to “polish” its sentences. As he ended he turned to Everett, grasped the orator’s hand, and said, “I congratulate you on your success.” “Ah, Mr. President,” responded Everett, “how gladly would I exchange all my hundred pages for your twenty lines!” Today we have forgotten Everett’s Gettysburg address, but Lincoln’s few words are loved and remembered by every educated and true American.



LAST FORMAL RECEPTION GIVEN AT THE WHITE HOUSE BY
PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Lincoln in the Chair of Davis.—On the same Fourth of July—“the best since 1776,” said General Sherman—when Lee was beaten at Gettysburg, Grant forced the surrender of Vicksburg. Now the Union forces, while holding the Confederates strongly on the North, closed in on them from the west and south. Grant was made commander of all the Union armies. With smashing blows he struck the tired Southerners. They staggered and at last slowly yielded. The Union flag rose over Richmond, the Confederate capital.

Lincoln was with General Grant's army when Richmond fell. "Thank God that I have lived to see this!" burst from his heart. "It seems to me that I have been dreaming a horrid dream for four years, but now the nightmare is gone. I want to go into Richmond." When Lincoln and his small boat-party reached the city, the negroes crowded around him and kissed his feet. A great procession of curious people accompanied him as he slowly made his way to the White House of the Confederacy, the home of Jefferson Davis. "President" Davis had fled, and Lincoln dropped into Davis's own study-chair to rest. The contest between the two leaders had been decided.

Lincoln's heart was glad. The days seemed full of sunshine. He had just begun his second term as President and he expected to devote most of his attention to the question, "How may the South and the North be made one again?" It was most unfortunate for the South that Lincoln's kindly nature had no chance to solve the perplexing problem.

"Our President is Dead."—It was April 14, 1865, five days after Lee's army surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox. The President ordered his carriage and took an afternoon drive alone with his wife. His mind was full of mingled thoughts and feelings, and he wished for a long heart-to-heart talk. "Mary," said he while they drove along, "we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over. With God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet."

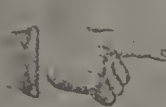
Happy in his dreams of the future, that night the President accompanied Mrs. Lincoln to Ford's Theatre. How the people cheered as he entered his flag-draped box above the stage! The play was nearing its end when a young half-crazy actor, John Wilkes Booth, who had favored the Southern cause, stole into the box. Placing a pistol within

SURREAT.

BOOTH.

HAROLD.

War Department, Washington, April 20, 1865.


\$100,000 REWARD!

THE MURDERER

Of our late beloved President, Abraham Lincoln,
IS STILL AT LARGE.

\$50,000 REWARD

Will be paid by this Department for his apprehension, in addition to any reward offered by Municipal Authorities or State Executives.

\$25,000 REWARD

Will be paid for the apprehension of JOHN H. SURREAT, one of Booth's Accomplices.

\$25,000 REWARD

Will be paid for the apprehension of David C. Harold, another of Booth's accomplices.

FEDERAL REWARDS will be paid for any information that may lead to the arrest of either of the above-named criminals, or their accomplices.

All persons harboring, or secreting the said persons, or either of them, or aiding or assisting their concealment or escape, will be treated as accomplices in the murder of the President and the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, and shall be subject to trial before a Military Commission and the punishment of DEATH.

Let the stain of innocent blood be removed from the land by the arrest and punishment of the murderers. All good citizens are exhorted to aid public justice on this occasion. Every man should consider his own conscience charged with this solemn duty and rest neither night nor day until it be accomplished.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

DESCRIPTIONS.—BOOTH is five feet 7 or 8 inches high, slender build, high forehead, black hair, black eyes, and wore a heavy black moustache, which there is some reason to believe has been shaved off.

JOHN H. SURREAT is about 5 feet 9 inches. Hair rather thin and dark; eyes rather light; no beard. Would weigh 145 or 150 pounds. Complexion rather pale and clear, with color in his cheeks. Wore light clothes of fine quality. Shoulders square; cheek bones rather prominent; chin narrow; ears projecting at the top; forehead rather low and square, but broad. Parts his hair on the right side; neck rather long. His lips are firmly set. A slim man.

DAVID C. HAROLD is five feet six inches high, hair dark, eyes dark, eyebrows rather heavy, full face, nose short, hand short and fleshy, feet small, in-step high, round bodied, naturally quick and active, slightly closes his eyes when looking at a person.

NOTICE.—In addition to the above, State and other authorities have offered rewards amounting to almost one hundred thousand dollars, making an aggregate of about TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

POSTER ANNOUNCING THE REWARD FOR THE APPREHENSION
 OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ASSASSIN

a foot of Lincoln, he fired, and a ball entered the President's head. Major Rathbone, who was in the box, grappled with Booth, but was stabbed. Leaping from the box down upon the stage, Booth waved a bloody knife, shouting, "The South is avenged!" He reached the stage door, mounted a waiting horse, and disappeared. Ten thousand cavalry were soon on his track, and two weeks later Booth fell dying on the floor of a blazing Virginia barn with a shot in his own brain.

The bleeding and unconscious President was tenderly carried from the theatre to a house across the street. Mrs. Lincoln and Robert, with many more, watched there through the night, but there was no hope. Had not Lincoln been such a strong man, said the doctors, he would have died within an hour. Daylight came, and, soon after, Lincoln drew his last breath. The telegraph spread over the country the sad news. Work almost ceased. Stores closed. The cities of the North were robed in black. Bells were taken off the horses which drew the street-cars. Flags hung at half-mast. The people groaned, "Our President is dead!"

A week later a black train bearing the coffin of Lincoln and that of his son Willie, who had died three years before, left Washington on its way to the Middle West. It followed the same route which four years earlier Lincoln had traveled as he came to Washington. Vast crowds assembled along the line and stood for hours in darkness or in rain to catch one glimpse as the funeral car passed. The spring was coming to its height, but there was no gladness in the land. The cry of the mourning hearts was, "Our President is dead!"

At Springfield old friends and neighbors tenderly received the body of their great leader, and it was laid away in the beautiful Oakland Cemetery. His work was done. He had given the nation a new freedom and secured it a

united and glorious future. The memory of Lincoln is set high in our minds and our hearts. With each successive year our land reverences him more deeply and sees more truly how noble was his life. Side by side stand the great Americans—Washington, the founder of the Union; Lincoln, its preserver.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Could you say that the two boys, Cyrus and Abraham, were neighbors?
2. How were flat-boats usually navigated on the Ohio River?
3. Where was Abe Lincoln living when the first steamboat went down the Ohio?
4. How could Lincoln in making change give a customer six and a quarter cents too little?
5. What other famous men managed to become lawyers without passing through a law-school?
6. What did Lincoln mean by saying, "In law the winner is often a loser"?
7. What is meant by saying, "Lincoln was not an abolitionist"? Did he not hate slavery?
8. Tell the story of the attack on Fort Sumter.
9. What kind of passes did Mr. Lincoln give to General McClellan and his soldiers?
10. What is the special meaning when we speak of Gettysburg as a "high-water mark"?

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

CHIEF OF THE BLUE

"We are now in the midst of trying times, when every one must be for or against his country and show his colors, too, by his every act."—*Letter to his father in 1861.*

I. THE WEST POINT CADET

Ulysses, the Horse-Lover.—One fine day in May, when Abraham Lincoln, no doubt, was working on an Illinois farm, young Mrs. Grant of Ohio took her first baby and rode ten miles by carriage to show it to her father and mother. Of course, the grandparents were delighted to see their grandson. "What is his name?" they asked. "We haven't named him yet. What do you suggest?" answered Mrs. Grant. Every one in the household had a favorite. One aunt liked "Theodore," an uncle preferred "Albert," the grandfather wanted "Hiram," a good Bible name, and the grandmother chose "Ulysses," after the wisest soldier of the old Greek stories. They shook up in a hat slips of paper bearing the names suggested, and the grandmother's selection was drawn out first. Then it seemed a shame that the grandfather should be disappointed, so the baby went home called Hiram Ulysses Grant.



ULYSSES S. GRANT

Mr. Grant, the father, had a tannery in Georgetown, a village not far from Cincinnati, and the horses that were used to haul the tanbark, the raw hides, and the leather were a delight to little Ulysses. When, at three years old, his

father swung him up to the back of one of the horses, Ulysses at once gathered up the reins in his tiny hands and made it plain that he thought he could ride without any help. At the age of five he did ride alone on the team-horses as the men drove them. At seven the boy was trying various circus tricks, though he had never seen a circus; and by the time he was ten he could ride "like a monkey." One of his feats was to stand on one bare foot on a sheepskin which took the place of a saddle, and balance himself while the horse was running at full speed.

Horses or School?—The neighbors watched, and said, "Liss Grant is far more at home in the saddle than he'll ever be in school." This ten-year-old youngster had never gone to school at all. There were not many schools in southwest Ohio at that time. Mr. Grant himself, although a successful business man, had received but little education. He had taught himself to write, and he was a great reader, so he decided that his son should be well educated. Like many busy fathers, however, Mr. Grant left to his equally busy wife the early instruction of his boy. Mrs. Grant taught Ulysses to read and write, but she did more than that; her lessons influenced him to be manly and straightforward.

When at last he was sent to school, Ulysses did not like it much. Arithmetic came easily to him, and he was interested in geography because he hoped some day to be a great traveler. But neither arithmetic nor geography was half so attractive as were his beloved horses. In addition to his tannery, Mr. Grant owned and farmed considerable land, and Ulysses loved to do any farm-labor in which horses were used. He always got a wonderful amount of work from the teams with very little trouble, and earned a good sum of money by training horses for the neighbors.

The Future Cadet.—At sixteen the lad had gone through the courses that a near-by academy offered, though it can-

not be said that he had mastered them. "It's time to choose your business in life," said his father. "Will you go into the tannery with me?" "No, I hate it," replied Ulysses. "What do you want to do, then?" asked Mr. Grant. "I'd like to be a farmer, or a trader on the Mississippi," answered the boy. "How would you like to go to the West Point Military Academy?" said Mr. Grant, who knew there was a vacancy which his son could fill. "First rate," Ulysses declared.

Upon application to the Congressman from that district, the place was given to "Liss." But when Mr. Grant came home with the news, "Liss" had changed his mind, fearing that he would only fail as a cadet in that strict school. "I won't go, father," said he. Mr. Grant looked him straight in the eye. "Oh, yes, you will," he answered, and Ulysses changed his mind back again.

The Georgetown people agreed with Ulysses that he would not do very well at West Point. One man went so far as to say to Mr. Grant, "Why wasn't someone chosen who would be a credit to the district?" Ulysses, indeed, was not much for looks. No one except his parents imagined that the "stumpy, freckle-faced, big-headed country lad" would be a true soldier. So quiet and backward in company was he that the boys of the town called him "slow." As they gathered in the spring evenings in the court-house square, one of their pet jokes was to tease "Useless" about his becoming an army officer.

What's in a Name?—Ulysses, with no great expectation of success, packed his trunk studded with his initials in brass-headed tacks. "H. U. G. spells hug, and the boys will plague me," he complained, so he changed the tacks to read "U. H. G." It took Ulysses and his trunk a week to reach Philadelphia, three days on the steamboat to Pittsburgh and three days on the canal to Harrisburg. From

Harrisburg he took the first train ride of his life, which brought him to the Quaker City, where he had relatives. At last Ulysses reached beautiful West Point on the Hudson, and to his great amazement, he found the cadets were anxiously waiting for him to appear.

The interest of the cadets had nothing to do with any deeds of Ulysses; it was all on account of his name. The Congressman who made the appointment had sent in the boy's name wrong. Ulysses had a younger brother called Simpson, and the Congressman had confused the two boys. "Ulysses Simpson Grant" was the title the West Point officers received from Ohio, and on the bulletin board where the names of the new cadets to come were posted, appeared "U. S. Grant." "Uncle Sam Grant!" the West Point boys shouted, and as "Sam" Grant, Ulysses was known all through his stay at the Academy.

Days at West Point.—West Point was a place for hard work. There was plenty of drill and study, but not much amusement for the cadets in their gray jackets and tight white trousers. "Sam" Grant disliked most of the soldiering and most of the studying. He could not keep his coat trim, his collar clean, his brass buttons bright. He could not even keep step in marching. His list of demerits or "blackmarks" grew long. Writing to his cousin in Ohio, soon after he entered the Academy, Ulysses said, "To show how easy one can get these, a man by the name of Grant got eight of these marks for not going to church. If a man gets two hundred a year they dismiss him." Grant never piled up more than one hundred demerits yearly, but on the conduct roll his name always appeared in the latter half of the list.

When the cadets went to the riding-school, however, "Sam" came to the front. Not even the instructor could equal him. One of the horses, a big sorrel named York, objected to being ridden. His clever trick of rearing up and

tumbling over backward discouraged the boys. "I will send him away," said the master. "Let me try him," begged Grant.

York found that jumping about would not dislodge this persistent fellow, so he began to carry out his scheme of rearing and falling. But at the moment York rose on his hind legs, down between his ears came the heavy butt of Grant's pistol. The astonished horse stopped short, but soon tried it again, only to receive a second painful blow. To make the story short, Grant, by a mixture of firmness and kindness, broke York of his bad habits and then trained him beautifully. One of the sights of the riding-class was the daily leap of York and his rider over a bar higher than a man's head. For many a year no cadet could match that feat.

A St. Louis Sweetheart.—Quiet "Sam" made few close friends among his classmates, but no enemies. Once he got into a hot dispute with a Southern cadet, Fred Dent, about the slavery question. The two finally stripped off their coats and were all ready to settle the matter with their fists, when the funny side of the affair struck them and it ended in a hearty laugh. During the senior years of "Sam's" stay, Fred Dent was his roommate and dear friend.

Four years of cadet life brought Grant and Dent to their graduation day, and they became second lieutenants in the army of the United States. Grant, now twenty-one, had greatly improved during his course. He was straight and slender, though not tall, and his pleasant face and manners offset his shy behavior. Though in the army, and bound to serve for at least four years more, he cared nothing for it as a profession. When his four years were over, he hoped to become teacher of mathematics in some college.

Meanwhile Ulysses was sent to the West, to Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. Strangely enough, about five miles

from the barracks stood a big white plantation house which was Fred Dent's home. Fred had been sent far away, but Ulysses, his friend, found a warm welcome at White Haven, as the Dent house was called.

Julia Dent, the seventeen-year-old daughter, was away on a visit when Ulysses began his visits to White Haven. When she returned, Grant found the house still more attractive. Before Julia had been home a month, her friends were teasing her about "the little lieutenant with the big epaulets." Julia, like most Southern girls, loved to ride, and the two young people spent many an hour together on horseback. Mr. Dent saw that the affair was becoming serious. He thought of his prosperous store in St. Louis, of his thousand-acre plantation with its many slaves, and decided that the poorly-paid boyish lieutenant was no good match for his daughter.

The Mexican War.—Trouble was now brewing between the United States and Mexico, on account of Texas. War seemed so near that it seemed best to move troops toward that region, and the regiment of Ulysses was suddenly ordered to Louisiana. Grant could not think of going without a last talk with Julia. He saddled his horse and galloped off toward White Haven. On his way a flooded stream barred the path. The lack of a bridge did not stop the determined lieutenant. Straight into the water he urged his horse and with some difficulty reached the other bank. It was a soaking wet officer who was greeted by Julia Dent; but before they parted that day the couple were engaged, and it was with a hopeful heart that Grant set off southward.

The Mexican War began. Lieutenant Grant got his full share of the fighting. He saw his comrades fall dead and wounded by his side, but he kept his nerve, showed no excitement, and did good service. At last the Americans came within sight of the capital of the country, the City of

Mexico. As they paused to consider how best to attack it, a tall Virginia captain, Robert E. Lee, rode up to the wagons of which Lieutenant Grant had charge, and passed the time of day with him. The two met many years later under very different circumstances.

Married and Parted. Leaving the Army.—After a while the United States Army conquered its enemy, and Grant's regiment came home. Julia had not seen her soldier for over four years. As soon as Ulysses could get a furlough, the young couple were married. Now Mr. Dent felt proud of his son-in-law, who at twenty-six had rendered distinguished service on the battlefield, had been promoted to first lieutenant, and had been promised a captaincy as soon as possible.

Several more years passed away while Grant and his wife were stationed at various posts, but his pay was too small for his needs. The Pacific coast was fast being settled, and the regiment was called to Oregon. Grant did not wish to expose his wife and baby boy to the dangers of the fever-haunted road over the Isthmus of Panama, but he thought that in the Golden West he would be sure to discover a way to make money. Mrs. Grant went back to her father's house and Captain Grant unwillingly left her once more.

The days in the fort on the Columbia River were lonely and dreary. Grant invested some of his pay in business ventures, but business was never his strong point, and he lost instead of winning. Though Grant had risen to the rank of captain, each month he grew more sad and silent, and at last his fellow-officers learned that he was foolishly drinking to drown his sorrow. The amount which Grant took was not enough to show on many men, but his head could not bear liquor. A few glasses would flush his face and make him stupid. The colonel found out Grant's unfortunate habit. He warned Grant, but without effect, and soon his colonel asked Captain Grant to write out his

resignation. The gallant boy of the Mexican War left the army in disgrace.

II. THE FIGHTING GENERAL

Hard Times at "Hard Scrabble."—On his way to rejoin his wife, Grant stopped to see his father's family. The mother received him with open arms, but the father and brothers plainly showed that they considered Ulysses a failure. Soon Grant, cut to the heart, left them and hastened to White Haven. There he found his wife with their two children, the younger of whom he had never seen. It was joy to be with them once more. As, however, a living had to be made, Grant lost no time in making a start.

Mr. Dent had given to Julia, as a wedding present, a small portion of his big plantation. On this small farm Grant cut down some trees and built from the logs a four-roomed cabin, which he fitly called "Hard Scrabble." There Julia Grant began housekeeping again. Mr. Dent loaned Grant a thousand dollars, so he was able to buy a stock of farm animals and tools. Now, as in the old boyish days, Captain Grant at thirty-two followed the plow and drove his wagon.

There were hard times at "Hard Scrabble." The crops did not do well. Grant struggled to get along. In good weather or in bad he worked just the same. When nothing else could be done, he hauled cord-wood from the farm and sold it in St. Louis. Work and worry began to age the silent man, who had now three children to support. He lost his soldierly straightness and grew stoop-shouldered.

At last, after three years of disappointment, thinking he could make more money on a larger farm, Grant left "Hard Scrabble" and rented Mr. Dent's plantation. With three negroes to help him, he managed to plant a large amount of various crops, and hoped for a good season. Then came an

unexpected misfortune; Grant fell sick with chills and fever. For days at a time he could do no work. The laborers took advantage of his illness and neglected their duties. Again the crops proved poor, and that fall, giving up the fight,



From the collection of F. H. Meserve

GRANT AT COLD HARBOR

Grant sold his farming outfit and moved into a tiny house in St. Louis.

The War Begins.—Mr. Dent found a place in a real-estate office for his son-in-law, but again Grant showed that he was no business man. He could not even make a success

at collecting rent, for the tenants soon learned that Grant's soft heart believed any "hard luck story." From one thing to another went Grant. An evil fate seemed to pursue him. Mr. Dent grew impatient and thought his son-in-law almost worthless. After a year of this hand-to-mouth life, old Mr. Grant offered a little help. He had established a branch of his tannery in Galena, a town in the northwest part of Illinois. The two brothers of Ulysses were managing the tannery, and Ulysses could come and be a clerk, if he cared to do so. "It's that or nothing," thought Grant, and without delay the family took the Mississippi steamer to Galena.

The stoop-shouldered, brown-bearded man who for a year bent over the account books in the store took little part in the affairs of the town. What a change in his life from the time he was a dashing horseman in the army! But a return change was coming. Lincoln was elected President, and the next spring came the news that the Southerners had fired on Fort Sumter. Grant felt that now there was real work in his special line. "We have a Government, and laws, and a flag, and they must all be sustained," said he.

Galena was a patriotic town. Its men quickly made up a company of volunteers, and they asked "Cap" Grant to show them how the "regulars" drilled. When Grant stepped before the ranks the soldier in him shone out. He straightened up; his orders rang clear and sharp. "He's a regular, sure enough," said the company. "He must be our captain." But Grant declined. He knew that there was bigger work in the war for a man of his experience. Soon the Galena men went off to Springfield, and Grant took the same train, because he had volunteered his services to the governor of his state.

The Quiet Colonel.—In Springfield Grant helped in various odd jobs connected with the army, but his desire now was to be an officer once more. He wrote to Washington

asking for the command of a regiment, but his letter went into a pigeon-hole, where it stayed for several years. Grant's chance came in a different way. A new regiment stationed at Camp Yates, near Springfield, had become disorderly. Its colonel could do nothing with the men. Governor Yates thought of the quiet soldier who had helped to get other affairs into shape, and offered Grant the regiment. "I accept," was the reply.

Two Congressmen went out with Grant to Camp Yates. The regiment was drawn up in line, and the Congressmen made speeches to the soldiers. Then the men wanted to hear their new colonel, and perhaps were ready to "guy" him a little. When Grant stood up, the men laughed outright. He had no uniform, his coat was out at the elbows, and his hat was the worse for wear. "What will this new fellow say?" sneered the soldiers. Grant did not detain them long. His speech consisted of four words, "Go to your quarters."

In ten days the regiment had so changed that its former colonel would not have known it. Grant himself knocked down and gagged its worst bully. He poured out on the ground the whiskey that the men carried in their canteens. If the men were not dressed for drill at the time Grant set, the drill went on, with some men coatless or capless, some even barefoot. The colonels of the other new regiments in the camp came to watch how Grant managed his men, and they found that he handled these toughs without an angry word or an oath.

The Fighting General.—The regiment was sent to fight along the Mississippi, and Grant proved himself the best colonel in that part of the country. On one occasion he was sent to attack a well-known Confederate colonel whose force of men slightly exceeded Grant's. As Grant led his regiment toward the Confederate camp he felt many fears

about the result of the coming battle; but when the Union soldiers drew near the enemy's post, Grant found that his foe had retreated. "He was as much afraid of me as I was of him," thought Grant, and never afterward did he fear to strike the opposing force.

Before the first summer of the war was half ended, President Lincoln appointed Colonel Grant a general. Experienced men who could win success were rare in the Union army, and they rose fast. General Grant led a few thousand men to attack the enemy at Belmont, Missouri. It was not much of a victory for either side, but the Union troops had to withdraw on their steamboats. Grant was the last to leave the field. The gang-plank of the rearmost boat had been pulled in from the bank when Grant and his horse slid down the slope. Under a heavy fire of musketry, his men ran the plank out again, and the commander rode aboard unhurt.

Soon the North was delighted to hear that Grant had captured two of the strongest Confederate forts in Tennessee, with twelve thousand men. When the Southern commander asked for Grant's terms of surrender. Grant replied, "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." The Confederate general at once gave up the idea of resistance. Now Grant's name became a household word. The Union men said that his initials stood for "Unconditional Surrender Grant." President Lincoln raised his successful fighter from brigadier-general to the next rank, major-general.

Success upon Success.—The two great strongholds of the Confederates were Richmond and Vicksburg. On a high bank of the Mississippi Vicksburg stood. Around it lay tangled swamps. Its guns swept the waters of the river and kept the Northern vessels from coming past. "I will

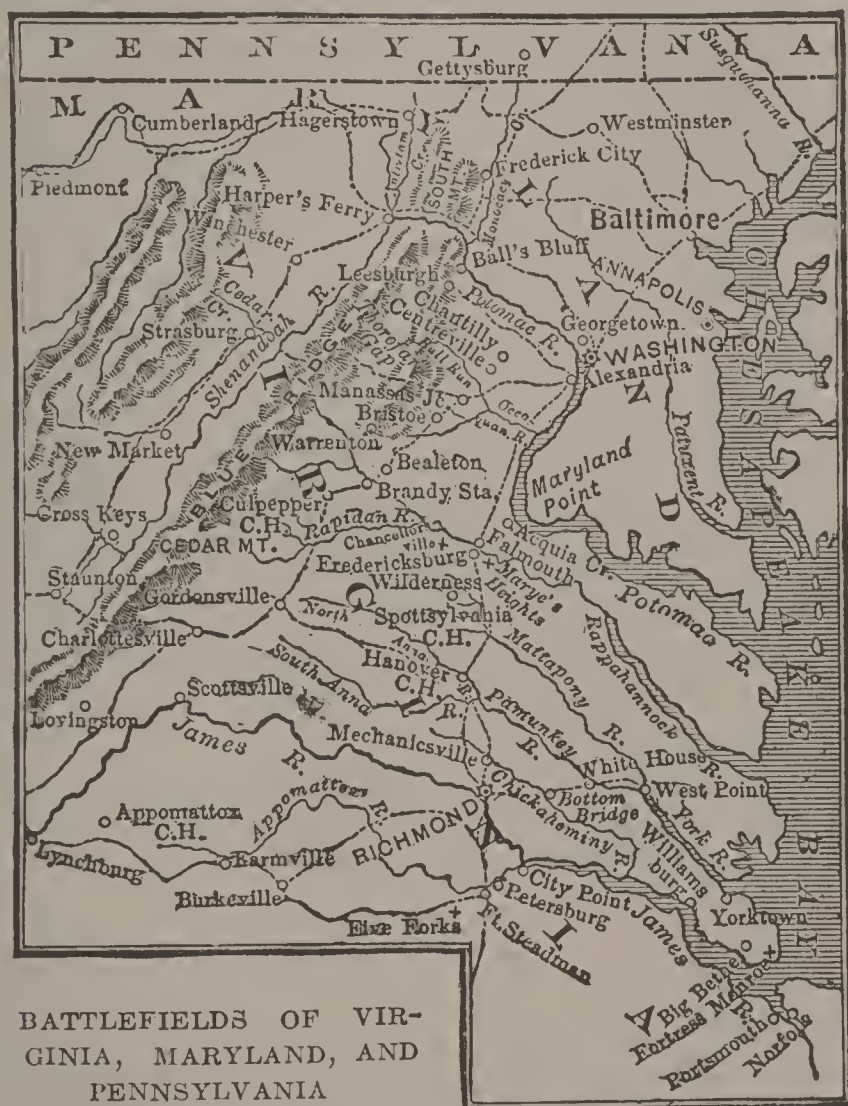
capture Vicksburg," declared Grant. With a large army and a fleet of gunboats he undertook the task. For many days the Union soldiers tried to force their way through the narrow paths of the swamps. The Confederates drove them back. For many days the gunboats tried to push through the winding channels and reach a point from which they could safely bombard the city high above them. The boats found no passage.

Five months were spent in this fruitless labor. Many people said, "Grant is wasting the lives of our brave boys. He is either foolish, stupid, or drunken." But Lincoln answered, "I can't spare this man. He fights. If I knew what kind of whiskey he drinks, I would send a barrel to each of my other generals." Finally Grant succeeded in drawing his net tight about the town. Vicksburg was garrisoned by thirty thousand Confederates. They defended themselves bravely, but day and night Grant rained shells upon them. The wretched townspeople dug caves in which to shelter. Food became scarce. Flour sold at ten Confederate dollars a pound and bacon at five dollars, and mule-meat was thought a fine dish. Finally, on that Fourth of July when Lee retreated from Gettysburg, the Confederate leader surrendered Vicksburg. Grant captured all of the garrison and one hundred and seventy-five cannon. It was the greatest haul of the war. "Vicksburg and Gettysburg!" cried the joyful people of the North. "Hurrah for Grant and Meade!" From the wonderful Fourth onward the Union men were confident of winning.

Grant was soon made commander of all the armies west of the Appalachians. With his three famous helpers, Sherman, Thomas and Hooker, he completely conquered the Confederates in Tennessee. Many people began to say that Grant would make a good President, but Grant himself wrote to his father: "I am not a candidate for any office.

All I want is to be let alone to fight this war out." "That is the right kind of talk," thought President Lincoln, and he made Grant lieutenant-general, with command over all the armies of the United States.

On to Richmond.—To receive this great honor Grant went to Washington. When he called at the White House



to pay his respects to President Lincoln, the visitors there crowded around him so closely that Secretary Seward induced Grant to stand upon a sofa to be seen by all. The crowd saw "a short, round-shouldered man, in a very tarnished uniform. He had rough light-brown whiskers, a blue eye, and rather a scrubby look." There certainly was no style about the great soldier. The next day, in Lincoln's

office, this plain commander received his great commission as head of all the armies. "As the country herein trusts you," said Lincoln, "so, under God, it will sustain you."

Now, at the beginning of 1864, Grant laid out his plans to end the war. There was only one way to do it quickly; that was to hit, hit hard, and keep on hitting. Meade was to hit from the north and Sherman from the south and west. It would be a terrible struggle, and many thousand soldiers would fall, but there was nothing else to be done. The North had still plenty of men to fill the ranks, while the South had "robbed the cradle and grave" to get troops. All that Grant needed to do was to stick to his purpose; and he was just the man to do that.

The Secretary of War objected to some parts of Grant's plan, but when he complained to Lincoln, "Old Abe" said, "Now, Mr. Secretary, you know we have been trying to manage this army for nearly three years, and you know we haven't done much with it. We sent over the mountains and brought Mr. Grant to manage it for us, and now I guess we had better let Mr. Grant have his own way." Grant had his way, for Lincoln trusted him. One beautiful day in May, Grant, sitting on a log by the roadside in Virginia, wrote out a telegram to Sherman, telling him to start forward. The death-struggle of the Civil War was about to begin. Grant was headed straight for Richmond.

III. CONQUEROR AND PRESIDENT

Fighting it Out.—Grant's strong drive toward Richmond was stubbornly resisted by Lee, while Johnston in the south opposed the advance of Sherman. It was in the struggle between plain Grant and stately Lee that the North showed greatest interest. The two skilful commanders were well matched. Grant led the stronger force, but Lee's entrenchments offset this advantage.

Lee had been able to outwit and to drive back every other Union general who had marched into Virginia; but Grant he could not stop. There was fierce hand-to-hand fighting, there was desperate assault and heroic repulse. Both armies covered themselves with glory. In spite of the wonderful bravery of the Confederates, however, the Federals pressed



THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

ever southward. Fifty thousand men were lost from Grant's ranks in a month of fearful slaughter. Many Northerners looked at the list of casualties and cried "Butcher Grant!" Yet the general sternly said, "We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

It did take all summer, and all winter, too. Though Grant's army now lay close to Richmond, Lee was safe behind his breastworks. Other Union generals had come within sight of Richmond before, and had gone back again in defeat. Grant, like a bulldog, was bound to hold fast. He

took up his quarters in a log-cabin at City Point, on the James River below Richmond. From that spot he watched affairs with a sharp eye, all through the cold months. To the cabin, for a stay of many weeks, came his wife and their little son Jesse. His most illustrious visitor was President Lincoln.

Richmond Falls.—March, 1865, came. Grant's men began to move once more. Sherman with a hundred thousand troops was sweeping up toward Richmond, but Grant would not wait for him. He sent General "Phil" Sheridan to cut the railroad which brought Lee's supplies from the South, and it was successfully done. Another assault broke Lee's line of entrenchments. "We'll end it right here," growled Grant. Lee saw that Richmond could not be held any longer. Only on the west was there a chance for escape. He decided to retreat in that direction while he could.

It was a bright April Sunday. President Lincoln was at City Point, reading messages of good cheer that came in from Grant. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederates, sat in his pew in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, trying to find comfort in the services. A messenger came up the aisle and handed to Davis a note. The word was from General Lee. Richmond must fall into Grant's hands. The President's face turned gray; he rose and left the church. Everyone knew what that meant.

That night Davis and his Cabinet fled from the city as Lee's men marched out toward the west. "I will not give up the fight," thought Lee. "If I can join with the remains of Johnston's army, we'll give the Yankees a hard struggle yet." But the wearers of the blue followed hard on his heels. There was fight after fight. Hungry and tired though they were, the Confederates, ever retiring toward the Blue Ridge, battled for eighty miles like brave men. At the end of the week, Sheridan's cavalry galloped squarely between them and

the mountains, while Meade pressed upon their rear. Lee was fairly caught at Appomattox Station.

War Ends.—The combat was ended. The two great generals came face to face to arrange the surrender. Their thoughts were partly of old days when they had met in Mexico, and they talked as old friends. The beaten general looked like a conqueror. In spite of the hard march, he had kept a fine new gray uniform, which he put on for the occasion. Tall and straight, with his hand on the hilt of his gilded sword, Lee was the worthy defender of a mighty cause. Yet the plain little round-shouldered man, without a sword, clothes and boots splashed with mud, had crushed the cause for which this leader stood.

By the light of the camp-fires, that evening at Appomattox, the regimental bands of the Union army played "Home, Sweet Home." There were still Confederate armies in the field, but all knew that Lee's overthrow marked the real end of the war. When Grant came to Washington, a few days later, the people hailed him with wild joy. In the evening there was a grand display of fireworks. The President and Mrs. Lincoln took General Grant and his wife in their carriage to watch these signs of victory, and as they rode along, from the crowd rose deafening cheers, three times three for Lincoln and Grant.

"Attend the theatre with us this evening," urged the Lincolns the next day, but Grant and his wife declined. Two of their children were at school at Burlington, New Jersey, and the parents were anxious to see them. General and Mrs. Grant took the evening train north. At Philadelphia the telegraph flashed them the news that Lincoln had been shot. If Grant had sat beside the President, would not two great men have fallen instead of one?

Head of the Nation.—Now for a time Grant almost took Lincoln's place in the hearts of the American people. The

nation wished to show him honor. At every great celebration in every great city of the United States, Grant's presence was desired. His friends in Philadelphia had already given him a house; now his old friends in Galena presented another to him. The West Pointers were overjoyed when Grant came back there to see his son Fred, who had become a cadet like his father. President Andrew Johnson, who took Lincoln's place, sent Grant through the South, to see how the Southerners felt about the Union, and even there Grant was received with respect and gratitude for his gentleness to a beaten enemy.

President Johnson and the Congress fell into a bitter quarrel about the proper way to treat the states that had once been Confederate. The President did many unwise things, and it was soon seen that he could not hold the office again. "Grant for President!" rose the call. For more than a year Grant had nothing to say when he was asked to come forward as a candidate. The story goes that it was his wife who influenced him to accept at last. She was proud to think that her husband, once thought a failure, might fill the highest office in the land. He received a large vote, and President Grant sat in the White House.

For eight years Grant held the post of the nation's head. They were not truly happy years, nor were they easy. The war had left both North and South in a bad condition. The nation had so many great things to watch that it could not attend to the smaller ones. Contractors and bad politicians grew rich at the nation's expense. Public office was not considered as a chance for good service, but as a chance to grab money. The South was a nest of trouble. The whites tried to keep the blacks out of their rights; when the blacks got into power they tried to crush the whites. Violence and bloodshed were common.

People blamed the President for many things. They said

he appointed too many of his family and his wife's relatives to good offices. They said that any one of Grant's old friends could "shut the President's eye up" and be safe in making money by crooked means. They said that Grant had no skill in picking out good men to run the government. Much of their blame was true. It was a careless time. Grant was no business man. He had not run after the Presidency, because he did not feel that he was experienced in politics. He was just a plain soldier; he did the best he could; but in truth, whether it was his fault or not, this great general did not make a great President. One thing, however, was seen by all—Grant himself was an honest man.

Ward, the Rascal.—Grant was more glad to leave the White House than he had been to enter its doors. He now made his home in New York, and went into business with a broker to whom his son, Ulysses, Jr., introduced him. The new firm of Grant and Ward seemed wonderfully successful. With the famous name of Grant to give him credit, Ward seemed to be making millions for the General and himself. Grant, who understood so little about business, trusted Ward absolutely, but Ward's dealings had been frauds. Grant arrived at the Wall Street office one day to find Ward gone and everything in confusion. When the truth burst upon him Grant wasted no words in complaint. "We are all ruined here," he coolly announced to the friends who hastened in. Nearly every penny which he owned had been swept away.

But another blow fell. Immediately after his business failure his throat began to give Grant pain. When he consulted the doctors, they pronounced it cancer, probably brought on by his excessive smoking. Month by month the pain grew keener. No cure was possible. In the midst of the General's suffering, a publishing firm, of which Mark Twain was a member, offered him good terms if he would

write the story of his life. Such a task was not to Grant's taste; but here he saw a chance of leaving to his loved ones, whose money through him had been lost, a small fortune. He signed the contract and began his "Memoirs."



GENERAL GRANT'S TOMB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK

Several times it seemed as though the work would never be completed; several times the doctors thought that Grant was dying; but Grant intended to fight to the last. "I want to live and finish my book," said he. In the struggle with Death, though Grant was sure to lose at last, his purpose was to win this one battle.

Suffering pain almost unbearable, without complaint he labored on. When his eaten-away throat could stand it, he

dictated. When speech proved impossible, he wrote on a tablet. At last the thrilling story of his career down to the end of the war was done. There he wished to let it rest. The only record he cared to leave was that of his soldier life.

Only a few weeks of life remained. Night after night he spent sleepless, tortured with pain. All the tributes which the people of America showered upon him could not cure him. On a summer morning of 1885, his long suffering ended. He had fought his last fight.

Amidst the salutes of cannon from warships moored in the Hudson, his body was laid to rest in New York. Today, high above the North River, a beautiful tomb, built like a temple, covers the open vault where lies his granite coffin beside that of his wife. As reverent visitors look down into the vault, they give fresh honor to the plain soldier whose highest purpose was to bring America peace within her borders and make her a reunited nation.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. What was Grant's opinion as to the justice of the quarrel between the United States and Mexico? Give reasons for your opinion.
2. Find out two special services performed by Grant in the Mexican War for which you think he deserved honorable mention.
3. What other celebrated Americans served in the Mexican War?
4. Why has the road over the Isthmus of Panama ceased to be fever-haunted?
5. Write a short dialogue which might have taken place between Lincoln and Grant at City Point.
6. What terrible scenes occurred in Richmond when the Confederate defenders left the city?

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

CHIEF OF THE GRAY

“Do your duty in all things. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less.”—*Letter to his son.*

I. UNSELFISH SERVICE

Robert Lee and the Greatest Virginian.—“First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen;” these famous words we owe to “Light Horse Harry” Lee, a



ROBERT EDWARD LEE

gallant cavalry officer during the Revolutionary War and a personal friend of the “Father of his Country.” “Light Horse Harry’s” Virginia home stood near the Potomac, only a few miles from Washington’s birthplace. There, in the year when the *Clermont* made her first voyage up the Hudson, was born a son, Robert.

Robert’s early life was closely connected with the memory of noble Washington. He heard from his father many stories of the great leader. When Robert was still very young, the Lee family moved to the old town of Alexandria, on the Potomac, below the nation’s capital. There the Lees attended the very church in which Washington had worshipped. Robert was often taken to Mount Vernon. His

father and mother also took him frequently to visit Arlington, a beautiful mansion standing on a wooded hill across the river from the city of Washington. There lived George Washington Parke Custis, the son of Martha Washington. When little Mary Custis and Robert were tired of play they would roam through the house, looking at the many relics of Washington which it contained. The boy learned to love and admire the character of Washington: as he grew up, he, like Grant, took that great man as his pattern.

The Cadet and Mary.—No “mollycoddle” would decide to be a soldier, and that was the life Robert chose. To prepare himself for entrance to West Point, Robert attended for a year an academy in Alexandria. The next question was, how to get into West Point. Mrs. Lewis, the sister of Mr. Custis of Arlington, came to Robert’s aid. With him she drove to Washington, called at the White House, and introduced her young friend to President Jackson. That old fighter looked Robert over, was pleased with his manly appearance and good manners, and readily gave Robert the desired appointment.

At West Point Robert became known as one of the best cadets. He neither drank, smoked, nor swore; and he studied with a will. Ulysses Grant, fifteen years later, received many demerits, though he was not at all a bad fellow; but Robert Lee during the entire four years of his course got never a one. This was not due to any lack of spirits, for on his furloughs home he was as great a tease and fun-maker as could be found. All the girls at the parties admired Robert. In gray uniform with white buttons, this trim cadet with the brown eyes and curling brown hair was indeed a fine-looking partner, and as interesting as he was handsome. But Robert’s attention centered on one girl, Mary Custis, and she delighted in his company. Mary’s father objected. Lee was poor,

while Mary would inherit a fortune. At last, seeing that Mary's heart was fixed, Mr. Custis yielded.

Robert graduated second in his class. The "honor men" were then selected as engineer officers, so an engineer Robert became. He helped in fixing the boundaries of state lines, in making dikes along the Mississippi, and in building Fort Hamilton. After two years of such work, having made a good reputation for himself in his profession, he returned to Arlington and there was a fine wedding.

A Distinguished Officer.—At last the Mexican War called Lee away from his own country. Under the command of General Winfield Scott, Lee, now a captain, laid out the route of the army, improved the roads, scouted to find the location of the enemy's troops, and made fortifications in time of battle. Often his life was in danger; in one battle, indeed, he was wounded; but his bold active spirit made light of that. General Scott saw the value of Lee's services. At the end of the war Lee returned from Mexico a colonel.

After a time Colonel Lee was made superintendent of West Point. At forty-five he came back to the place he had left when he was twenty-two. Then he had been an inexperienced young lieutenant with his reputation still to gain; now he was a distinguished officer, admired by all. The cadets looked up to him with respect and affection. His own son, Custis, was a cadet under his charge.

The three years spent inside the Academy walls were quite long enough to satisfy Lee, who had had so many different experiences in the open field. Next he became colonel of a cavalry regiment in Texas. That was a rough, wild life. Colonel Lee chased fierce Comanche Indians and roving Mexican bandits. "I hope you enjoyed your usual celebration of the Fourth of July," he wrote one year to his wife. "Mine was spent, after a march of thirty miles, under the shade of my blanket which I had spread on four sticks. The

sun was fiery hot, the air like the blast of a furnace, and all the water brackish. Still, my loyalty to my country and my faith in the future continue as ardent as ever."

While Lee was riding over the Texas plains, the storm of war was threatening our country. Lee sorrowfully saw the clouds gathering. "How the spirit of Washington would be grieved if he could see the wreck of his mighty labors!" he wrote to his son. Lee admitted that slavery was evil. He had already set free the few slaves whom he had inherited long since from his mother, and the negroes that Mary Lee had received at the death of her father were soon to be freed also. Yet Lee saw that to destroy slavery at one blow would overturn the whole life of the South. How could the North and the South peaceably settle their differences? Lee did not know; there was in truth no answer.

When the final break came, Lee had been called by General Scott to the city of Washington. "Leave no stone unturned to secure Robert Lee to our side," the old General advised Lincoln. "He would be worth fifty thousand men to us." Lee loved the Union. He believed that it was intended to last forever. But, like most of the great men in Washington's day, he considered that his duty to his own state should stand above his duty to the Union.

General Scott, who was now commander-in-chief of the army, was too old to conduct the war. He knew he would be compelled to resign, and he recommended Lee to fill the place. President Lincoln was ready to give the post to Lee, but Lee's answer came: "I am opposed to secession, I dislike the idea of war, but I cannot take part against the Southern states." General Scott begged Lee to change his mind, but Lee's conscience pointed out only one road. "I am compelled to do as I do," he replied: "I cannot consult my own feelings."

Had Lee been a selfish man, he would have joined the side of the North. He would have been commander of all the

CHARLESTON MERCURY

EXTRA:

*Passed unanimously at 1.15 o'clock, P. M., December
20th, 1860.*

AN ORDINANCE

*To dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and
other States united with her under the compact entitled "The
Constitution of the United States of America."*

*We, the People of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and
it is hereby declared and ordained,*

That the Ordinance adopted by us in Convention, on the twenty-third day of May, in the
year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the
United States of America was ratified, and also, all Acts and parts of Acts of the General
Assembly of this State, ratifying amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed;
and that the union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of
"The United States of America," is hereby dissolved.

THE
UNION
IS
DISSOLVED!

NEWSPAPER POSTER ANNOUNCING THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION

powerful Union armies. What an honor that would seem! But Lee could not act selfishly; that was not in his nature. He returned to Arlington and asked to be left alone for a time. His wife heard him in an upper room pacing back and forth in anxious thought. At last he came down. "Well, Mary, the question is settled," he said. "Here is my resignation from the army." The North had lost a great leader.

That resignation meant trouble, poverty, danger. Though Lee did not know it at the time, Virginia had already decided to leave the Union. As soon as the Governor of Virginia learned that Lee had resigned, he asked the legislature to make Lee a general and the commander of all the Virginia troops. This was passed without a vote against it and Lee was called to Richmond where he accepted the position.

Soon the Confederate Government took the appointment of generals out of the hands of the states, and Lee was one of five generals who were to command armies. He was sent to the mountain region of Virginia (now West Virginia) to drive out the Union troops. Lee's military honors had been gained in the mountains of Mexico; yet in the West Virginia mountains he secured no credit. The Federal soldiers were not driven out, and in the end, West Virginia separated from Virginia and became a Union state.

The cry against Lee was loud. Some of the Southern newspapers wanted President Jefferson Davis to remove Lee from any command. They said the "E" in his name stood for "Evacuating,"¹ Lee could have made many excuses; he could have blamed the rain, the lack of horses, the weariness of his men, the failure of some officers to obey; but like Washington he preferred to say nothing in his own defense. "It is better," he said, "to go steadily on in the discharge of my duty to the best of my ability." Like the great General Washington, Lee had apparently failed in his first campaign.

¹ "Evacuating" means giving up.

II. DEFEAT WITH HONOR

Lee Gets His Chance.—In spite of the blame which was heaped on Lee's head, Jefferson Davis believed in him. Lee was given charge of building forts along the southern coast; afterward President Davis kept Lee at his side in Richmond; but for nearly a year General Lee was a general without an army. No doubt he grieved over being thus set aside; at any rate, his hair turned silver during that time, though his movements were as quick and his dark eyes as keen as ever.

Through the warm May days of 1862 the Union forces pressed slowly but steadily toward Richmond. At last the great blue army lay only six miles from that city. The Federal soldiers could hear the Richmond church-clocks striking the hour. "We shall soon be there," they said.

General Johnston, the Confederate commander, was badly wounded, and President Davis put Lee into Johnston's place. It was a critical time. The Southern officers were discouraged and disheartened. They had no confidence in Lee. When their new general called them together in council the officers said with one voice, "The Yankees are too strong for us. Let us retreat a little nearer Richmond. We cannot hold them back here."

Lee made no answer until he had looked over the battle-line. Then, in face of the objections of his officers, he decided, "The enemy is near enough to Richmond. We shall not move back a step. Instead of waiting for the Federals to attack us, we'll attack them."

The Gentle Soldier.—Boldly Lee attacked the outnumbering enemy. They gave way under the fierce assaults, and for seven days retreated from one position to another. General McClellan did not finally halt until he was fifty miles away from Richmond, with the Union gunboats on the James River at his back. "If it were anybody but you who had

planned such a daring attack," wrote Jefferson Davis to Lee, as the fight began, "I would countermand it." The Union soldiers had fought bravely, but Lee had outgeneraled their commander. Amazed, McClellan believed that Lee had more than twice as many men as he actually possessed. President Lincoln changed generals. It was almost three years before any Union army once more caught sight of the spires of Richmond.

At the end of that summer, the name of Lee was dreaded by the Union commanders. He had defeated them again, and the Southern soldiers for a few days looked across the Potomac at the dome of the Capitol in Washington. From his office in the White House President Lincoln saw the "rebel" flags floating in Virginia. The spirit of the Confederates had changed. They were full of confidence in their leader. When he appeared, mounted on his "Confederate gray" horse, "Traveler," every one hurrahed for "Marse² Robert."

In truth, Lee was worthy to be a king. His men believed in him because of his victories, but they loved him because of his noble character. In Lee they saw a representative of the best men of the South. "His graceful, knightly bearing, his eagle eye, and the very expression of his face, all betokened mingled firmness and gentleness," said one who knew him well. Lee was often called "the gentle soldier." He could be determined enough when necessary, yet his heart, like that of Lincoln, was tender.

"What a cruel thing is war," wrote Lee one Christmas day in his tent, "to separate and destroy families and friends, to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors. My heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men." He never ordered even a spy to be put to death. When his generals made mistakes he took the blame upon himself.

² "Marse" is the negro way of saying "Master."

Instead of seizing upon comfortable houses for his headquarters, Lee usually slept in a tent and left the homes undisturbed. During one of his fiercest battles he observed the enemy from a little hill. The enemy observed him also and fired sharply upon him and his officers. While the bullets were humming about, Lee saw at his feet a young bird which had fallen out of its nest. Lee stooped, picked up the bird and placed it safely on a branch of the nearest tree. His horse "Traveler" answered to his master's mere whistle. Great heart and great mind combined in the great soldier to make a true man.

High-water Mark.—To keep the enemy away from Richmond, Lee invaded Pennsylvania. Those rich fields, big barns, comfortable houses and well-stocked stores of the Keystone State offered him a chance to feast his army and refit the needy men. If he could win a battle in Pennsylvania he might be able to make a dash and seize Washington. Then Maryland and West Virginia might join the Confederate states.

The Southerners joyfully followed Lee across the Potomac. Lee on his part was proud of his soldiers. "There never were such men in an army before," he declared. "They will go anywhere and do anything if properly led." But as his sixty thousand fighters marched straight into Pennsylvania, Lee warned them to remember "that we make war only on armed men." Women and children were not to be disturbed. Houses and barns were not to be destroyed. The troops were to be as careful in the country of the enemy as in their own. Could any commander show a more kindly spirit?

General George Meade met the Confederates before Lee could seize Harrisburg. Some of the gray cavalry actually reached the banks of the Susquehanna, but were driven back as Meade advanced. The great battle between Lee and Meade took place at the quiet little town of Gettysburg. For two

days it continued with some advantage to the Confederates. On the third day, the Southerners posted on one ridge looked across the valley at the Federals who held the opposite hill. "If we don't whip Meade, he will whip us," said Lee. The Confederate guns began a terrible cannonade, but their ammunition ran low. Then fifteen thousand men marched across the valley to storm the Union lines on Cemetery Ridge. It was the turn of the Northern cannon and muskets to blaze. The Confederates were blown away like smoke before the wind. "Pickett's charge" had failed, and Lee had lost the battle.

Ebb-tide.—The tide of Confederate strength went down from that day. The defeat at Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg struck the South two crushing blows. Though Lee's army was still strong and in good order, his dream of invading the North had vanished. Grant, flushed with victory, came from the West to grasp Richmond as he had taken Vicksburg.

Now Lee was on the defensive. The South had put almost every able-bodied man into her armies. When those were gone, there would be no more. Grant knew this, and forced the fighting. He could wear out Lee's army. Yet time after time Lee fought him to a standstill. The sight of their beloved leader always roused the gaunt, hungry Confederates to the highest pitch of bravery. Several times, when a charge was to be made, Lee tried to put himself at their head, but the men fiercely cried out, "Go back, General! Get out of danger!" They even seized "Traveller's" bridle and dragged him away.

Finally Grant gave up "hammering." The slaughter of his men had been frightful. He had reached so near Richmond that he built great fortifications half around the city. Now he "nibbled." First at one part of the line, then at another, he tried an attack. Wherever he found a weak

spot, he crept a little closer to Richmond. Lee's men had to be constantly on the watch. In their trenches through those winter months of 1864 and 1865, they received only about one-fifth of the rations which the Union soldiers drew. Some of the men on the coldest days had to stay in the battle-line for three days, with scant diet and thin clothing, while



THE LAST CONFEDERATE BATTLE LINE

the sleet beat upon them. They perished fast from exposure and hunger.

Appomattox.—Lee was now made commander-in-chief of all the Confederate armies; but it was an empty honor. From no other Southern force could Lee get help. He had not enough troops left to hold Richmond. We know how he retreated from burning Richmond with his starving men. In their hunger the soldiers gathered up the scattered grains of corn where the artillery horses had been fed. Still the troops looked to “Marse Robert” to rescue the army and carry on the fight. It was impossible. When Lee surrendered at Appomattox the war was done.

As Lee rode back to his remaining men after the surrender, they crowded around him, loyally trying to show their

sympathy, anxious to touch him or even "Traveler." With a trembling voice Lee spoke: "Men, we have fought through the war together; I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more." Thus with sad but kindly words he bade farewell to his gallant troops.

"Oh, General," exclaimed one of his officers, "what will history say of the surrender?" "That is not the question," answered Lee. "The question is, is it right?"

Back to Richmond rode Lee, no longer a soldier. As he passed through the streets of the partly-burned city the people cheered him and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. General Lee silently took off his own hat in response and rode on to the house where his family waited for him. Not long was he allowed to enjoy their company undisturbed, for he was soon tried for treason. General Grant strongly objected, and the trial came to nothing. Had Lee been hung or even imprisoned, one of the most powerful speakers for a true peace between South and North would have been silenced.

For the Future of the South.—Lee was poor. The home at Arlington had been seized by the Government. Another house owned by Mrs. Lee had been burned by the Northern soldiers. There was nothing left. But offers came from all directions. Some admirers in England asked Lee to come across the ocean, and they would provide for him wealth and a country estate, but he refused. Other friends begged him to be a candidate for governor of Virginia.

The only offer that Lee would accept was a call from a little college at Lexington, in the Virginia mountains. Washington had left money to it, and in his honor it was named Washington College. The trustees asked Lee to become its president. Instead of a high salary he would receive fifteen hundred dollars a year, but Lee gladly took the position. Perhaps the very name of Washington influenced him somewhat. "I hope to be able to do something for the young men of the South," he said. "In education lies our hope."

When Lee rode on old "Traveler" into Lexington, he found at the college four professors and forty students; but his coming changed that. The famous name of Lee made the little college famous. Students flocked thither from all parts of the South. In peace as in war Lee was a great leader. "I have led the young men of the South to battle," declared he. "I have seen many of them die on the field. I shall devote my remaining energy to training young men to do their duty in life."

"Duty" was Lee's watchword for himself and for others. For five years he worked faithfully and well to build up a college whose graduates should be honorable and intelligent and should do their duty. When in 1870 this noble gentleman died, as a fitting honor the name of the college was changed to Washington and Lee University, and his body was laid to rest there.

Could Lee live today, he would be joyful to find that the old bitterness between North and South has almost passed away, and he would rejoice in the New South, which has grown so prosperous. Virginia may well be proud of her two great leaders, Washington and Lee, great in war, great in peace, and truly great in the hearts of their countrymen.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. How did Grant's appointment to West Point differ from that of Lee?
2. Did most of the battles of the Civil War take place on Virginia soil?
3. Compare Lee's kindness to the little bird with that of Lincoln to animals.
4. Draw a map of the opposing armies at Gettysburg.
5. Which was the greater general, Grant or Lee?
6. Would it have been right to try Lee for treason? Why?
7. What became of Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President?
8. What famous Americans besides Lee have been college presidents or professors?

WILLIAM McKINLEY

LEADER OF OUR WAR WITH SPAIN

"The war has brought us new duties and responsibilities which we must meet and discharge as becomes a great nation."—*Instructions to the American peace commissioners at Paris.*

I. SOLDIER AND STATESMAN

Beginning Life.—"Rub-a-dub-dub! Rub-a-dub-dub!" To the sound of the drum a troop of little fellows, with cocked-hats of paper and wooden swords, marched up the street of a village in Ohio. It was the time of the Mexican War, and they all loved to play soldiers. No boy among them strutted more proudly than tiny William McKinley. Would not the youngster have opened his eyes wide if some one had told him that he would live through three wars of the United States and be the nation's leader in the last of the three?



WILLIAM McKINLEY

William's father managed an iron-furnace near the village. Though he was not poor, he needed to be thrifty, for he had eight children to support. Fortunately Mrs. McKinley was a fine housewife and made every cent count to the best advantage. Her children all grew up to do her credit. Mr. McKinley, though his own education had been poor, determined to give the children good schooling. For this purpose he finally made the sacrifice of sending his family to live in Poland, another Ohio town some distance away, although this meant that he could ride over from his furnace only once a week.

At the age of ten, having gone through the "common" school, William entered the Poland Seminary. He liked to learn. Though he was a real boy and delighted in play, yet he always preferred to learn his lessons for the next day before the play began. "I have more fun when I do that," he explained to the other boys. At "speaking pieces" William excelled. While some of the lads and lasses trembled and stammered when their turns came, William found it easy to stand "straight as a stick" and recite his selection.

A Brave Volunteer.—When he was seventeen, William went to work. He taught school near his home, and received twenty-five dollars a month, which then was a fair salary. Spring came, and the school closed. Scarcely had William ceased to be a teacher when the young men of the North were called to arms. The South had fired on Fort Sumter.

Most of the young fellows thought it would be great fun to volunteer and to see some battles, but William was wiser. He knew that there would be little fun, but much hardship, possibly wounds and death. Yet he felt it was his duty to go, and with the rest of the boys from Poland he volunteered for three years.

After some fighting in West Virginia, William McKinley and his comrades were sent North to help against Lee's men, who had invaded Maryland. The blue and the gray armies met at Antietam. William's regiment was in the thick of the battle, but William was left a couple of miles behind as commissary sergeant, in charge of provisions.

The fight at Antietam began early in the day. Noon passed, and still the battle raged. William could not desert his duty, but he did long to take some active part. He thought of his comrades, who since their scanty breakfast had had no chance to eat. Calling to him some straggling soldiers, he put them to work. Soon he was hastening toward the firing-

line with two wagons loaded with crackers, hot meat, and barrels of hot coffee.

William drove the foremost wagon. The shells fell about him, bullets whistled through the air, but on he went until he found his regiment. When he began to hand out the welcome meal, the men, stretched on the ground to escape the enemy's shots, raised such a cheer that the nearest general sent an officer to inquire what the noise meant. In spite of the heavy firing, William, unhurt, finished his work of serving the food. It put new life into the soldiers. "That's better than fifty fresh men," they said. For this service, McKinley, not yet twenty, was made a second lieutenant.

Again, in the Shenandoah Valley, McKinley made a dangerous trip to carry orders to a regiment that was nearly cut off from the rest of the army. When he returned from his wild gallop across the shell-swept fields, his colonel said, "I never expected to see you again alive." For this deed he was made captain.

The Test Case.—When the war ended, McKinley was a major, but he did not rest on his laurels. At once he began to study law in a friend's office. When he was admitted to the bar, he came to Canton, Ohio, and rented an office. In the building with McKinley was the office of Judge Belden, a prominent lawyer. The Judge took note of the studious, pleasant young fellow who was just beginning in his profession. One afternoon, as McKinley sat with law-book in hand, in walked the Judge. "I am not feeling well, McKinley. This case must be tried tomorrow morning, and you must take it," said the Judge, offering the young man a package of papers.

"But I have never tried a case in my life!" replied McKinley, astonished. "I can't do it on such short notice!"

"If you don't do it, it won't be done," answered Belden. He laid the papers on McKinley's desk and marched out of

the office. McKinley's pride was roused. All night he sat up, learning the case and preparing his arguments. Next day he argued the case before the court and won it. At the very back of the court-room, listening to McKinley, sat Judge Belden, whose illness somehow had disappeared. It was a trick to test the Major's ability. A few days afterwards, the satisfied Judge took him in as a partner. From that time McKinley's success was assured.

Congressman and Governor.—When Ida Saxton, the daughter of one of Canton's leading men, returned from a trip to Europe, the Major found her very attractive. In a short time he had won her heart. The couple made their home in Canton in a house given them by Mr. Saxton as a wedding present. They were very happy, and the birth of two little girls added to their joy. But before long the death of her mother and of both her daughters shocked Mrs. McKinley greatly. For the rest of her life she was an invalid, watched over with loving care by her husband.

At thirty-three McKinley determined to run for Congress. It was then the fashion for candidates to say, "My friends have persuaded me to seek the office," but McKinley was honest. "I want it," he simply announced; then he set to work to win his ambition. The voters of his district listened to him and believed in his ability. McKinley went to Congress, and the voters kept him there for fourteen years.

In Congress McKinley soon became one of the foremost men. The President of the United States when McKinley entered Congress was Rutherford Hayes, who had been the Major's colonel and friend in the Civil War. "Study the tariff question. That is the great problem now," advised President Hayes. McKinley studied the tariff so well that his words upon it were always considered with respect. He took his place as leader of those who believed in a protective

system. When a new tariff law was passed it was called the McKinley tariff.

The people of Ohio were proud of their distinguished fellow-citizen. At last they elected him governor. He pleased them well. At the end of his first term misfortune threatened. McKinley had become surety for a friend in business. The friend became bankrupt, and McKinley suddenly found himself \$130,000 in debt. "I will pay every dollar of it in time," said McKinley. "I will resign as governor and practice law again."

Mrs. McKinley, who had inherited a large sum from her father, insisted on giving it all to help her husband. When her lawyers objected, she exclaimed, "He has done everything for me all my life. Do you mean to deny me the privilege of helping him now?" But the wife's money was not needed. McKinley's friends raised the money and settled the debt. He was left free to stay in the governor's mansion.

The Front Porch.—A second time the people of Ohio made William McKinley their head. He was now considered one of America's leading men, and from many states came calls for him to make speeches. Grover Cleveland, the President, was going out of office, and McKinley was nominated to fill his place.

While the candidate on the other side, Mr. Bryan, made a "whirlwind tour" of the country in a special train, McKinley stayed at home in Canton and made his speeches from his own front porch. From morning to night the big lawn on Market Street was crowded with committees who came from all parts of the Union. To each "delegation" McKinley made a clear, powerful speech. The newspapers spread his words to every corner of the land. In November, 1896, he was elected President.

II. IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY

The Cuban Question.—One of the great tasks which President McKinley had promised to attempt was to secure peace and independence for Cuba. This rich island, as large as Pennsylvania, lying at our very door, was in misery. Spain owned it, but governed it badly. For many years there had been one revolution after another in Cuba. Now the island had fallen into a wretched condition. Spanish soldiers and Cuban rebels prowled over its wasted fields, trying to kill each other. Most of the men had gone into the rebel ranks, but the Spaniards had driven the women and children into the towns, where they starved and died. Unless something were quickly done, Cuba would be ruined.

America was deeply interested in helping to solve the Cuban problem. We needed the sugar and tobacco which Cuba furnished us; we wanted the Cubans to buy our wheat, our meat, our manufactured goods. We were afraid that the diseases which swept over Cuba would be carried into our own country. But above all other feelings was that of pity for the suffering Cuban people.

President Cleveland had offered to arbitrate between the Spaniards and the Cubans, but Spain had refused his help. Now President McKinley demanded of Spain that she should somehow stop this long, destructive war. Spain promised to do her best, and did agree to nearly everything except the independence of Cuba. Every American, however, doubted that Spain would carry out her promises.

Waiting.—The people of America called aloud for war, and almost all the members of Congress urged McKinley to ask Congress to declare war. As long as there was any hope that Spain would agree to his requests, the President refused. "I know what war means," he said. "It means the lives of American boys."

“ You are making a great mistake. You will ruin yourself in the eyes of the people,” declared many of his friends. Still McKinley waited.

The American battleship *Maine* was blown up while peacefully lying in Havana harbor. More than two hundred and fifty of our sailors perished. “ The Spaniards did it,” cried the Americans. “ Remember the *Maine*!” became a watchword through our country. Excitement rose to fever



THE U. S. BATTLESHIP “MAINE” ENTERING HAVANA HARBOR

heat. Still McKinley held back. At last, one April day in 1898, he sat at his desk in the White House with the long-looked-for message to Congress before him, completed but not signed. A crowd of important men filled the room. “ Don’t delay another day, Mr. President,” they exclaimed. But a telegram arrived from our representative in Cuba. Many Americans were still there, unable to get away. If war were declared now, their lives would be in danger. The President, his face pale with emotion, rose to his feet. Pounding the table with his fist, he said, “ That message shall not go to Congress as long as a single American life is in danger in Cuba. Mr. Secretary, put that message into the safe.”

On Land and Sea.—But a few days later came the time for the message. It was sent. Congress declared that Cuba should be free, and that the United States would force Spain to withdraw from the island. We doubled our regular army and accepted, beside, two hundred thousand volunteers. We sent part of our fine navy, which Cleveland had done so much to improve, to the Philippine Islands, and the remainder went to the West Indies.

Our navy was in fine condition. By the foresight of Theodore Roosevelt, who then was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, there had been constant target practice, and the “men behind the guns” were fit and ready. Admiral Dewey’s fleet destroyed the Spanish ships in Manila Bay, and the Philippine Islands fell into our hands. Admiral Sampson’s gray battleships wiped out the enemy’s vessels at Santiago Harbor in Cuba. All Europe stood amazed at our wonderful victories on the water.

On land our armies had a harder task. We easily captured the city of Manila and conquered the island of Porto Rico. But the Spanish army at Santiago City gave us much trouble. We lost many men by bullets and disease. The American commander grew discouraged. When at last the Spanish general offered to leave Santiago and go elsewhere if he were not disturbed, our commander wished to make the bargain, but President McKinley telegraphed: “That is not war. What you went to Santiago for was the Spanish army. If you let it go now you must meet it somewhere else. Make the Spaniards surrender.” This was done, and Spain saw that she was beaten.

New Cares.—The time of the war, short as it was, proved a time of tremendous cares for the President. He was a true leader. The room next to his office became the “war-room.” Its walls were covered with maps, on which tiny flag-pins showed the positions of our troops and our ships, as

announced by telegrams from the front. Every day McKinley, his Secretary of War, and his Secretary of the Navy held a meeting and consulted as to the best moves in the great war-game. Every night the President's lamp burned late. He was as busy as Lincoln had been during the Civil War.

Yet though he grew pale and haggard with many anxieties, McKinley, like Lincoln, could stop to heed a mother's cry. The mother of a young lieutenant lay very ill. Her heart was breaking because she had heard nothing from her son and she feared that he was dead. The pastor of the mother's church telegraphed to the President, asking if news of the soldier son could be obtained. Two days later came the reply: "On receiving your telegram the President at once took up the matter. The young man is alive and well. Please inform his mother." The strain of war had not robbed McKinley's heart of its kindness.

The end of the war marked the beginning of a new period of history for the United States. We not only freed Cuba, but we also received, as our own, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, and other islands far away in the Pacific. For the first time we possessed land half-way around the globe from our nation's capital, across the broad ocean, and inhabited by people strange to our race. America faced new problems of government. The roar of Dewey's guns signaled that America was about to become a great world power.

"I know," said McKinley, "with what added respect the nations of the world now deal with the United States." But the new power brought new problems, and these were hard to solve. "I have had enough of it, Heaven knows," declared the President, when he was asked to run for a second term. "I have had responsibilities enough to kill any man." He wished to go back to Canton to spend the years in his old home. But he was nominated again for President and was elected.

An Assassin's Bullet.—In the fall after he had once more become President, McKinley went to visit the Pan-American¹ Exposition at Buffalo, New York. He was received with great honor, and he made an inspiring speech. "How near, one to the other, is every part of the globe," said he. "Modern inventions have brought together widely separated peoples. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more into touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings. Our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors."

The next afternoon a long line of visitors moved past the President. He greeted with special interest the children. Perhaps they reminded him of his own little daughters. It was almost time for the President to leave. Among the last in the line came a slender young man, a foreigner, who opposed all government and thought all rulers bad. As he reached the President two pistol-shots rang out and McKinley staggered. Both bullets had struck his body.

The Secret Service men who stood near McKinley leaped upon the assassin. Some one struck him full in the face. In spite of his injury, the heart of McKinley pitied the man, and he cried, "Don't let them hurt him!" Then the President thought of Mrs. McKinley, whose caretaker he had been so many years. "My wife," he whispered as his secretary bent over him, "be careful how you tell her." None of the President's thoughts were for himself. Soon the nation mourned, for its leader had passed away.

¹ "Pan-American" means "All American" or "United American." The name betokened that we considered all the nations on the western Continent as fellow-Americans.

All that our people could do was done to honor the dead President. This was a man blameless in his private life and honest in his public service. A million persons joined their contributions, and a national memorial was built at Canton, wherein, as in the tomb of Grant, rest the stone coffins of the President and his wife. On the base of the great bronze statue of McKinley, which stands before the building, are the fitting words: "Good Citizen—Brave Soldier—Wise Executive—Helper and Leader of Men."

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Find the names of all the battles in which McKinley took part.
2. Find some additional particulars about the Cuban rebellion against Spain.
3. Tell of the wonderful victory of our navy at Santiago Bay.
4. Which admiral deserved more credit, Dewey or Sampson?
5. In what condition is Cuba today?
6. What are the "modern inventions" which, McKinley said, "have brought together widely separated peoples?"
7. In what ways is the United States a world-power today?

CLARA BARTON

ANGEL OF THE BATTLEFIELD

“Your joy will be the joy of those you serve and minister to; your reward the success you achieve. It is a search for the Holy Grail.”—*Speech to Red Cross workers at Boston.*

The Little Nurse.—A little girl, Clara Barton, lived on a Massachusetts farm, about twenty miles from the spot where Eli Whitney was born. Though Clara was small and slender, there was a great and daring spirit in her slight body. At the age of five, one of her chief amusements was to go with her brother David to the pasture-field to ride the horse. Clara learned to feel as much at home in a saddle as in a rocking-chair.

But the rides with David came to an end. One day when Clara was eleven, her big, strong brother was brought home nearly dead. He had fallen from the top of a barn and had struck his head. “David will need careful nursing,” said the doctor. “Then I want to take care of him,” pleaded little Clara. Her mother and elder sister smiled at the idea, but soon they found that Clara made a faithful and intelligent nurse.

It was a very long illness for David. During two years Clara watched with loving care over her brother. “In all that time,” she afterward remarked, “I left his bedside for only one half day. I almost forgot that there was an outside to the house.” What was her joy when at last David completely recovered his strength! How she blushed when he declared that his cure was due to his little nurse!

The Young School-Teacher.—Clara had paid a large price for bringing her brother back to health. In the two years

which she had spent shut up in the sick-room she had not grown any taller or heavier. She had become so bashful and timid that she disliked to meet strangers and sometimes avoided speaking to her own family. Captain Barton, in order to keep his delicate daughter outdoors, gave her a fine



Epler's Life of Barton. Courtesy Macmillan Co.

CLARA BARTON

horse. Clara called her steed Billy, and took many an exciting gallop with him across the fields.

But though the horseback rides put color into Clara's cheeks, they did not take away her shyness. She quickly learned whatever her brothers and sisters, all teachers, gave her to study, but she did not like to go to school, because she had to meet so many other children. One day, Clara, now fifteen, lay sick with the mumps. Mrs. Barton, in the next room, was asking a visitor what to do with her timid girl.

"Give her something to do out in the world," answered the gentleman. "Let her teach school."

The idea of teaching attracted Clara. She went to the next examination for teachers, passed with an excellent mark, and was given a country school. Then the little teacher "let down her skirts and put up her hair" and took charge of forty children, though she was herself but a child. In the school-room she outgrew much of her bashfulness and found that the advice of her mother's friend was wise.

Caring for the Soldiers.—For eighteen years Clara Barton taught in various schools, always with wonderful success. At last, however, her health broke down some years before the Civil War began. She then found a position in Washington as a government clerk.

When Fort Sumter was fired upon, a regiment of Massachusetts troops started off to defend Washington against the Confederates. While passing through Baltimore, the soldiers were attacked by a mob; four of them were killed and thirty wounded; but they reached Washington in time to help save the city. Clara Barton went to the station, with many other women, to welcome the brave men from her own state.

Among the wounded she saw some of the boys she had once taught. Clara tore up her handkerchiefs to make bandages, and then ran home to get sheets for the same kind purpose. She helped to feed the hungry, tired men. They had come away from home with no baggage, and the army was not ready to take good care of them. Clara found this out, and immediately advertised in a Massachusetts paper that she would receive supplies and money for her "boys." So much was sent that she packed her room full, then hired space in a store. No soldiers ever fared better than those whom Clara Barton served.

This work for the soldiers acted like magic on Clara Barton's mind. It swept away all shyness. She no longer

feared to face other people. Her duty lay clear before her ; it was to help the suffering. All of her previous life had been a preparation for this task.

On the Battlefield.—Battles were fought near Washington. As the wounded were brought in, Clara Barton met them. She washed their bloody gashes, put healing salves on their sores, and gave them reviving medicines. “Why could not these men be cared for better on the battlefield?” thought she. “If I could be there I could doubtless save many lives.”

“No woman is allowed near the fighting-line,” said most of the army officers. “It is no place for a woman.” But Clara Barton said, “I am needed.” At last the officers yielded to her appeals. Soon the wounded soldiers learned to look for the “Angel of the Battlefield” with her wagons of supplies, and blessed her for the tender care which she gave. For two and one-half years Clara Barton carried on her noble work. She suffered many hardships; she was nearly captured; twice she escaped death by a hair’s-breadth; but she cared not if only she could soothe pain and save life.

The Red Cross in Europe.—When the war ended, Miss Barton was asked to give many lectures on her experiences. As she had inherited from her father enough money to support her, the proceeds from these lectures were given to help trace the eighty thousand missing men whose fate had never been learned by their dear ones.

One night, on the platform, Clara Barton’s voice failed. Next day she lay on a bed of sickness. The hardships of the battlefield had done their work. “Three years of rest,” prescribed the doctor.

In Europe Clara Barton hoped to find the needed rest. Two months after her landing, she was in Switzerland. To her came the president of the “International Committee for the Relief of the Wounded in War.” The sign of this organization was a red cross upon a white ground, so it was

usually called the "Red Cross Society." Back of the society was a treaty, signed by all the civilized nations of the world except America. "Why did not America sign?" asked the Red Cross president. "Why does not your country want Red Cross societies?" Clara Barton could not answer.

Miss Barton had never known that the Red Cross existed, but she now understood its great work. A year later came the war between France and the various German states. Again the Red Cross came to Clara Barton. She could not resist the call to help. Though her doctors said, "It will kill you," Miss Barton set off for the battle-front along the Rhine. For more than a year she labored, setting up hospitals and work-rooms, saving wounded soldiers and giving work to starving women and children. French and Germans alike received her help. Europe loved and honored Clara Barton, and America was proud of its distinguished daughter. When, at the end of 1873, she returned home, it was with the resolve to set up the Red Cross Society in her own land.

The American Red Cross.—By letters to her friends, by many speeches, by visits to the President, then by appeals to Congress, Clara Barton carried on her campaign for the Red Cross society. The great objection to it in the minds of public men was that as we never expected America to have another war, the society would not be needed. "But we have great national disasters," answered Miss Barton. "There are terrible fires, and floods, and fevers. The Red Cross can relieve sufferers from such evils."

Almost in despair of getting help from the Government, Clara Barton formed a private Red Cross society. Three women and one man were the first members, but "great oaks from little acorns grow." As soon as James A. Garfield became President a better day opened for the Red Cross. He had been a soldier; he had seen and admired Clara Barton's work. Even though a murderer's bullet struck him down,

Vice-President Arthur, who then became President, felt Garfield's spirit, and signed the Geneva Treaty. This act bound the American Government to favor the Red Cross.

Mississippi River floods, Florida yellow fever, Western tornadoes, Southern hurricanes, many other disasters, called into action the aid of the Red Cross. To famine sufferers in Russia went grain-ships bearing that flag of comfort. Clara Barton herself, at the age of seventy-five, traveled to Turkey with a band of workers so that the suffering Armenians might be relieved. Each year the Red Cross strengthened its hold upon the heart of America.

Service in Cuba. Clara Barton Retires.—When, in 1898, the *Maine* lay in Havana Harbor, Clara Barton was in Havana, helping the poor Cubans. Captain Sigsbee entertained her at lunch on this battleship, and the crew drilled for her pleasure. Only a few days later, as Miss Barton sat late in the night at her writing table, there was a deafening roar, a blaze of light over the harbor, and the room shook as though with an earthquake. The *Maine* had been destroyed. As Clara Barton approached the burned survivors in the hospital, the first one said, "I knew you would come to us. I am so thankful."

That was the beginning of much service for Americans in Cuba. When the Rough Riders and their fellow-troops stormed San Juan Hill, Clara Barton and her nurses were on hand with their supplies. At the dawn of the day after the battle a sturdy figure in khaki appeared at the Red Cross tent. "I have some sick men in my regiment who won't give up and go to the hospital. I need some special food such as you have," said the officer. "Can I buy it here?" "Not for a million dollars," answered Miss Barton. "But my men need them, and I am proud of my men," replied the officer. "We don't sell hospital supplies," said the Red Cross president.

“ Then how can I get them? ” “ Just ask for them, Colonel.”¹
“ Oh! ” smiled Roosevelt, in relief, “ just lend me a sack and I’ll take them right along.” Ever after that the Red Cross had a staunch friend in Theodore Roosevelt.

Six years later the Red Cross Society became an actual part of the United States Government. The President of our country became the Red Cross President, and United States



CLARA BARTON AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN CUBA

officials formed a part of the Board of Directors. The volunteers who work in the Red Cross relief work are now actually in the service of Uncle Sam. Even a mightier hand than that of Clara Barton now ruled the American Red Cross. The need for her direction was over. At the age of eighty-three she retired from the work, but lived, busy and active, in beautiful Glen Echo, just outside of Washington, until she passed away at the age of over ninety.

¹ Theodore Roosevelt was then only Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rough Riders. Dr. Leonard Wood was their Colonel.

Could Clara Barton have lived only a few years more she would have seen her beloved Red Cross doing wonderful work during the Great War. Red Cross ambulances carried the wounded soldiers to fine Red Cross hospitals. The boys in khaki, as they traveled to and from the military camps, were served with refreshments by the Red Cross canteen workers. The families left at home were watched over by the Red Cross Home Service department. No wonder that Uncle Sam counted the Red Cross as one of his chief aids, and that he gladly helped to erect in Washington the splendid marble building which is the national headquarters of the society. As that structure stands facing the Washington monument today, it seems to represent both the beauty and the usefulness of the life of Clara Barton.

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. After what battles of the Civil War did Clara Barton give help to the wounded?
2. How did Clara Barton twice narrowly escape death?
3. How did the European Red Cross begin its work? Whose was the idea?
4. Mention several additional United States disasters in which the Red Cross gave its wonderful aid.
5. Tell of some forms of Red Cross work in the Great War that have not been mentioned.
6. What Red Cross work has been done in your school? In your class?

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD

LEADER OF THE WHITE RIBBON ARMY

"Alone, we can do little; united, we are batteries of power."—
Speech at Chicago.

The Tomboy.—In the year 1850, a young girl, Frances Willard, was living on a farm in the "backwoods" of southern Wisconsin. She thought it would be much better if she were a boy instead of a girl. She did not care for girls' work. In her journal or diary she wrote, "Now I have got to do my awful needlework," and "I baked a cake, but had no luck at all." Once her name was published in a children's paper, and Frances felt very proud until she found it was printed "Francis." Then she complained to her mother, "I guess they don't think a girl can come to anything in this world anyhow."

Active Frances, with her eager blue eyes and her flying light hair, was a regular outdoor girl. She went fishing in summer and coasting in winter, she played ball and shot at a target. Though she liked to read, and to write stories, she preferred to do both in the fresh air. In the top of a big oak tree Frances made a seat. Then she nailed to the oak a board on which she painted, "The Eagle's Nest. Beware!" In her "nest" far above the ground, the lassie passed many a free, happy hour.

On the Wisconsin prairies nearly every one rode horseback. Mr. Willard, however, thought it was too dangerous for his daughter, and would not let her even try. How Frances envied her older brother Oliver, as he saddled his horse and trotted off! At last she said, "I'll just have to ride something!" With a great deal of trouble she trained

a cow to carry a saddle. Although riding a bumpy old cow proved to be no fun, Mr. Willard, seeing how anxious his girl was to ride, gave his consent for Frances to use a horse. Then her cup of enjoyment was full.

Getting "Advantages."—Until she was sixteen Frances did not go to a real school. Her father and mother were



Gordon's Life of Willard

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD

well educated and had many books. They also subscribed for magazines and newspapers; so that Frances learned much through reading and could express her thoughts well. Yet she longed for regular study.

When at last a log school-house was built in the neighborhood, Frances could hardly wait for the first Monday of the term. Long before light, on that cold January day, she got

up and stirred about the house. She could scarcely eat any breakfast, and grew so impatient that Oliver yoked the oxen to the sled and took her to school before the "master" arrived. Frances promptly got the school key from the nearby house where it was kept, made a fire in the stove, and took possession of the building. "Now I shall have advantages like other folks," she wrote that night in her journal.



FRANCES WILLARD GOING TO HER FIRST SCHOOL

Two years later, Frances went to a girls' college in Evanston, a village just north of Chicago. She was studying there when Lincoln was nominated at Chicago for President. "I wish I had been there," she wrote. "The accounts that father and Oliver gave of the excitement, the cheers, the handshakings, and the handkerchief wavings have made me very enthusiastic." Frances had already decided that it was a woman's duty to understand politics and to vote. After Frances had heard Catherine Beecher lecture, she was even more sure of that opinion.

For about ten years Frances taught in various places. Then a rich girl friend took her as a companion on a trip to Europe. They did not return to America until nearly three years had passed. Frances was now thirty-one.

Leader of College Girls.—Back in Evanston once more, Frances made her home with her widowed mother in “Rest Cottage.” One day, as Frances was busy tacking down the stair-carpet, a friend, the wife of a professor in the nearby college, came in. “Frank,” she said, “I am amazed at you. Let some one else tack down carpets, and you take charge of our new college for women.” “Very well,” replied Frances, jokingly, “I was only waiting to be asked.”

But it proved to be no joke. Frances Willard became the first woman president of an American college. The college, however, as Frances said, was “all dreams and no dollars.” It had not yet come into being. Frances had to travel about, make many speeches on the need of higher education for women, and beg for money. She grew used to public speaking, and her pleading for subscriptions was successful. The “Women’s College of Northwestern University” finally opened its doors.

Frances Willard dearly loved the girl students whose life she directed. On their part, the girls showed such affection for their leader that some persons said, “She has bewitched them.” Not many years, however, did Frances stay at the college. Some of its officers interfered with her plans and she thought it best to resign. Because her resignation had not been necessary, to give up the headship of the college at thirty-five years of age, seemed like throwing away success. The future proved, however, Frances Willard was just about to find her real success in the world.

The Cause of Temperance.—In the previous year, 1873, there arose a great movement among the women of America. It was called the Women’s Temperance Crusade. For

seventy-five years there had been temperance societies in our country, but their members were all men. Women were not supposed to take any part in such public affairs. Now, however, the American sisters and daughters, wives and mothers, began to show that the fight against liquor was indeed their business. Liquor would not let them alone. It ruined their men and spoiled their homes. Could the women afford any longer to let the liquor business alone?

In her college work Frances Willard had already done much to help the temperance cause. As soon as she left the college, she traveled to the East to see what work was being planned by the women temperance leaders there. She felt called to join with them, but how was she to live? Little "Rest Cottage" and a small sum of money was all that she and her mother owned.

While pondering over the matter, Frances opened the Bible which lay on the table in the hotel room. Her eyes fell upon a verse, "Trust in the Lord, and do good. . . .and verily, thou shalt be fed." That seemed like an answer to her doubts. Soon two letters came to her on the selfsame day. The first asked her to be head of a fashionable boarding-school for girls, at \$2400 a year. The other offered her the office of president of the Chicago branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, which had grown out of the temperance crusade by the women. In this office Frances would receive no salary at all, but it was this call which she accepted. Now she had found the work which made her happiest and did most good to others.

For God and Home and Native Land.—With her few brave and earnest supporters, Frances Willard began her task in Chicago. Her fellow-workers soon loved her and looked up to her as much as had her college girls. She was a wonderful speaker, and thus made thousands upon thousands of people first consider the temperance question, then believe

in the necessity of temperance.¹ From the bare little office of the Chicago W. C. T. U. came many articles which Frances managed to have published in the city newspapers.

In her zeal for the cause Frances at first accepted no salary. All the money to support her came from small collections at various meetings in which she spoke. Often her tired feet walked several miles because she had not car-fare; often she went hungry because her purse was empty. At last the women of the W. C. T. U., who were entirely willing to pay their leader, learned how poor she was. They gave her a regular salary, and her needless suffering ended; but Frances Willard often said afterward, "I am glad of those days of poverty, because now I can truly sympathize with the hungry people I meet."

Only a few years had passed when Frances became president of the National W. C. T. U. It was a great thing to be head of such an army of American women. The first aim of these women was to stop the sale and the use of strong drink, but they were ready to help along many other right and just causes. "We are working for God, and home, and native land," said their leader.

The Women's Army.—When, in 1888, the National W. C. T. U. held in New York its fifteenth yearly convention, its leader, Frances Willard, was the best-known woman in the United States. She looked from the platform of the convention hall over a crowd of delegates representing half a million of the best women of our land. Every state in the Union had sent delegates. There was a force in these earnest women

¹ Temperance does not mean exactly the same as total abstinence from intoxicating drink, but the W. C. T. U. considered that it had that meaning. "Temperance" was a more convenient term to use than was "total abstinence," and it has the broader meaning, applying to wise conduct in many ways.

which no wise governing persons could afford to despise. The temperance idea was growing mighty.

Forty different kinds of work for goodness and right did the W. C. T. U. carry on. There was scientific temperance instruction in the schools, there was a temperance hospital, which used no liquor in curing its patients, there was a temperance publishing association. Even a department of mercy, to prevent cruelty to animals, was part, and a very important part, of the W. C. T. U. work.

Do you think Frances Willard had an easy task to direct such a great body of active people? Indeed, she was kept busy. Her strength of body and of mind was taxed to the utmost. She was called upon to make journeys each year all over the country. For twelve years her average of public speeches was one a day. While on the train her pencil scribbled off many articles to inspire her army of helpers. Ten thousand special letters went out yearly from her own office. "What it would be to have an idle hour," she said, "I find it hard to fancy."

Temperance Triumphs.—Three years after the great New York convention, there was one at Boston, but now it was a World's W. C. T. U. The white ribbon, the sign of the union, had encircled the globe. Who should be president if not Frances Willard? As she saw before her the temperance representatives from thirty-four countries, she was glad and proud. "We represent the human rather than the woman question," she cried. "Ours is the cause of home protection!"

For seven years more Frances Willard led her women in the fight against "home's greatest enemy—the saloon." Every year saw hosts of new members for the W. C. T. U.; every year saw progress being made in the defeat of the evil spirit of strong drink. At last, just before America went into the war with Spain, a fatal influenza attacked the great

White-Ribboner. As she lay on her sick-bed, Frances Willard still tried to direct the temperance work. "It has been a great fight," she said, "and people will never know what we've been through."

The great leader of the W. C. T. U. was gone, but she had convinced the best people of the nation that the liquor habit was wasteful and deadly. The railroads began to refuse to employ men who drank. Business houses followed their example. Americans must have clear heads and steady hands, said intelligent employers. At last in 1918, forty-five out of our forty-eight states voted that our land should do away with the manufacture of intoxicating liquor. Could Frances Willard have lived only twenty years longer, she would have been able to rejoice with the rest of the W. C. T. U. army at the defeat of this enemy to "home and native land."

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Are schools necessary in order to educate American children? Why?
2. Find as many reasons as possible why American women were opposed to the liquor business.
3. From some W. C. T. U. find out what lines of work the society is carrying on today.
4. Why was a knot of white ribbon selected as the emblem of the W. C. T. U.?
5. In which of your school studies have you come closest to the work of the W. C. T. U.? Why?

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE PRESIDENT OF ACTION

"Success comes only to those who lead the life of endeavor."—
Speech at Minneapolis.

I. VIGOR AND VIM

The Weak Boy Grows Strong.—In a bedroom of a New York City mansion, one night during the Civil War, an anxious father walked up and down carrying his little son. The lad had asthma and could scarcely breathe. It seemed at times as though he would choke to death. "Can Theodore live to grow up?" was the question in Mr. Roosevelt's mind that night and often afterward.

Theodore Roosevelt did live, but he was far from being strong. At the age of eleven, he was tall and thin, with "legs like pipestems" and a narrow chest. His blue eyes were so near-sighted that he seemed awkward and clumsy when outdoors, yet though he loved to read, he took pleasure in being in the fresh air.

As he pored over some favorite stories of outdoor life, the thought came to him, "I will make myself strong. I want to be like those fearless men I read about, who can hold their own in the world." Fortunately for Theodore, his father was rich and gave him every advantage. On the big back porch of the New York home was a regular gymnasium with all kinds of apparatus. In summer Theodore led a free, happy life at the Roosevelt home near Oyster Bay on the north shore of Long Island. When the winter tried the boy's weak lungs too severely, he was taken across the ocean to a warmer climate. Theodore was a fortunate lad.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

When Theodore became thirteen, he put on spectacles for the first time. They opened to him a new power. He saw how beautiful was the world, and felt that he stood on equal terms with other boys. Now he had more reason than ever

for growing strong. He practiced hard in the porch gymnasium, he took boxing lessons, he swam, he rowed his boat over stormy waters, he tramped long distances, he took horseback rides, he camped out in the woods. By the time he was ready to enter college, Theodore Roosevelt had gained broad shoulders and strong muscles. Though he still looked somewhat slender and delicate, he could stand more hardship than many bigger fellows.

The College Man in Politics.—At Harvard College it was easy to find young men who surpassed Theodore in either athletics or studies, but it was hard to discover anyone who had a more active body or mind. Theodore liked to wrestle and box, even though he had to box with his spectacles on his nose and thus run the risk of having broken glass driven into his eyes. His favorite studies were those that took up the life of man or explained the great outdoors. Anything which dealt with life and action appealed to him. "He is a good sportsman," said his classmates. "He is always fair and square, and never tries to humbug other people or himself either."

Almost as soon as he graduated from college, at the age of twenty-one Roosevelt married Alice Lee of Boston, and the young people set up housekeeping in New York. Although Roosevelt had no need to work for a living, he was not disposed to remain idle. "You can do a great deal of good in politics," said one of his uncles, and Roosevelt began to help along the cause of good government. "You will meet rough, ignorant, disagreeable people," complained some of Roosevelt's rich friends. "Well, if they are successful in politics they are better than I," replied Theodore, "for they govern you and me. Are we satisfied to let them do it?"

Into politics went Roosevelt, and he studied law to learn the proper ways to carry out his ideas. Soon he was elected to the New York legislature, but while he was in Albany,

doing his best to give the state good service, a great cloud of sorrow came over his life. His young wife died, leaving a tiny baby girl, Alice. Roosevelt tried to forget his grief by working harder than ever in politics, but when he lost his office there was nothing to hold him in New York. Westward he turned and became a ranchman in the wild territory of Dakota.¹

The Ranchman. Back to Public Service.—On his Elkhorn ranch Roosevelt made his home for the next two years. He lived and worked with the cowboys. As the men of the plains learned that this young fellow of twenty-five asked no favors and was always ready to do his share, they forgot to laugh at his glasses and his “college talk.” Roosevelt, on his part, admired the bravery and the skill of the ranchmen; he loved their life. “We knew toil and hardship and hunger and thirst,” said he, “and we saw men die violent deaths; but ours was the glory of work and the joy of living.”

Roosevelt’s friends in New York did not forget him, though he was far away. One evening, as he opened his mail before the blazing fire in his big log cabin, Roosevelt read the news that he had been nominated for Mayor of New York City. At once he began to pack his trunk, and the next day took the train back to his home city. He did not expect to be elected, but he made a good fight, and was not much disappointed at losing. A playmate of his childhood, Miss Edith Kermit Carow, became his wife, and he once more settled down in New York, though for several years he spent vacations upon the Dakota ranch.

Under President Cleveland, Roosevelt worked hard for “civil service reform” in the United States Government. He showed the nation that “Fair Play” was his motto. Then he became one of the heads of the police department in New

¹ It then had not been made into the states of North Dakota and South Dakota.

York City. Before long the newspapers of the whole country published items about the young police commissioner who stood so firm for honesty and good order in the greatest city of our land. For a time he was the most interesting man in New York. No one could scare him, no one could keep him quiet when he was sure he was right.

Fine Work for Our Navy.—Next, President McKinley made Roosevelt Assistant Secretary of the Navy. It was not thought to be an important position, but Roosevelt's chief left him free to do very much as he liked, and Roosevelt made the position important. Things had a way of happening when he appeared.

From the time Roosevelt took the post, he believed that we would be forced into war with Spain over Cuba. Our navy had good ships and good officers, but our men were poor in gunnery. "The only shots that count are the shots that hit," said Roosevelt. Congress gave the navy nearly a million dollars for ammunition and thought that was a generous amount. In a month Roosevelt was back again asking for more powder and shells. "What have you done with the money we gave you?" said Congress. "Burned it all up," answered Roosevelt. When war did come, the good shooting of the American sailors knocked the Spanish ships to pieces so quickly that it surprised the world.

It was Roosevelt who encouraged Lieutenant Sims (now Admiral Sims, who commanded our fleet in European waters during the Great War) to keep up the gunnery of the navy. It was Roosevelt who secured for Dewey the command of our ships on the coast of Asia and saw to it that he was ready for action when it was necessary to capture Manila. But when war broke out, Roosevelt stopped preparing others to fight and took steps to get into it himself.

The Rough-Riders.—"I will raise a regiment of good fighters, outdoor men," promised Roosevelt. "If you do

that, I will make you its colonel," said the Secretary of War. Though Roosevelt had trained for four years in the New York National Guard, and had reached the rank of captain, he was not puffed up with too much pride. "I do not know enough yet to command a regiment," answered he. "Make me lieutenant-colonel, and give the command to my friend, Doctor Leonard Wood." It was done. In the new regiment college athletes from the East met cowboys and Indian fighters from the West. The American people called them "The Rough-Riders," and every one thought that it was a fine name.

At last, by the energy of Wood and Roosevelt, the Rough-Riders found themselves in Cuba. All was confusion, for our army was not in the good condition of our navy. Nearly half the Rough-Riders, and nearly all of their horses, had been left at home because there were not ships enough to carry them. Three days after landing, Roosevelt's regiment, marching through the jungle, heard the Spanish bullets whistling about their ears. Before they could drive away the enemy nearly fifty of the Rough-Riders lay on the ground. Roosevelt, while warning his men to take cover, refused to do so himself. Fear had no place in his nature.

Charging the Hill. High Honors.—A few days later the Rough-Riders arrived in front of the main Spanish army. Dr. Wood had been given a higher command, and Roosevelt now headed the regiment. When the first American cannon was fired, the men cheered wildly. Roosevelt moved his men toward the Spanish lines, then waited for orders to advance further. No orders came. He took matters into his own hands. Waving his hat, he rode forward, through the lines of another waiting regiment. Stirred by this example the men of the second regiment jumped up and followed also.

Up the slope of Kettle Hill went the Americans. Roosevelt's horse became entangled in a wire fence, and he finished

the charge afoot. The hill was won. Then across the next valley and up San Juan Hill stormed Roosevelt, Rough-Riders and regulars, white and black, crowding behind him. The Spaniards could not stand the charge. They leaped from their trenches, left their machine-guns, and fled, Roosevelt managing, however, to shoot one more with his revolver.

The Spanish army surrendered before the Americans could do any more fighting, and the Riders came home. Roosevelt was now a hero to the nation. Every one knew how brave he had been and how well he had performed all his duties as a soldier. The people of New York State made him their governor. For two years he served the people well. Then came a call for him to be Vice-President. Roosevelt did not care for that office; he wanted to be governor once more; but at last he yielded to his friends and was elected along with President McKinley. Some of his enemies laughed in their sleeves. "He is buried in that office," they said. "The people will forget him." But plans sometimes go wrong.

II. THE COMPLETE AMERICAN

The New President.—The enemies of Roosevelt could not foresee that a deadly bullet would strike down President McKinley, but that happened at Buffalo. As Roosevelt sat one vacation day by the shore of a lonely lake far in the Adirondack Mountains, a messenger waving a telegram came out of the woods. "The President is worse," said the message. Before Roosevelt could reach the railroad station, many miles away, McKinley was dead, with only half a year of his term gone. Roosevelt, therefore, stepped into the office for nearly the full four years. Not yet forty-three, he was the youngest of our Presidents.

Many people said that Roosevelt was too hasty and headstrong to be a good leader of the nation, but that did not

prove to be a fact. On the whole, Americans liked his plain way of talking, his vim, his quickness, and his freedom from show. He never pretended to be anything but a man among his fellow-men. Though our people did not always agree with his strong opinions, they always gave him credit for being honest and desiring to do right. When Roosevelt used one of his most famous expressions, "square deal," everyone knew that he meant it.

Conservation and Peace.—The first big work of President Roosevelt was conservation. By this he meant saving America's real wealth—her forests, her minerals, her waters—and using these to the best advantage for the benefit of all. Selfish people wanted to grab these things or to waste them, but Roosevelt said, "Not so. We are ruining our land. We must restore our fine forests; we must use our coal, our oil, our natural gas, as wisely as we can; we must keep our streams pure and make them work for us, too." Now every educated person knows what conservation means and wants to see it carried out; but to Roosevelt must be given the honor of putting that idea into the minds of the Americans.

When the next Presidential election came, the people thought Roosevelt had done so well that he ought to stay in the White House. He was elected by the greatest number of votes that any President had ever received. Russia and Japan were at war. The war was a frightful loss to both nations, and it began to be very bad for the rest of the world. "Can't there be peace?" asked Roosevelt. "I offer my services to get these fighters to agree." On the deck of the President's yacht, the *Mayflower*, the representatives of the enemy nations came together. Before the treaty of peace was finally signed, it took three months of hard work on the part of Roosevelt; but the peace was worth it. "Mr. President," said one of his friends, "I think we'll have to make a

new department in our government and put you in as Secretary of Peace."

The Great Canal.—Another task was on the President's mind. It was the Panama Canal. For seventy-five years, Americans had been hoping that a canal would be made between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The French had begun to dig one through the Isthmus of Panama, where the land is narrowest. Under the leadership of a famous engineer, who had already dug the great Suez Canal, they started the work with high hopes. This was a harder task, however. Their men died like flies from the yellow fever, and those who handled the money also wasted much of it. Work stopped, and the costly machinery rusted in the Panama jungle.

America wished to take up the work in which the French had failed, but we found it hard to strike a good bargain with either the French or with the country of Colombia, which owned the Isthmus. Finally the people who lived on the Isthmus separated from Colombia and formed the Republic of Panama. In spite of Colombia's objections, President Roosevelt made with Panama a treaty by which we bought for ten million dollars a strip of land ten miles wide stretching from ocean to ocean. As we intended to build our canal through it, this strip was called the Canal Zone. It is about one-fourth the size of the little state of Delaware.

In 1904 the work was begun. There were many difficulties. Foremost was that of health, but Doctor William C. Gorgas was given charge of that matter. He made war on the fever-carrying mosquito, and before long the Canal Zone was changed from a fever-swamp to a real health resort. Yellow fever and malaria vanished with the mosquitoes. Next, the engineers had to cut away the jungle, fill up the marshes, blast away the hills, construct immense locks, build

great dams. They went at everything with American energy, and, as Roosevelt said, "made the dirt fly."

Roosevelt's Big Ditch.—Two years after the canal work began, the President thought he ought to see with his own eyes how it was getting along. No President before him had ever left the United States during his term of office, and people had grown to think it would be wrong for a President to step off American soil. Roosevelt, however, never worried as to what other people had done or had not done. He wanted to see the Canal, so off he and Mrs. Roosevelt started on one of our battleships. On the way the President amused himself by eating a meal with the crew and by shoveling coal into the big fires under the boilers.

When Roosevelt arrived at the Isthmus, every one turned out to welcome the stocky, muscular, vigorous head of our nation. The high officers of the Canal planned a banquet for him. "I have no time for banquets," said he. "I came to inspect the canal." As he landed, a downpour of rain soaked his white duck suit, but Roosevelt never in his life stopped on account of weather. Straight ahead he went, viewing everything, with a stenographer by his side taking down the answers to questions which he fired in machine-gun style. For three days he poked into every nook and corner. "You are a straight lot of Americans, and I am proud of you!" said he at last to the Yankees who were putting the canal through; and they shouted in reply, "Teddy's all right!"

But the Canal went forward too slowly for Roosevelt's impatient spirit. "It must be pushed," thought he. Finally he selected to push it Colonel George W. Goethals, of the Engineer Corps, who had seen service in our war with Spain. No better man could have been chosen. Colonel Goethals did push it along. Forty thousand Americans, besides an army of West Indian negroes and brown men of the Isthmus, worked on the job.

Although it was beyond even Uncle Sam's great power to complete it in Roosevelt's term, the Canal was finished nearly a year before the time fixed. One August day of 1914 the Secretary of War, on a United States vessel, crossed the Isthmus by water and declared the Canal open to commerce. Roosevelt's "Big Ditch," the new roadway for the world, a magnificent monument, was done. Had it not been for "Teddy," it is not likely that we should have seen this wonderful water-path.

Africa and Europe.—When Roosevelt's term ended, he was asked by his friends to seek the office, once more, but he refused, and Judge Taft became President. Roosevelt had long been planning a vacation, and he took it in a novel way. With his son Kermit and a few friends, Roosevelt set off for East Africa, and there spent a year hunting big game. It was a year of thrilling adventure in a strange land. Elephants, lions, even the savage rhinoceros, fell before his rifle.

Roosevelt's return through Europe was a procession of triumph. Everywhere the people flocked to see this soldier-hunter-statesman-President. Everywhere the important men of the various cities asked him to lecture or invited him to splendid banquets. No American since General Grant had received such a royal reception. In the minds of the people of the Old World, Roosevelt's energy and daring stood for that of his fellow-Americans. He was the great representative of our great country, and the rulers of Europe delighted to do him honor.

Elections and Exploring.—Back again on his native soil, Roosevelt sought his home and family at Sagamore Hill, but he did not rest long there. Rest was not part of his life. Over the country he went preaching the duty of keeping ourselves up to the highest point of training, either for peace or for war. He wanted to see the best America which Americans could make.

No wonder that when the next election came for President many voices called for Roosevelt. President Taft wished to return to the White House, and Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey, entered the race. Roosevelt's party was called by the good name of "Progressive." Excitement concerning the election was great; in the end Roosevelt and Taft so directly opposed each other that Governor Wilson became our President.

Again Roosevelt started off on an exploring tour, this time in South America. "I want to do this before I get too old," he said. The many hardships were endured by him as uncomplainingly as ever. Under the guidance of a noted Brazilian army officer, Roosevelt and his party plunged into absolute wilderness, and when they appeared once more they had put a new river upon the map.

Roosevelt and the Great War.—To a man of such spirit as Roosevelt, the entrance of America into the Great War was an instant call to arms. He offered to raise, not a regiment, but a division (twelve thousand men) of volunteers. He could easily have carried out his offer, but the War Department had other plans, and did not accept, so Roosevelt stayed unwillingly at home. His four sons—Theodore, Kermit, Archie, and Quentin—all volunteered. Quentin, the "baby," became an aviator, and met a soldier's death in France, while Theodore, the eldest, gained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. All proved worthy sons of their brave father.

Roosevelt lived to see the end of the fighting. He rejoiced that his country had taken a share, and a great share, in beating down Germany and making the world safe for democracy. But his rugged health was broken by wilderness hardship and constant toil and thought. He passed away before the peace terms were signed, but though he did not reach old age, his was a full and successful life. A man both of words and of deeds, at home in the field of sport and the field of books,

standing for the best he could imagine for the American family and the American nation—was there ever a more complete American than Theodore Roosevelt?

FOR DISCUSSION AND LIBRARY WORK

1. Name all the lines of athletics which Roosevelt carried on during his life. Which of these do you like best? Why?
2. What were some of Roosevelt's experiences with the cowboys and "bad men" of the West?
3. Find out how Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt got their regiment to Cuba.
4. Prove that conservation has done the nation good.
5. Tell an interesting story about the building of the Panama Canal.
6. Describe the voyage of Roosevelt down the "River of Doubt," or "River Theodore," in Brazil.
7. Name several of Roosevelt's books which show by their titles his various lines of action.

INDEX

A

Adams, John, 43, 64, 68, 123
 Adams, John Quincy, 123
 Adams, Samuel, 20, 42, 43, 63, 75
 Adirondack Mountains, 346
 Alabama, 118, 149
 Albany, N. Y., 93, 181, 342
 Albany Convention, 12
 Allston, Washington, 202
 Almanacs, 5
 Annapolis, 27, 35, 41, 52, 80
 Antietam, Md., 314
 Appalachian Mountains, 70, 81, 131, 232, 290
 Appomattox, Va., 274, 295, 310
 Arc-light, 239
 Arlington, Va., 301, 311
 Arnold, Benedict, 15
 Armenia, 329
 Arthur, President, 329
 Atlantic cable, 224
 Ayres, Captain, 25

B

Bainbridge, Captain, 108
 Baltimore, 187, 210, 272, 326
 Baltimore and Ohio R. R., 187
 Bank of North America, 96
 Bank of the U. S., 96, 126
 Barbary pirates, 101, 106
 Barclay, Captain, 110
 Barron, Commodore, 106
 Barry, Commodore, 101
 Barton, Clara, 324
 Baton Rouge, La., 249

Bell, Alexander G., 213, 232, 238
 Belmont, Mo., 289
 Benton, Thomas G., 126, 150
 Biddle, Nicholas, 126
 "Bird Woman," 144
 Birmingham, Eng., 174
 Black Hawk, 254
 Bluegrass Country, 135
 Blue Ridge, 61, 192, 294
 "Bonhomme Richard," 77
 Boone, Daniel, 81, 124, 129, 143
 Boonesboro, Ky., 135, 143
 Booth, J. Wilkes, 274
 Boston, 1, 15, 20, 26, 31, 37, 42, 44, 202, 215, 232, 262, 338
 "Boston Gazette," 1
 "Boston Tea Party," 26, 28, 42, 90, 133
 Braddock, General, 38, 131
 "Braddock Field," 98
 Brandywine, Battle of, 47, 100
 Brazil, 216, 352
 Bryan, Wm. J., 317
 Buchanan, James, 158, 265
 Buffalo, N. Y., 322, 346
 Buffaloes, 135, 152
 Bunker Hill, 44, 75
 Bunker Hill Monument, 186
 Burgoyne, General, 17, 51, 82
 Burnside, General, 270

C

Cabinet, The, 67
 Calhoun, John, 123, 125
 California, 151, 154
 Cambridge, Mass., 44

- Canada, 15, 214
 Canals, 174, 280
 Canal Zone, 348
 Canton, O., 315, 321
 Capitol, The, 69, 120, 208, 261, 307
 Carpenters' Hall, 35
 Carroll, Charles, 188
 Carson, Kit, 151, 153, 157
 Cascades, The, 147
 Centennial Exposition, 222, 235, 239
 Champlain, Lake, 15
 Charleston, 27, 149, 265
 Chemistry, 228
 Cherokee Indians, 134
 Chesapeake Bay, 35, 47
 Chew House, 48
 Chicago, 87, 198, 334, 336
 Christ Church, Phila., 19, 56
 Cincinnati, 150, 197, 278
 City Point, Va., 294
 Civil War, 95, 120, 125, 213, 231
 Clark, George Rogers, 81, 137, 142, 250
 Clark, William, 141, 151
 Clay, Henry, 123, 127, 255
 Clearwater River, 146
 "Clermont," The, 179, 186, 300
 Cleveland, Grover, 317, 343
 Cleveland, O., 87, 198
 Clinton, De Witt, 123
 Colombia, 348
 Columbia River, 146, 284
 Columbia University, 89
 Committees of Correspondence, 24, 28
 Concord, Mass., 14, 28, 37, 134
 Conestoga Creek, 171
 Congress, First Continental, 15, 35, 42
 Congress, Second Continental, 29, 42, 53, 63, 93
 Conservation, 347
 Constitution, U. S., 54, 95
 Constitutional Convention, 18, 53, 94
 Continental Army, 17, 43, 49, 92
 Continental Navy, 75
 Cooper, Peter, 189
 Cornwallis, General, 51, 66, 92
 Cotton-gin, 160, 199
 Council Bluffs, Ia., 143
 Cradle, grain, 193
 Creek Indians, 119, 149
 Crockett, David, 124
 Cuba, 318, 329, 344
 Cumberland Gap, 132, 135
 Cumberland River, 123
 Custis, Martha, 38, 59
- D**
- Davis, Jefferson, 265, 274, 294, 305
 Decatur, Ill., 251
 Decatur, Stephen, 100, 108, 142
 Decimal system, 97
 Declaration of Independence, 15, 30, 47, 63, 73, 188
 Delaware Bay, 47, 100
 Delaware River, 45, 51
 Democrats, 68
 Detroit, 84, 87, 229
 Dewey, Admiral, 320, 344
 District of Columbia, 55
 Dogs, eating, 146, 152
 Dollars, 97
 Dom Pedro, Emperor, 216, 224
 Douglas, Stephen A., 259, 262
 Duquesne, Fort, 131
- E**
- East River, 179
 Edison, Thomas, 227
 Electric chair, 10

Ellicott's Mills, Md., 189
 Ellsworth, Annie, 209
 Emancipation Proclamation, 271
 Embargo, 71
 Erie Canal, 204
 Erie, Lake, 109, 197
 Erie, Lake, Battle of, 110, 118
 Evanston, Ill., 334
 Everett, Edward, 272

F

Farewell Address, Washington's, 57
 Federalists, 68
 Federal Hall, 54
 Federal Reserve Banks, 97
 Films, 244
 Finley, John, 131
 Flatboats, 248
 Florida, 117, 120, 197, 329
 France, 15, 51, 72, 101, 208, 328, 348
 Franklin, Benjamin, 1, 21, 30, 32, 50, 62, 76, 205
 Franklin stove, 10
 Frémont, John Charles, 149
 Frémont's Peak, 153
 French and Indian War, 70, 81, 131
 Frigate, 101
 Fulton, Robert, 169

G

Gage, General, 28, 42, 44
 Galena, Ill., 287, 296
 Garfield, President, 328
 Gas, 239
 "Gate of the Mountains," 144
 Gates, General, 93
 Geneva Treaty, 329
 Gentryville, Ind., 247
 George the Third, 24, 30, 66, 90

George, Lake, 15
 Georgetown, D. C., 69
 Georgetown, O., 278
 Georgia, 149, 163
 Germantown, Phila., 48, 50
 Gettysburg Address, 272
 Gettysburg, Battle of, 272, 290, 308
 "Glenmont," 242
 Goethals, Colonel, 349
 Gold, Discovery of, 154, 157
 "Golden Gate," 155
 Gorgas, Dr. Wm. C., 348
 Gramophone, 243
 Grant, U. S., 121, 272, 278, 301, 309, 350
 Graphophone, 243
 Gravity road, 186
 Gray, Capt. Robert, 146, 151
 Great American Desert, 154
 Great Basin, 153
 Great Divide, 141, 145
 Great Lakes, 81, 109
 Great Plains, 154
 Great Salt Lake, 153
 Great Smoky Range, 117
 Great War, 58, 351
 Greene, Mrs., 163
 Greene, General, 48, 51, 66, 91, 163
 Grizzly bears, 144

H

Hamilton, Alexander, 67, 88, 106, 126
 Hamilton, Colonel, 81, 84, 138
 Hancock, John, 28, 30
 Harmonic telegraph, 219
 Harrisburg, Pa., 280, 308
 Harrison, President, 109
 Harvard College, 20, 126, 268, 342
 Havana, 32, 91
 Hayes, President, 238, 316

Henderson, Judge, 134
 Henry, Joseph, 219
 Henry, Patrick, 32, 42, 59, 60, 63,
 66, 75, 82, 93, 130
 Henry, William, 172
 "Hermitage," The, 123, 127
 Hessians, 45
 Highlands, The, 180
 Holston River, 135
 Hooker, General, 270, 290
 Horn, Cape, 146, 157
 Horseshoe Bend, 119
 Houston, Sam, 124
 Howe, General, 17, 44, 47, 50, 55,
 100
 Hudson River, 15, 176, 182, 211, 300
 Hull, Captain, 108

I

Illinois, 82, 85, 197, 250, 263
 Illinois River, 251
 Incandescent lamp, 241
 Inclined planes, 174
 Independence Hall, 65, 94
 Independence Square, 65
 Indiana, 83, 109, 197, 246
 "Intrepid," The, 103
 Iowa, 197
 "Ironsides, Old,"

J

Jackson, Andrew, 114, 149, 255, 301
 Jackson, "Stonewall," 270
 James River, 36, 197, 294, 306
 Japan, 347
 Jefferson River, 144
 Jefferson, Thomas, 16, 30, 59, 75,
 82, 97, 108, 141, 147, 166, 179, 186,
 261
 Johnson, Andrew, 296

Johnston, General, 292, 306
 Jones, John Paul, 17, 74

K

Kanawha River, 140
 Kansas, 200
 Kansas City, 152
 Kansas River, 143
 Kaskaskia, 84
 Kearny, General, 156
 Kenton, Simon, 138
 Kentucky, 56, 81, 131, 139, 259
 Kentucky River, 135
 Kinetoscope, 244
 King's College, 89

L

Lafayette, Marquis de, 51, 205
 Lancaster, Pa., 47, 169
 Lee, Robert E., 270, 284, 292, 300
 Lehigh River, 12, 186
 Lewis, Meriwether, 141, 151
 Lexington, Battle of, 14, 28, 37, 75,
 134
 Lexington, Va., 194, 311
 Leyden jars, 9
 Liberty Bell, 47, 56
 Lightning-rod, 8
 Lincoln, Abraham, 158, 246, 289,
 294, 303, 321
 Lint, 161
 Liverpool, 205
 Livingston, Harriet, 181
 Livingston, Robert R., 71, 176
 Locomotives, 189
 London, 187
 Longfellow, Henry W., 44
 Long Island, Battle of, 92
 "Long Knives," 84
 Louis, King, 17, 79, 83

Louisiana, 70, 141, 283
 Louisville, Ky., 83, 142, 247

M

"Macedonian," 104
 Madison, James, 61
 Mail Service, 11
 "Maine," The, 319, 329
 Malt, 20
 Manila, 320, 344
 Maryland, 27, 100, 130, 308, 314
 Massachusetts, 21, 161, 166, 262, 324
 Mason and Dixon line, 265
 Mauch Chunk, Pa., 186
 McClellan, General, 270, 306
 McCormick, Cyrus, 192, 258
 McKinley, William, 313, 344
 Meade, General, 272, 290, 292, 308
 Mediterranean Sea, 101, 108
 Menlo Park, N. J., 235, 238
 Mexico, 151, 155, 283, 302
 Michigan, 197
 Midshipmen, 101
 Military Academy, U. S., 280
 Miniatures, 173, 202
 Minnesota, 200
 Mint, U. S., 97
 Mississippi River, 70, 81, 120, 147, 196, 232, 248, 272, 288, 302, 329
 Missouri, 140, 197
 Missouri River, 142, 145, 151
 Mobile, 120
 Monroe, James, 61, 71
 Montgomery, General, 15
 Monticello, 62, 66, 72, 82, 141, 197
 Montreal, 15
 Moors, 101, 106
 Morris, Robert, 76, 96
 Morristown, N. J., 92, 206

Morse, Saml. F. B., 202, 214, 227, 231
 Motion pictures, 243
 Mount Vernon, 35, 39, 41, 53, 55, 57, 127, 300
 "Mulberry Grove," Ga., 163

N

Nails, 162
 Napoleon, 71, 112, 122
 Nashville, 116
 "Nautilus," 176
 Naval Academy, 80
 Navy, Continental, 75
 Nebraska, 200
 Nevis, 88
 New Haven, 162, 167
 New Jersey, 45, 47, 51, 235, 242, 351
 New Mexico, 157
 New Orleans, 70, 120, 183, 197, 248
 New Orleans, Battle of, 121
 New Salem, Ill., 251
 New York, 45, 178
 New York City, 1, 27, 45, 54, 66, 89, 95, 183, 204, 211, 233, 298, 337, 340
 North Carolina, 75, 115, 130
 North Dakota, 143, 200
 North River, 179
 "Northwest Country," 81, 87, 138
 Nullification, 125

O

Ogden, William, 198
 Ohio, 109, 187, 197, 227, 279, 313
 "Ohio Country," 138
 Ohio River, 81, 131, 136, 142, 197, 248
 Old South Church, 26

Oregon, 128, 151, 152, 284
Oyster Bay, L. I., 340

P

Pakenham, General, 122
Panama Canal, 348
Panama, Isthmus of, 157, 284, 348
Pan-American Exposition, 322
Paris, 80
Patent, 166, 174, 211, 237
Pearson, Captain, 78
Pedro, Dom, 216, 224
"Peggy Stewart," The, 27
"Pennsylvania Gazette," 5, 6, 12
Perry, Oliver H., 108
Petroleum, 239
Philadelphia, 1, 17, 20, 24, 28, 41,
47, 50, 55, 69, 93, 117, 127, 223,
272, 280
"Philadelphia," The, 102, 108
Philippine Islands, 320
Phonograph, 237, 243
Photographs, First, 208
Pickett's charge, 309
Pittsburgh, 98, 142, 183, 280
Platte River, 143
"Plunging-boat," 175
Poland, O., 313
Polk, President, 128
"Polly," The, 25
Poor Richard's Almanac, 5, 6, 11,
77
Port Huron, Mich., 229
Porto Rico, 320
Potomac River, 35, 39, 53, 55, 130,
187, 268, 300
Preble, Commodore, 102
Pullman, George, 230

Q

Quincy, Mass., 186

R

Railroads, 186
Raleigh Tavern, 63
"Ranger," The, 76
Reaper, 193, 223
Red Cross Society, 328
Republican Party, 68
Revere, Paul, 28
Rhode Island, 66, 166
Richmond, Va., 36, 63, 197, 273,
289, 294, 305, 309
Rio Grande, 128, 156
Rittenhouse, David, 97
Rocky Mountains, 144, 151, 157
Rodney, Cæsar, 64
Roosevelt, Theodore, 320, 330, 340
Rough Riders, 344
Russia, 80, 347

S

Sacajawea, 144
Sacramento, 154
Salem, Mass., 216
Salisbury, N. C., 115
Salt Lake, Great, 153
Salt-lick, 132, 135
San Francisco, 156
Sangamon River, 251
San Juan Hill, 329, 346
Santa Cruz, 88
Santiago, Cuba, 320
Saratoga, Battle of, 17, 51, 82
"Savannah," The, 183
Savannah, Ga., 149, 163
Schuyler, Elizabeth, 93
Schuyler, Gen. Philip, 93

Schuylkill River, 48, 130
 "Scientific American," 237
 Scotland, 74, 213
 Scott, Gen. Winfield, 265, 302
 Scottsville, Va., 197 .
 Secession, 265, 304
 Seine River, 177
 "Serapis," The, 77
 Seward, Wm. E., 291
 Shenandoah Valley, 315
 Sheridan, Gen., 294
 Sherman, Gen., 273, 290, 292
 Sierra Nevada, 154
 Sims, Admiral, 344
 Slavery, 62, 158, 166, 263, 271, 303
 Snake, Franklin's, 12
 Snake River, 146
 South Anna River, 32, 130
 South Carolina, 125, 163, 265
 South Dakota, 200
 South Pass, Wyo., 152
 "Spoils system," 125
 Springfield, Ill., 257, 266, 276, 287
 St. John's Church, 36, 63
 St. Louis, 140, 142, 147, 151, 198,
 282, 285
 Stage-coach,
 Stamp Act, 13, 14, 21, 35, 63, 161
 Stanton, Edwin, 200
 State Rights, 68
 Staunton, Va., 196
 Steam-battery, Fulton's, 183
 Steamboat, 176, 248
 Stephenson, George, 189
 Stewart, Anthony, 27
 Stockton, Commodore, 156
 Stove, Franklin, 10
 Submarine boat, 175
 Suez Canal, 348

Sumter Fort, 125, 265, 287, 314,
 326
 Sumter, General, 114
 Sutter's Fort, 154, 157

T

"Tad" Lincoln, 260, 268, 270
 Taft, President, 350
 Tallapoosa River, 119
 Tariff, 125, 316
 Tea Party, Boston, 26, 28, 42
 Tea tax, 24
 Telegraph, 123, 206, 214, 225, 232
 Telephone, 219, 232
 Temperance Crusade,
 Tennessee, 117, 132, 289
 Texas, 128, 155, 283, 302
 Thomas, General, 290
 Thomas, Philip, 187
 Tohopeka, Battle of, 119
 "Tom Thumb" engine, 189
 Tories, 23, 46, 47, 90
 Torpedo, 174
 Tramways, 186
 Transylvania Company, 134
 Treasury, Secretary of, 67, 96
 Trenton, Battle of, 45, 92
 Tripoli, 102, 142
 Turks, 80, 329

U

"United States," The, 104
 United States, Bank of,

V

Vacuum, 240
 Vail, Alfred, 206
 Valley Forge, 48, 52, 56
 Vermont, 56, 139

Vicksburg, 273, 289, 309
Vincennes, Ind., 84, 250
Virgin Islands, 88
Virginia, 32, 38, 54, 59, 66, 74, 82,
87, 134, 192, 268, 305, 311

W

Wabash River, 83, 250
War of 1812, 104, 108, 149, 168, 192
Washington City, 55, 69, 106, 120,
208, 219, 261, 266, 291, 303, 307,
326
Washington, George, 15, 18, 35, 38,
63, 67, 72, 91, 108, 117, 131, 166,
202, 246, 277, 300, 305
Washington Monument, 268
Washington and Lee Univ., 312
Watauga River, 135
Watt, James, 172
Watson, Thomas, 219
Wayne, General, 48, 138
W. C. T. U., 336
Webster, Daniel, 127
West, Benjamin, 172, 202
Western Union Tel. Co., 232, 236

West Indies, 88, 320
West Point, 280, 296, 301
West Virginia, 140, 305, 308, 314
Whale oil, 239
Wheeling, W. Va.,
Whig party,
Whiskey Rebellion, 98
White House, 70, 238, 267, 291,
296, 301, 319, 347
Whitney, Eli, 160, 189, 199, 324
Wilderness Road, 134, 138
Willard, Frances E., 332
William and Mary College, 60
Williamsburg, Va., 33, 35, 60, 82,
137
Wilson, President, 58, 196, 351
Wisconsin, 332
Wood, Leonard, 345
Wyoming, 152

Y

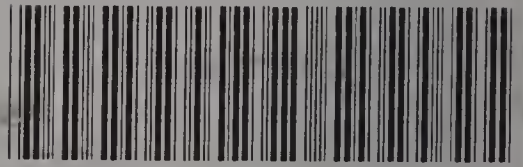
Yadkin River, 131
Yale College, 162, 202
Yellowstone River, 144
Yorktown, 51, 53, 92

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